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# THE SPEAKER

*A Quarterly Magazine*

VOL. I.

INCLUDING NUMBERS  
ONE, TWO, THREE  
AND FOUR

EDITED BY  
PAUL M. PEARSON



PUBLISHED BY  
HINDS, HAYDEN & ELDREDGE  
New York City



# The Speaker

Volume I.

DECEMBER, 1905.

No. 1



THE editors offer this first number of THE SPEAKER in the hope that their apology will be suggested by the merit of the literature, the quality of work in its adaptation and arrangement, and the inherent human interest which characterizes the selections. They trust that the collection will be found of permanent value. An effort has been made to avoid that which depends for its effect upon any vocal or gymnastic trick. The successful reader is an honest interpreter of life—not a clever mimic of some of the accidents of its manifestations. He is a humanitarian in the broadest, best sense of that word; and he is successful in proportion to the correctness of his sympathy and the power of his imagination.

There is a rapidly-growing class of readers whose ideals are in the direction of interpretation and not exhibition, and to these the editors offer this magazine. They humbly hope that they have not wholly misunderstood the needs and requirements of the class who honestly pray: "Write me as one who loves his fellow-man."

\* \* \*

Expression seems a fundamental need of human life. From infancy to the end we are struggling with the impulse to manifest what is within. We are taught that man is made in the image and likeness of God. If he can express this divinity that is within him he is an artist. Art's material is the good, the true, the beautiful, found in perfection in God alone. Art is always trying to express the thoughts and purposes of the Perfect One; and that accounts for the "Joy of the working," as well as for the unrest, the sense of defeat, that makes even a Shakespeare say, "With what I most enjoy, contented least." The Infinite is Art's ideal, its rest, its ever-flying goal. This is the foundation of our reverence for Art, for that manifestation of it which interests us.

Foundation  
Upon which it  
is Safe to  
Build

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So intimate is the relation between soul and body that any agitation in the former produces a visible effect upon the latter. Indeed, each class of emotions has an outside manifestation peculiar to itself. To this phenomenon add that marvelous social gift which makes the beholder understand these manifestations *instinctively*, and we have the principles upon which all representative and manifestive art is based.

\* \* \*

It is true that elocution has been denied a place among the serious arts; indeed, it is grudgingly admitted to the rank of legitimate entertainment, but be assured we are at the dawn of a better day. The work of a few conscientious, scholarly artists has wrought a significant change in the public attitude toward the vocal interpretation of masterpieces of literature. When it is properly presented it is inevitable that a high place be conceded to this work in the class-room and on the platform.

If the chief purpose of education is to inspire the young soul to tangible effort toward perfecting a noble character, **Place of Interpretative Reading in an Educational Scheme** then surely we may claim a place for the vivifying interpretation of literature, that literature which is a criticism of life—"Life relieved of the accidents of the commonplace, made incarnate by the magic of speech." Shall one be found to dispute that its value is greater, incalculably, than the mere acquisition of facts, unrelated, uncorrelated facts? The Gradgrinds are not all dead, and the effect of the protest begun by Charles Dickens has not yet been wholly accomplished. When it is accomplished, be sure there will no longer be this blind, stupid neglect of this most valuable means for training the minds and hearts of children. Darwin complained that fact-grinding had destroyed his imagination and made Shakespeare nauseate him. Goethe thanked heaven for saving him from the danger he once was in of being "shut up in the charnel house of science."

\* \* \*

There is nothing so splendid as human life, with its myriad facets catching color from the movement and stress of the struggle with temptation, reflecting in infinite va-

riety the effects of spirit acting upon spirit, and over all and through all that constant tendency to manifest at least an arc of the circle:

"God's greatness flowing round our incompleteness,  
'Round our restlessness, His rest."

That is the material from which literature is created, but like music literature needs to be re-created. Without the interpreting voice the printed page is as incomplete as the score without the orchestra. The reason that this has been so slowly recognized is not so much the fault of the public as of the reader. In no other art is it so difficult to be honest.

**Responsibility for Misconceptions** The reader's own personality is his instrument, and to know one's self, to be able to see one's own work objectively, and to judge it without bias or prejudice requires a poise seldom attained; indeed, few are conscious of the necessity of attaining it. The reader has imagined that his work was done when he made people laugh or stare. He has been engrossed in something that passed for technique, has imagined that such an exhibition would take the place of thought, when he should know that the truth upon which all art rests is that expression is a *result*; the *cause* is spiritual activity. What wonder that true souls have stopped their ears and cried with indignation: "You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops. Though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me."

\* \* \*

However, let me repeat: we are at the dawn of a happier day. People are beginning to show that they are ready to take their fingers from their ears, for there is a cult of the true faith who realize that "the without is the test of the within." They are honest, conscientious interpreters of life so far as taste and judgment and insight have been vouchsafed them. They are willing to let life stand as it is; to let humor come from character or situation, not from the smartness of the reader; pathos from the inevitable sadness of human life, not from the reader's sentimentality.

\* \* \*

Many of the selections in this magazine are adapted and abridged. From a few given facts, a few actions taken out

## The Speaker

of the life of a character, the reader must round out a complete and genuinely veracious personality. It is gratuitous advice to suggest that the first step in the preparation should be a study of the book from which the selection is made. That is surely patent even to the more superficial.

**How to Use this Magazine** The conscientious student will not stop here. He will follow out the lines of thought suggested, will bring all his knowledge and experience of life to his aid, until every line of the extract is significant with a meaning that the reader conveys by voice, gesture, intonation, pause, all the involuntary things which have come in his best moments with his characters and over which in the process of study he has obtained conscious control. It is nearly impossible to conceal the real attitude and set up in its stead the outside signs of a fictitious inner condition. Does not this statement contain a broad hint as to the most reasonable and effective method of study? The reader who wants his audience to remember his picture when he is forgotten, to be uplifted and thrilled by its glow, must go on his knees and pray for "The Artist's Secret."



The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.

—Bourdillon.

## The Artist's Secret

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

(From "Dreams," published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)



HERE was an artist once, and he painted a picture. Other artists had colors richer and rarer, and painted more notable pictures. He painted his with one color; there was a wonderful red glow on it; and the people went up and down saying, "We like the picture; we like the glow."

The other artists came and said, "Where does he get his color from?" They asked him, and he smiled and said, "I cannot tell you"; and worked on with his head bent low.

And one went to the far East and bought costly pigments, and made a rare color and painted, but after a time the picture faded. Another read in the old books, and made a color rich and rare, but when he had put it on the picture it was dead.

But the artist painted on. Always the work got redder and redder, and the artist grew whiter and whiter. At last one day they found him dead before his picture, and they took him up to bury him. The other men looked about in all the pots and crucibles, but they found nothing they had not.

And when they undressed him to put his grave-clothes on him they found above his left breast the mark of a wound—it was an old, old wound, that must have been there all his life, for the edges were old and hardened; but Death, who seals all things, had drawn the edges together and closed it up.

And they buried him. And still the people went about saying, "Where did he find his color from?"

And it came to pass that after a while the artist was forgotten, but the work lived.



# The History Lesson from L'Aiglon\*

BY EDMOND ROSTAND.

[This extract is from the translation used by Maude Adams. It was made by Louis N. Parker, and is published by R. A. Russell. Attention is also called to the Mirror Scene with Metternich, at the end of the third act, and the scene on the Field of Wagram.—EDITORS.]



THE genius of Rostand has woven an absorbing romance out of the meager details of the life of the Duke of Reichstadt, the only son of the great Napoleon, he whom the mighty conqueror designed to be heir to the world. The action takes place in the boy's twentieth year. His grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, although devoted to the child, is disgusted by the presence in his court of the son of Austria's arch enemy. The unfortunate youth is an eaglet in captivity in a double sense. He is virtually a prisoner in the Austrian court, and his soul which throbs with the mighty impulses of his great father, is imprisoned in a poor, frail body, upon which consumption has already set its fatal seal. It is the policy of Prince Metternich, the Austrian Prime Minister, to prevent the boy's developing any strength of character for fear he may wish to emulate his father. Accordingly, he is surrounded by foolish intriguers, who plot to keep him ignorant of his father's history, and to force him to recognize himself as Austrian rather than French. A strict censorship is exercised over his books and other sources of information, but he obtains the truth from a little French dancing girl of the court, who memorizes whole pages of history in order that she may repeat them to him when they are alone together.

One day the Duke is seized with a violent fit of coughing on the parade ground and returns to his room unexpectedly

to find Sedlinzky, Prefect of the Austrian police, on all fours under the table, piecing together some scraps of paper which had fallen from the waste basket.

*The Duke.*—How are you, Sedlinzky?

*Sedlinzky* (very much embarrassed, scrambles to his feet.)—  
Highness!

*The Duke.*—An accident. Excuse me. Just come in.  
(Enter the Archduchess and the Doctor.)

*The Duke.*—Ah! I feared as much! They've frightened you.

*The Archduchess.*—They told me—

*The Duke.*—It was nothing. The doctor, too. I'm not ill.  
Nothing. A choking. So I left parade. I had been shouting. Doctor, you're a nuisance. Give me some breath.  
(To Sedlinzky, who is sidling toward the door.)

'Twas very kind of you to sort my papers. Here's a letter that you have not read.

*Count Dietrichstein* [who came in a moment ago].—I think you treat him rather harshly, Highness.

*The Archduchess.*—Is not the Duke at perfect liberty?

*Count Dietrichstein.*—Of course, the Duke is not a prisoner, but—

*The Duke.*—

I like that "but." I hope you feel its value!  
Good Lord, I'm not a prisoner, "but"—that's all!  
"But"—not a prisoner, "but"—that is the word,  
The formula! A prisoner? Oh, not a moment!  
"But" there are always people at my heels.  
A prisoner? Not I! You know I'm not;  
But if I risk a stroll across the park,  
A hidden eye blossoms behind each leaf.  
Of course not a prisoner, "but" let anyone  
Seek private speech with me, beneath each hedge,  
Up springs the mushroom ear. I'm truly not  
A prisoner, "but" when I ride, I feel  
The delicate attention of an escort.  
I'm not the least bit in the world a prisoner,  
"But" I'm the second to unseal my letters.  
Not at all prisoner, "but" at night they post  
A lackey at my door—look! there he goes.  
I, Duke of Reichstadt, a prisoner? Never! never!  
I prisoner? No! I'm not a prisoner—"but"—!

## The Speaker

*Dietrichstein.*—Highness, I came to announce Obenaus, your tutor.

*The Duke.*—Ah! for my history lesson! Let him come.

Good-day, dear Baron. Be seated. — *Obenaus and Dietrichstein take chairs on one side of*

*(Obenaus and Dietrichstein take chairs on one side of the table, on which Obenaus places his books and notes. The Duke sits facing them, sharpening a pencil.)*

I'm all attention. Let me sharpen this

To note a date or jot down an idea.

*Obenaus.*—We'll take our work up where we last left off.

Eighteen hundred and five, I think?

*The Duke.*—Exactly.

*Obenaus.*—In eighteen hundred and six—

*The Duke.*—Did no event make that year memorable?

*Obenaus.*—Which, my Lord?

*The Duke* (blowing the dust off the pencil.)—Why, eighteen hundred and five.

*Obenaus.*—

I beg your pardon.

I thought you meant—h'm—Destiny

Was cruel to the righteous cause. We'll cast

Only a fleeting glance at hapless hours.

When the philosopher, with pensive gaze—

*The Duke.*—And so in eighteen five, sir, nothing happened?

*Obenaus.*—

A great event, my Lord! I had forgotten.

The restoration of the Calendar.

A little later, having challenged England,

Spain—

*The Duke* (demurely).—And the emperor?

*Obenaus.*—Which emp—?

*The Duke.*—My father.

*Obenaus.*—He—he—

*The Duke.*—Had he not left Bologne?

*Obenaus.*—Oh, yes.

*The Duke.*—Where was he, then?

*Obenaus.*—Well, as it happened, here.

*The Duke* (with mock amazement).—Indeed?

*(Dietrichstein)* (hastily).—He took great interest in Bavaria!

*Obenaus.*—Your father's wishes in the Pressburg Treaty, as far as that went, chimed with those of Austria.

*The Duke.*—What was the Pressburg Treaty?

*Obenaus.*—The agreement which closed an era.

*The Duke.*—There! I've smashed my point!

*Obenaus.*—In eighteen hundred and seven—

*The Duke.*—So soon? How quick! Strange epoch! Nothing happened in it!

*Obenaus.*—Nothing of consequence till eighteen eight. Yet let us note the treaty of Tilsit.

*The Duke.*—Was nothing done but making treaties?

*Obenaus.*—Europe—

*The Duke.*—I see. A general survey?

*Obenaus.*—I'll come to details when we've—

*The Duke.*—Did nothing happen?

*Obenaus.*—Well—

*The Duke.*—Well, what?

*Obenaus.*—I—

*The Duke.*—What? What happened? Won't you tell me?

*Obenaus.*—Well—I hardly know—you're in a merry humor—

*The Duke.*—You hardly know? Then, gentlemen, I'll tell you! The sixth October, eighteen-five—

*Obenaus and Dietrichstein* (leaping to their feet).—Eh? What?

*The Duke.*—

When he was least expected, when Vienna,  
Watching the Eagle hover ere he swooped,  
Sighed with relief. The blow is aimed at London!  
Having left Strassburg, crossed the Rhine at Kehl,  
The Emperor—

*Obenaus.*—Emperor!

*The Duke.*—Yes! and you know which! Marches through Würtemberg, marches through Baden—

*Dietrichstein.*—Great Heavens!

*The Duke.*—

Gives Austria a morning song,  
With drums by Soult, and trumpets by Murat!  
At Wertingen and Augsburg leaves his Marshals  
With here and there a victory to play with—

*Obenaus.*—My Lord!

*The Duke.*—

Pursues with wonderful manœuvres,  
Arrives at Ulm before he's changed his boots,  
Bids Ney take Elchingen, sets down and writes  
A joyous, terrible and calm despatch,  
Prepares the assault:—the seventeenth October  
Sees seven thousand Austrians disarmed,  
And eighteen generals at the hero's feet;  
And then he starts again!

*Dietrichstein.*—My Lord!

*The Duke.*—November finds him at Schönbrunn, sleeping  
in my bedroom.

*Obenaus.*—But!—

*The Duke.*—

He pursues! his foes are in his hand!  
One night he says, "To-morrow"! and to-morrow  
Says, galloping along the bannered front—  
A spot of gray among his brilliant staff,—  
"Soldiers, we'll finish with a thunderbolt!"  
The army is an ocean. He awaits  
The rising sun, and places with a smile  
This risen sun athwart his history!

*Obenaus.*—Oh, Dietrichstein!

~~*The Duke.*—So there!~~

*Dietrichstein.*—Oh, Obenaus!

*The Duke.*—

Terror and death! Two Emperors beaten by one!  
And twenty thousand prisoners!

*Obenaus.*—I beseech you! People might hear!

*The Duke.*—

When the campaign was over—  
The corpses floating on the freezing lake—  
My Grandsire seeks my father in his camp!

*Obenaus.*—My Lord!

*The Duke.*—His camp!

*Obenaus.*—Will nothing keep you quiet?

*The Duke.*—And so my Father grants my Grandsire peace!

*Dietrichstein.*—If any heard you!

*The Duke.*—

And the conquered banners  
Distributed! Eight to the town of Paris—the  
Senate fifty. Fifty to Notre Dame. And  
Banners! and still banners! (Coughs.)  
Banners! Oh—I'm dumb. (Coughing.)

*Dietrichstein.*—A little late, my Lord!

What will Prince Metternich—? These people here!

*The Duke.*—

Moreover, that's as far as I have got,  
My dear professor.  
I've made good progress with my history?

*Dietrichstein.*—And yet no books came near you! That I'm  
sure of. I can't think how you learnt—!

*The Duke* (mockingly, to Obenaus).—

Your course, *ad usum*, sir, Delphini, sir,  
Is finished, sir!

✦ ✦

## Dawn

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

[From "Lyrics of Lowly Life," Dodd, Mead & Co., New  
York. \$1.25.]

An angel, robed in spotless white,  
Bent down and kissed the sleeping night.  
Night woke to blush: the sprite was gone;  
Men saw the blush and called it Dawn.

## Bill, the Lokil Editor

BY EUGENE FIELD.

[The short stories of Eugene Field are rich material on which to draw for reading. The volume from which this story is taken, "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York (price, \$1.25), contains many that lend themselves to recitation. "Bill, the Lokil Editor," and "The Little Yaller Baby" are often cited by critics as the best stories Field has written, and discriminating students of expression find in them choice material for successful public readings. In the same volume, too, are "Doc Stebbins," a character sketch in broad farce, with a bit of tenderness at the close which is characteristic of the best things of Eugene Field; "The Old Man," a child story of melting pathos; "The First Christmas," a fairy story of the trees, one of which was to be hewn into the cross on which Christ was crucified, and several others that are easily adapted to recitation.—THE EDITORS.]



BILL wuz alluz fond uv children 'nd birds 'nd flowers. Ain't it kind o' curious how sometimes we find a great, big, awkward man who loves sech things? Bill had the biggest feet in the township, but I'll bet my wallet that he never trod on a violet in all his life. Bill never took no slack from enny man that wuz sober, but the children made him play with 'em, and he'd set for hours a-watchin' the yaller-hammer buildin' her nest in the old cottonwood.

Now I ain't defendin' Bill; I'm jest tellin' the truth about him. Nothink I kin say one way or t'other is goin' to make enny difference now; Bill's dead 'nd buried, 'nd the folks is discussin' him 'nd wond'rin' whether his immortal soul is all right. Sometimes I hev worried 'bout Bill, but I don't worry 'bout him no more. Uv course Bill had his faults, —I never liked that drinkin' business uv his'n, yet I allow that Bill got more good out'n likker, and likker got more

good out'n Bill, than I ever see before or sence. It warn't when the likker wuz in Bill that Bill wuz at his best, but when he hed been on to one uv his bats, 'nd had drunk himself sick, 'nd wuz comin' out uv the other end uv the bat, then Bill wuz one uv the meekest 'nd properest critters you ever seen. An' potry? Some uv the most beautiful potry I ever read wuz writ by Bill when he wuz recoverin' himself out'n one uv them bats. Seemed like it kind uv exalted an' purified Bill's nachur to git drunk an' git over it. Bill cud drink more likker 'nd be sorrier for it than any other man in seven States. There never wuz a more penitent feller than he wuz when he wuz soberin'. The trubble with Bill seemed to be that his conscience didn't come on watch quite of'n enuff.

Bill wuz the best lokil the paper ever had. Nobody could beat Bill writin' obituaries. When old Mose Holbrook wuz dyin' the minister sez to him: "Mr. Holbrook, you seem to be sorry that you're passin' away to a better land?"

"Wall, no; not exactly that," sez Mose; "but, to be frank with you, I hev jest one regret in connection with this affair."

"What's that?" asked the minister.

"I can't help feelin' sorry," sez Mose, "that I ain't goin' to hev the pleasure uv readin' what Bill Newton sez about me in the paper. I know it'll be sumthin' uncommon fine; I loant him two dollars a year ago last fall."

The Higgineses lost a darned good friend when Bill died. Bill wrote a pome 'bout their old dog Towze when he wuz run over by Watkins's hay wagon seven years ago. I'll bet that pome is in every scrap-book in the country. You couldn't read that pome without cryin',—why, that pome wud hev brought a dew out of the desert uv Sary. Old Tim Hubbard, the meanest man in the State, borrered a paper to read the pome, and he wuz so 'fected by it that he never borrered anuther paper as long as he lived.

When our little Alice died I started out for Mr. Miller's; he wuz the undertaker. The night wuz powerful dark, 'nd it wuz all the darker to me. Down near the bridge I met Bill; he weaved round in the road, for he wuz in likker.

"Hello, Mr. Baker," sez he, "whar be you goin' this time o' night?"

"Bill," sez I, "I'm goin' on the saddest errand uv my life."



## The Speaker

"What d'ye mean?" sez he, comin' up to me as straight as he cud.

"Why, Bill," sez I, "our little girl—Allie, you know—"

I hoarsed up so I couldn't say much more. And Bill didn't say nothink at all; he jest reached me his hand, and he took my hand and seemed like in that grasp his heart spoke many words of comfort to mine. And nex' day he had a piece in the paper about our little girl.

I know all about your fashionable potry and your famous potes,—Martha took "Godey's" for a year. Folks that live in the city can't write potry,—not the real, genuine article. To write potry, as I figure it, the heart must have somethin' to feed on; you can't get that somethin' whar there ain't trees, 'nd grass, 'nd birds, 'nd flowers. Bill loved these things, and he fed his heart on 'em, and that's why his potry wuz so much better than anybody else's.

I ain't worryin' much about Bill now; I take it that everythink is for the best. When they told me that Bill died in a drunken fit, I felt that his end oughter have come some other way,—he wuz too good a man for that. But maybe, after all, it wuz ordered for the best. Jist imagine Bill a-standin' up for jedgment; jist imagine that poor, sorrowful, shiverin' critter waitin' for his turn to come. Pictur', if you can, how full uv penitence he is, 'nd how full uv potry, 'nd gentleness, 'nd misery. The Lord ain't a-goin' to be too hard on that poor wretch. Of course we can't comprehend divine mercy; we only know that it is full of compassion. Like as not the little ones—my Allie with the rest—will run to him when they see him in his trubble, 'nd will hold his tremblin' hands 'nd twine their arms about him, and plead, with him, for compassion.

What would you—what would I—say, if we wuz settin' in jedgment then?

Why, we'd jest kind uv bresh the moisture from our eyes 'nd say: "Mister Recordin' Angel, you may nolly pros this case 'nd perseed with the docket."

# The Arena Scene from "Quo Vadis?"

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

## Introduction



THE Roman Empire in the first century presents the most revolting picture of mankind to be found in the pages of history. Society founded on superior force, on the most barbarous cruelty, on crime and mad profligacy, was corrupt beyond the power of words to describe. Rome ruled the world, but was also its ulcer, and the horrible monster, Nero, guilty of all hideous and revolting crimes, seems a fit monarch for such a people.

A few years ago appeared "Quo Vadis?" the story from which this selection is made. The book attained so great a popularity, that it was translated into almost every tongue. In spite of its many faults, it riveted the attention, and, although it shocked the sensibilities, when its great purpose was understood it melted the heart.

The author drew a startlingly vivid and horrible picture of humanity at this lowest stage, and in conflict with it he showed us the Christ spirit.

The extract is the story of how the young Vinicius, a patrician, a soldier, a courtier of Nero, through the labyrinth of foul sin, of self-worship and self-indulgence, with love for his guide, found his way home to the feet of Him who commanded, "Be ye pure even as I am pure."

It is the love story of Vinicius and the Princess Lygia, a convert to Christ. The girl's happy and innocent life was rudely disturbed by a summons to the court of the profligate emperor. Arrived there, she found that Nero had given her to Vinicius, who had fallen passionately in love with her; but on the way to Vinicius' house she was rescued by the giant Ursus, one of her devoted attendants and a member of her own faith. They escaped in safety to the Christians, who were living in hiding in the city.

The imperious nature of the youthful soldier for the first time in his life met resistance. He was so transported with

rage and disappointment that he ordered the slaves from whom Lygia had escaped to be flogged to death, while he set out to find the girl who had dared to thwart his desire. His egotism was so great that he would have seen the city and the whole world sunk in ruins rather than fail of his purpose. For days and days his search was unceasing, and at last he found Lygia, but was severely wounded by the giant Ursus in making a second attempt to carry her off. Finding himself helpless in the Christians' hands, he expected nothing but death; but instead he was carefully and tenderly nursed back to health. Waking from his delirium, he found at his bedside Lygia—Lygia, whom he had most injured, watching alone, while the others had gone to rest. Gradually in his pagan head the idea began to hatch with difficulty that at the side of naked beauty, confident and proud of Greek and Roman symmetry, there was another in the world, new, immensely pure, in which a soul resided. As the days went by, Vinicius was thrilled to the very depths of his soul by the consciousness that Lygia was learning to love him. With that revelation came the certain conviction that his religion would forever make an inseparable barrier between them. Then he hated Christianity with all the powers of his soul, yet he could not but acknowledge that it had adorned Lygia with that exceptional, unexplained beauty, which was producing in his heart besides love, respect; besides desire, homage. Yet, when he thought of accepting the religion of the Nazarene, all the Roman in him rose up in revolt against the idea. He knew that if he were to accept that teaching he would have to throw, as on a burning pile, all his thoughts, ideas, ambitions, habits of life, his very nature up to that moment, burn them into ashes and fill himself with an entirely new life, and from his soul he cried that it was impossible; it was impossible!

Before Vinicius had entirely recovered Nero commanded his presence at Antium, whither the court was going for the hot summer months. Nero was ambitious to write an immortal epic poem which should rival the "Odyssey," and in order that he might describe realistically a burning city, gave a secret command while he was in Antium that Rome should be set on fire.

One evening, when the court was assembled to hear Nero recite some of his poetry, a slave appeared.

"Pardon, Divine Imperator, Rome is burning! The whole city is a sea of flames!" A moment of horrified silence followed, broken by the cry of Vinicius. He rushed forth, and, springing on his horse, dashed into the deep night. A horseman, rushing also like a whirlwind, but in the opposite direction, toward Antium, shouted as he raced past: "Rome is perishing!" To the ears of Vinicius came only one more expression: "Gods!" The rest was drowned by the thunder of hoofs. But the expression sobered him. "Gods!" He raised his head suddenly, and, stretching his arms toward the sky filled with stars, began to pray.

"Not to you, whose temples are burning, do I call, but to Thee. Thou Thyself hast suffered. Thou alone hast understood people's pain. If Thou art what Peter and Paul declare, save Lygia. Seek her in the burning; save her and I will give Thee my blood!"

Before he had reached the top of the mountain he felt the wind on his face, and with it the odor of smoke came to his nostrils. He touched the summit at last, and then a terrible sight struck his eyes. The whole lower region was covered with smoke, but beyond this gray, ghastly plain the city was burning on the hills. The conflagration had not the form of a pillar, but of a long belt, shaped like the dawn.

Vinicius' horse, choking with the smoke, became unmanageable. He sprang to the earth and rushed forward on foot. The tunic began to smolder on him in places; breath failed his lungs; strength failed his bones; he fell! Two men, with gourds full of water, ran to him and bore him away. When he regained consciousness he found himself in a spacious cave, lighted with torches and tapers. He saw a throng of people kneeling, and over him bent the tender, beautiful face of his soul's beloved.

Lygia was indeed safe from the burning, but before the first thrill of relief was over an infinitely more horrible danger threatened her. The people were in wrath, and threatened violence to Nero and his court, for it was popularly believed that the city had been set on fire at the emperor's instigation. The coward, Nero, was startled and thoroughly alarmed, and welcomed gladly the suggestion that the calamity should be blamed on the Christians, who were viewed with great suspicion by the common people,

## The Speaker

and obliged even then to live in hiding. In order to clear himself and to divert the people's minds, he instituted at once against the Christians the most horrible persecutions that have ever stained man's history. For days and days the people came in countless numbers to witness the tortures of the innocent victims, but at last they grew weary of blood-spilling. Then it was given out that Nero had arranged a climax for the last of the Christians who were to die at an evening spectacle in a brilliantly-lighted amphitheater. Chief interest both of the Augustinians and the people centered in Lygia and Vinicius, for the story of their love was now generally known, and everybody felt that Nero was intending to make a tragedy for himself out of the suffering of Vinicius.

At last the evening arrived. The sight was in truth magnificent. All that was powerful, brilliant and wealthy in Rome was there. The lower seats were crowded with togas as white as snow. In a gilded padrum sat Nero, wearing a diamond collar and a golden crown upon his head. Every eye was turned with strained gaze to the place where the unfortunate lover was sitting. He was exceedingly pale, and his forehead was covered with drops of sweat. To his tortured mind came the thought that faith of itself would spare Lygia. Peter had said that faith would move the earth to its foundations. He crushed doubt in himself, compressed his whole being into the sentence, "I believe," and he looked for a miracle.

The prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, and out of the dark gully into the brilliantly-lighted arena came Ursus. In Rome there was no lack of gladiators, larger by far than the common measure of man; but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. The people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs, as large as tree trunks; at his breast, as large as two shields joined together, and his arms of a Hercules. He was unarmed, and had determined to die as became a follower of the Lamb, peacefully and patiently. Meanwhile he wished to pray once more to the Saviour. So he knelt on the arena, joined his hands and raised his eyes toward the stars. This act displeased the crowd. They had had enough of those Christians, who died like sheep. They understood that if the giant would not defend himself, the spectacle would be a failure. Here and there hisses were heard. Some began to cry for scourge-

ers, whose office it was to lash combatants unwilling to fight. But soon all had grown silent, for no one knew what was waiting for the giant, nor whether he would not defend himself when he met death eye to eye.

In fact, they had not long to wait. Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal into the arena rushed, amid the shouts of the beast-keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the naked body of a woman.

Vinicius sprang to his feet.

"Lygia! Oh, . . . I believe! I believe! Oh, Christ, a miracle! a miracle!" And he did not even know that Petronius had covered his head at that moment with a toga. He did not look; he did not see. The feeling of some awful emptiness possessed him. In his head there remained not a thought. His lips merely repeated as if in madness, "I believe! I believe! I believe!"

This time the amphitheater was silent, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. That giant, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up, as if touched by living fire, and, bending forward, he ran at the raging animal.

From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was heard, as the giant fell on the raging bull, and seized him by the horns. And then came deep silence. All breasts ceased to breathe. In the amphitheater a fly might be heard on the wing. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome no one had ever seen such a spectacle. The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankle; his back was bent like a bow; his head was hidden between his shoulders; on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks. The man and the bull remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a group hewn in stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull's feet, as well as the man's, sank in the sand, and the dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fail first? Which would fall first?

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there was silence. Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew

the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian, and from his jaws crept forth a long, foaming tongue. A moment more and to the ears of the spectators sitting nearer came, as it were, the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth, dead.

The giant removed in a twinkling the ropes that bound the maiden to the horns of the bull. His face was very pale; he stood as if only half conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators.

The amphitheater had gone wild. The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people.

Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder.

The giant understood that they were asking for his life and liberty, but his thoughts were not for himself. He raised the unconscious maiden in his arms, and, going to Nero's padium, held her up and looked up imploringly.

Vinicius sprang over the barrier which separated the lower seats from the arena, and, running to Lygia, covered her with his toga.

Then he tore apart the tunic on his breast, laid bare the scars left by wounds received in the Armenian war, and stretched out his hands to the multitude.

At this the enthusiasm passed everything ever seen in a circus before. Voices choking with tears began to demand mercy. Yet Nero halted and hesitated. He would have preferred to see the giant and the maiden rent by the horns of the bull.

Nero was alarmed. He understood that to oppose longer was simply dangerous. A disturbance begun in the circus might seize the whole city. He looked once more, and, seeing everywhere frowning brows, excited faces and eyes fixed on him, he slowly raised his hand and gave the sign for mercy.

Then a thunder of applause broke from the highest seats to the lowest. But Vinicius heard it not. He dropped on his knees in the arena, stretched his hands toward heaven and cried: "I believe! Oh, Christ! I believe! I believe!"

## The Cushville Hop

BY BEN KING.

[Many of Ben King's poems read well. "Jane Jones," "Benton Harbor, Mich.," and several others are widely popular. The poem printed below is from "Ben King's Verse," published by Forbes & Co., Chicago. \$1.00.]

I'se gwine down to the Cushville hop  
 An' dar ain' no niggahs gwine ter make me stop;  
 Missus gwine to deck me all up in white,  
 So watch de step dat I'se gettin' in ter-night.  
 Um-hm, my honey, turn me loose;  
 Um-hm, my honey, turn me loose;  
 Um-hm, my honey, watch me shine  
 When mah foot am a-shakin' in de ole coonjine.

No black niggahs come foolin' round me;  
 I'se jes' to look at, anyone can see;  
 I'se jes' a ornament, an' I mus' 'fess,  
 No niggah put 'is ahm roun' mah snow-white dress.  
 Um-hm, niggah, keep away, understand?  
 Um-hm, niggah, look out fo' yo' hand;  
 I'se jes' ter gaze at, I mus' 'fess,  
 So don't put yo' ahm roun' mah snow white dress.

Bring out de banjo, plunk-plank-pling;  
 Watch de motion of mah step an' mah swing;  
 Don't yo' pestah me or make me stop  
 When I git in motion at de Cushville hop.  
 Um-hm, niggah, keep away, keep away!  
 Um-hm, niggah, not ter-day!  
 Keep away from me kase I done kain't stop;  
 I'se jes caught mah motion fo' de Cushville hop.



## Sonny's Christenin'

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

[There is perhaps no greater classic of child life than Ruth McEnery Stuart's "Sonny." The humor is never forced, the character is never overdrawn. In this book is a naughty boy who grows to be a useful man, a thing quite impossible with the naughty boys of most books. Sonny is the only child of an old couple, who, the neighbors say, spend their days spoiling him. He tries many teachers, none of whom makes progress with him, until at last one teacher, who treats the boy as "a condition, not theory." There is not a chapter in this book that does not lend itself to recitation. No more charming Christmas story has been written in recent years than the opening chapter, called "A Christmas Guest." Here are mingled humor, tenderness, sentiment, philosophy and character drawing. Though these qualities pervade every page, the humor of the book is no doubt at its best in "The Boy" and "Sonny's Diploma." Published by the Century Company, New York. \$1.00.—THE EDITORS.]



AS, sir, wife an' me, we've turned 'Piscopals—all on account o' Sonny. He seemed to prefer that religion, an' of co'se we wouldn't have the family divided, so we're a-goin' to be ez good 'Piscopals ez we can.

I reckon it'll come a little bit awkward at first. Seem like I never will git so thet I can sass back in church 'thout feelin' sort o' impident—but I reckon I'll chirp up an' come to it, in time.

I never was much of a hand to sound the amens, even in our own Methodist meetin's.

Sir? How old is he? Oh, Sonny's purty nigh six—but he showed a pref'ence for the 'Piscopal Church long fo' he could talk.

When he wasn't no mo' 'n three year old we commenced a-takin' him round to church wherever they held meetin's, —'Piscopals, Methodists or Presbyterians,—so's he could see an' hear for hisself. I ca'ied him to baptizin' over to Chinquepin Creek, once't, when he was three. I thought I'd let him see it done, an' maybe it might make a good impression; but no, sir! The Baptists didn't suit him! Cried ever' time one was doused, an' I had to fetch him away! In our Methodist meetin's he seemed to git worked up an' provoked, some way. An' the Presbyterians, he didn't take no stock in them at all. Ricollect, one Sunday the preacher, he preached a mighty powerful disco'se on the doctrine o' lost infants not 'lected to salvation—an' Sonny? Why, he slep' right thoo it.

The first any way lively interest he ever seemed to take in religious services was at the 'Piscopals, Easter Sunday. When he seen the lilies an' the candles, he thess clapped his little hands, an' time the folks commenced answerin' back he was tickled all but to death, an' started answerin' hisself —on'y, of co'se he'd answer sort o' hit an' miss.

He never had showed no disposition to be christened, an' ever sence the doctor tried to vaccinate him he seemed to git the notion that christ'nin' an' vaccination was mo' or less the same thing; an' sense that time he's been mo' opposed to it than ever.

Sir? Oh no, sir. He didn't vaccinate him; he thess tried to do it; but Sonny, he wouldn't begin to allow it. He never seemed to want baptism, though he had heard us discuss all his life both it an' vaccination ez the two ordeels to be gone thoo with some time.

But last week he had been playin' out o' doors bare-footed, thess same ez he always does, an' he tramped on a pine splinter some way. Of co'se, pine, it's the safe-t-est splinter a person can run into a foot, on account of its carryin' its own turpentine in with it to heal up things; but any splinter thet dast to push itself up into a little pink foot is a messenger of trouble, an' we know it. An' so, when we see this one, we tried ever' way to coax him to let us take it out, but he wouldn't, of co'se. He never will, an' somehow the Lord seems to give 'em ambition to work their own way out mos' gen'ally.

But, sir, this splinter didn't seem to have no energy in it. It thess lodged there, an' his little foot it commenced

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to swell, an' it swole, an' swole, tell his little toes stuck out so thet the little pig thet went to market looked like ez ef it wasn't on speakin' terms with the little pig thet stayed home, an' wife an' me we watched it, an' I reckon she prayed over it consider'ble, an' I read a extry psalm at night befo' I went to bed, all on account o' that little foot. An' night befo' las' it was lookin' mighty angry an' swole, an' he had limped an' "ouched!" consider'ble all day, an' he was mighty fretful bed-time. So, after he went to sleep, wife she come out on the po'ch where I was settin', and she says to me, says she, her face all drawed up an' workin', says she: "Honey," says she, "I reckon we better sen' for him an' have it did." Thess so, she said it. "Sen' for who, wife?" says I, "an' have what did?" "Why, sen' for him, the 'Piscopal preacher," says she, "an' have Sonny christened. Them little toes o' hisn is ez red ez cherry tomatoes. They burnt my lips thess now like a coal o' fire, an' —an' lockjaw is goin' roun' tur'ble.

"Seems to me," says she, "when he started to git sleepy, "he didn't gape ez wide ez he gen'ly does—an' I'm 'feered he's a-gittin' it now." An', sir, with that, she thess gathered up her apron an' mopped her face in it an' give way. An' ez for me, I didn't seem to have no mo' backbone down my spinal column 'n a feather bolster has, I was that weak.

It was mos' nine o'clock then, an' a dark night, an' rainin', but I never said a word—they wasn't no room round the edges o' the lump in my throat for words to come out ef they'd 'a' been one surgin' up there to say, which they wasn't—but I thess went out an' saddled my horse an' I rid into town.

I sent the doctor out an' rid on for the minister. His wife said he was away, but would come next morning.

Well, sir, when I got home that night I found wife a heap cheerfuller. The doctor had given Sonny a big apple to eat an' pronounced him free from all symptoms o' lockjaw. But when I come the little feller had crawled 'way back under the bed an' lay there, eatin' his apple, an' they couldn't git him out. Soon ez the doctor had teched a poultice to his foot he had woke up an' put a stop to it, an' then he had went off by hisself where nothin' couldn't pester him, to enjoy his apple in peace. An' we never got him out tell he heared us tellin' the doctor good-night.

I tried ever' way to git him out—even took up a coal o'

fire an' poked it under at him; but he thess laughed at that an' helt his apple again' it an' made it sizz. Well, sir, he seemed so tickled that I helt that coal o' fire for him tell he cooked a good big spot on one side o' the apple, an' et it, an' then, when I took it out, he called for another, but I didn't give it to him. I don't see no use in over-indulgin' a child.

We never had so much ez considered it necessary that little children should be christened to have 'em saved, but when things got on the ticklish edge, like they was then, why, we felt thet the safest side is the wise side, an' of co'se, we want Sonny to have the best of everything. So, we was mighty thankful when we see the rector comin'. But, sir, when I went out to open the gate for him, what on top o' this round hemisphere do you reckon Sonny done? Why, sir, he thess took one look at the gate, an' then he out an' run hard ez he could—limped acrost the yard thess like a flash o' zig-zag lightnin'—an' 'fore anybody could stop him he had clumb to the tip-top o' the butter-bean arbor—clumb it thess like a cat—an' there he set a-swingin' his feet under him, an' laughin', the rain thess a-streakin' his hair all over his face.

That bean arbor is a favorite place for him to escape to, 'cause it's too high to reach, an' it ain't strong enough to bear no grown-up person's weight.

Well, sir, the rector, he come in an' opened his valise an' 'rayed hisself in his robes an' opened his book, an', while he was turnin' the leaves, he faced 'round an', says he, lookin' at me direc', says he:

"Let the child be brought forward for baptism," says he, thess that-a-way. Well, sir, I looked at wife, an' wife, she looked at me, an' then we both thess looked out at the butter-bean arbor.

Rector, he's a mighty good, kind-hearted man, git down to the man inside the preacher, an' when he see thess how things stood, why, he come 'round friendly, an' he went out on the po'ch an' united with us in tryin' to help coax Sonny down. But, no, sir, stid o' him comin' down, Sonny started orderin' the rest of us christened thess the way he done about the vaccination. But, of co'se, we had been baptised befo', an' we nachelly helt out agin' that for some time. But di'rec'ly rector, he seemed to have a sudden idee, an', says he, facin' 'round, church-like, to wife an' me, says he:

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"Have you both been baptised accordin' to the rites o' the church?" An' me, thinkin', of co'se, he meant the 'Piscopal Church, says: "No, sir," says I, thess so. And then we see that the way was open for us to be did over ag'in ef we wanted to. So, sir, wife an' me was took into the church, then an' there.

Then he commenced callin' for Dicey, an' the dog, an' the cat, to be did, same ez he done befo'; but, of co'se, they's some liberties thet even a innocent child can't take with the waters o' baptism, an' the rector he got sort o' wo'e-out, an' disgusted, an' 'lowed thet, 'less'n we could get the child ready for baptism, he'd haf to go home.

So, says I, turnin' 'round an' facin' him square, says I: "Rector," says I, "why not baptize him where he is? I mean it. The waters o' heaven are descendin' upon him where he sets, an' seems to me ef he's favo'bly situated for anything it is for baptism." Says I: "Parson," says I, speakin' thess ez ca'm ez I am this minute—"Parson," says I, "his little foot is mighty swole, an' so'e, an' that splinter—thess s'pose he was to take the lockjaw an' die—don't you reckon you might do it where he sets—from where you stand?"

Wife, she was cryin' by this time, an' parson, he claired his th'oat, an' coughed, an' then he commenced walkin' up an' down, an' treckly he stopped, an' says he, speakin' mighty reverential an' serious:

"Lookin' at this case speritually, an' as a minister o' the gospel," says he, "it seems to me thet the question ain't so much a question of doin' ez it is a question of withholdin'."

Sonny didn't rightly sense the situation tell it come to the part where it says: "Name this child," an', of co'se, I called out to Sonny to name hisself, which it had always been our intention to let him do.

"Name yo'self, right quick, like a good boy," says I. Of co'se Sonny had all his life heered me say that I was Deuteronomy Jones, Senior, an' thet I hoped some day when he got christened he'd be the junior. He knowed that by heart, an' would agree to it or dispute it, 'cordin' to how the notion took him, an' I sort o' calculated that he'd out with it now. But, no, sir! Not a word! He thess sot up on thet bean-arbor an' grinned.

An' so, feelin' put to it, with the services suspended over

my head, I spoke up, an' I says: "Parson," says I, "I reckon ef he was to speak his little heart, he'd say Deuteronomy Jones, Junior." An' with that what does Sonny do but conterdic' me flat! "No, not Junior! I want to be named Deuteronomy Jones, Senior!" says he, thess so.

"Parson," says I, "he has spoke his heart's desire. He has named hisself after me entire—Deuteronomy Jones, Senior."

An' so it is writ in the family record colume in the big Bible, though I spelt his Senior with a little s, an' writ him down ez the only son of the Senior with the big S, which it seems to me fixes it about right for the time bein'. An' then Sonny, seein' it was all over, he come down.

Well, after I had reasoned with him severe that-a-way a while, he says, says he, thess ez sweet an' mild, says he, "Daddy, nex' time y' all gits christened, I'll come down an' be christened right—like a good boy."

Then, of co'se, I explained to him thet it couldn't never be did no mo', 'cause it had been did, an' did 'Piscopal, which is secure. An' then, what you reckon the little feller said? Says he, "Yes, daddy, but s'posin' mine don't take. How 'bout that?"

# How She Went into Business

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

From the Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann.

[It is generally conceded that, after the Uncle Remus stories, the best that Joel Chandler Harris has given us are those of Aunt Minerva Ann, in a book of that name, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York (price \$1.50).

This old mammy tells the stories of the war and reconstruction days as Uncle Remus presents the folk stories of the negro race. The character is admirably drawn, and there is the atmosphere of the times in the stories she tells. "When Jess Went a-Fiddlin'," "An Evening with the 'Ku-Klux,'" and especially "How She Joined the Legislature," in this same volume, are quite as full of humor, and are certainly as choice stories as "How She Went into Business," printed below.—THE EDITORS.]



AIN'T money dat makes de quality; hits dat ar kinder breedin' what'll make de finest folks stop an' shake han's wid a nigger des ez quick ez dey would wid de King er Rooshy—ef dey got any king dar. Long 'for' de turmoil, suh, endurin' de farmin' days, twuz des dat-a-way. When he wuz at his richest, Marse Tumlin never did pass a nigger on de road, widout stoppin' an' axin' who he b'long ter, an' what he name, an' how he gittin' on. I knew, suh, I done hear my color talk, an' dey talks it down to dis ve'y day. Dey ain't been a time in dat man's life when he ain't think mo' er somebody else dan what he think er hisse'f. Dat's what I call de quality, suh.

"I've heard that the Major has something of a temper," I said.

*Temper!* (holding up her hands). Temper, I hear you say! Well, suh, dat ain't no name fer it. I done seed bad men, but Marse Tumlin is de wuss man when he git his

dander up dat I yever come 'cross in all my born days. De fust time I seen 'im mad, suh, wuz right after de folks got back from fightin' and battlin'. It makes me open my eyes. I been livin' wid 'im all dem years, an' I never is got to know how servigerous dat man is.

An de funny part wuz, suh, dat he got mad 'bout a ole nigger 'oman. Yasser, all 'bout a ole nigger 'oman. In dem times we all had to scuffle 'round right smart fer to git vittles ter eat, let 'lone cloze ter war. Long 'bout that time, court week wuz comin' on, de fust court week we had sence de folks come home from battlin'. Dey wuz a great miration 'bout it, bekaze dey say ev'body gwine ter come an' see de lawyers rastle.

Well, suh, it comes 'cross my mind dat if I kin bake some ginger-cakes an' make some chicken-pies, may be I kin pick up a little money. De dime and thrip species had all done gone, but dey wus oodles er shin'plasters floatin' 'roun' ef you had sump'n fer ter git um wid. I dunner whar in de world we got 'nuff flour an' 'lasses fer ter make de cakes. I know I had one chicken, an' Hamp he went off one night an' borried two mo'. I ain't ax 'im whar he borry um, suh, bekaze 'twan't none er my business.

Well, suh, I make de ginger-cakes de week 'fo' court, bekaze it he'ps a ginger-cake ef you bake 'im an' den shet 'im up in a tight box whar he kin sweat, an' Monday we set in ter bake de pies. I had as many cakes ez I kin tote wid-out gettin' tired, an' I ain't no baby when it comes ter totin' cakes. Well, suh, I been livin' a mighty long time, but I ain't never see folks wid such a cravin' fer ginger-cakes.

Frum de word go dey wuz greedy fer 'em.

I 'speck you know right whar I sat at, suh; 'twuz dar by dat big chaney-tree front er Sanford's sto'. Hit sho wuz a mighty tree. De win' done blowed up an' blewed it down, but de stump stan' in dar sproutin' right now. Well, suh, right under the shadder er dat tree, on de outer aidge er de sidewalk, I tuck my stan', an' I ain't been dar long 'fo' de folks 'gun ter swa'm atter my cakes, an' den, when Hamp bring de pies—well! hit look like dey fair dribble at de mouf.

I sol' all de pies 'cepin' one, an' ef I'd 'a' sol' dat un, I don't speck dey'd 'a' been any trouble; but you know what a fool a nigger kin be, sah, 'spechually a nigger 'oman. I



tuck a notion in my mind, dat I done so pow'ful well, I'd save dat pie fer Marse Tumlin an' Miss Vallie. So ev'ry time somebody come 'long an' want ter buy de pie, I'd up an' say it done sold.

Bimeby, who should come 'long but dat ar Salem Birch! He dead now, but I 'speck you done hear talk un 'im, be-kaze he mak' matters mighty hot in deze parts twel—twel—well, suh, twell he 'gun to hone atter dot pie, ez you may say.

Well, suh, dar sot de pie, an' dar wuz de ginger-cakes, ol' timers, big ter look at, but light ter handle. Eve'ybody want de pie, but my min' done made up. Some bought cake stidder de pie, an' some des wipe der mouf an' go on. But bimeby, here comes Salem Birch, six feet high, an' his hat sot on de side his head like he done bought de whole town. I know'd de minnit I laid eyes on 'im dat he had dram in 'im, an' dat he wuz up ter some devilment. Him an' his bre'r Bill-Tom, suh, had terrified de whole county. Dey wuz constant a-fightin', an' ef dey couldn't get nobody else ter fight, dey'd fight 'mongst deyse'f. Yassir! dem ar Birches had done whip der own daddy. He stop right front er me, suh, an' time his eye fell on me he sang out:

"Whoopee! Ef here ain't ol' Minervy Ann! Wid pies! An' cakes! Come on, boys! Have some pies! An' cakes!"

Well, suh, you mought er heer'd 'im a mile. He say, "How much you take fer yo' chicken-pie?" I 'low, "Hit done sol', suh." He say, "I'll gi' you a quarter fer dat pie." I 'low, "De pie done sol', suh?"

He say, "Who bought dat pie?" I 'low, "Marse Tumlin Purdue." He sorter draw'd hisse'f up, he did, an' say, "Ain't I des ez good ez Tumlin Purdue?" I 'low, "I ain't know nothin' to de contrary, suh, but ef you is, you got ter be a monstrous good man."

He say, "I is! I'm de bes' man in de county." I 'low, "Dat may be, suh; I ain't 'sputin' it." By dat time I 'gun to feel de 'Ol' Boy kinder ranklin' in my gizzard. He say, "Why can't I have dat pie?" I 'low, "Bekaze de pie done sol', suh." He say, "Fer cash?"

I 'low, "No, suh; but Marse Tumlin's word is lots better'n some folks' money!" Wid dat he flung down a shin-plaster quarter, an' retch fer de pie. By de time he grabbed it, I grabbed it, an' he pulled, an I pulled. I dunner wheder 'twuz de strenk in me or de dram in 'im, but in de

pullin', de box what de pie wuz on turnt over, an' my cheer turnt over, an' down come Salem Birch right spang on top er me.

I tell you now, suh, dis skeer'd me. 'Twuz mo' dan I bargain fer. Right at de minnit I had de idee dat de man had jumped on me an' wuz gwine ter kill me. So I des give one squall:

"Marse Tumlin! Run here, Marse Tumlin! He killin' me! Oh, Marse Tumlin!"

Well, suh, dey tell me dat squall wuz so inhuman it made de country hosses break loose fum de racks. One white lady at de tavern hear it, an' *she* had to be put ter bed. Bless yore soul, honey! Don't never say you hear anybody blate twel you hear ol' Minervy Ann,—an' de Lord knows I hope you won't never hear me.

Dey ain't no use talkin', suh, hit 'larmed de town. Salem Birch got up des ez quick ez he could, an' I wuz up des ez quick ez he wuz, an' by dat my temper done run my skeer off, an' I dez blazed out at him. What I say I'll never tell you, bekaze I wuz so mad I ain't never hear myse'f talk. Some say I call 'im dis, some say I call 'im dat, but whatsomever 'twuz, hit wa'n't no nice name—I kin promise you dat. 'Twuz 'nuff ter rise his dander, an' he draw'd back his arm fer ter hit me, but des 'bout dat time Marse Tumlin shoved 'im back. Marse Tumlin 'low, "You dirty dog! You sneakin', nasty houn'! is dis de way you does yo' fightin'?"

Well, suh, dis kinder skeer me ag'in, kaze I hear talk dat Salem Birch went 'bout wid dirks an' pistols on 'im, ready fer ter use um. He look at Marse Tumlin, an' his face got whiter an' whiter, an' he draw'd his breff deep an' long.

Marse Tumlin 'low, "You see dat nigger 'oman? Well, ef she wuz blacker dan de hinges er hell"—he say dem ve'y words, suh,—“ef she wuz blacker dan de hinges er hell, she'd be whiter dan you an' all yo' thievin' gang.” An' den, suh,—I 'clar I'm most 'shame ter tell you—Marse Tumlin rise up on his tip-toes an' spit in de man's face. Yasser! Right spang in his face. You may well look 'stonished, suh. But ef you'd 'a' seed de way Marse Tumlin looked you'd know why Salem Birch ain't raise his hand, 'cepin' ter wipe his face. Ef dey ever wuz blood an' killin' in anybody's eyes, hit wuz in Marse Tumlin right dat minnit. He stan' dar while you kin count ten, an' den he

snap his thumb an' turn on his heel, an' dat er Salem Birch tuck 'n' walk 'cross de public squar' an' sat down on de court house steps, an' dar he sot, suh, wid his head 'twixt his han's fer I dunner how long.

Well, suh, I know in reason dat de een er dat business ain't come. You know how our white folks is; you kin spit in one man's face, an' he not take it up, but some er his kinnery er his friends sho' take it up. So I say ter myse'f, "Look here, nigger 'oman, you better keep you mouf shet an' bofe eyes open, kaze dey gwine ter be hot times in deze diggin's."

When I git thoo breshin' an' cleanin' up, I look up, I did, an' dar wuz Marse Bolivar Blasengame walkin' up an' down right close at me. So I 'low, "Won't you have a ginger-cake, Marse Bolivar? I'd offer you de pie, but I'm savin' dat fer Miss Vallie." He say he don't b'lieve his appetite run ter cakes an' pies des dat minnit. He des walk up an' down, wid his han's in his pocket. Dar wan't no one else nigh me, but dey wuz big clump er folks down by de public well. 'Twa'n't long 'fo' somebody broke loose fum um an' come runnin' to'ards whar I wuz settin' at.

I know'd in a minnit it wuz Bill-Tom Birch. He come runnin' up, suh, an' he wuz so mad he wuz cryin', an' his face wuz wo'kin des like it hu'ted 'im. He holler at me, "Is you de ——?" I won't name de name what he call me, suh. But I know ef he'd a been a nigger I'd 'a' got up fum dar an' brained 'im. I ain't say nothin'. I des sat dar an' look at 'im.

Well, suh, he jerk a cowhide fum under his cloze—he had it run down his britches leg,—an' say, "I'll show you how you erfuse ter sell pies when a gemmen want to buy um." I dunner what I'd a done, suh, ef he'd 'a' hit me, but he ain't hit me. Marse Bolivar walk right 'twixt us an' 'low, "You'll settle dis wid me, right here an' now." Wid dat Bill-Tom Birch step back an' say, "Colonel, does you take it up?" Marse Bolivar 'low, "Dat's what I'm here for." Bill-Tom Birch step back a liddle funder, an' make ez'if ter draw his pistol, but his han' ain't got ter his pocket 'fo' *bang!* went Marse Bolivar's gun, an' down went Bill-Tom Birch, des like somebody tripped 'im up.

Well, suh, time de pistol went off folks come runnin' fum eve'ywhars. Salem Birch, he come runnin' 'cross de public squar', bekaze he had de idee dat sump'n done happen.

Marse Bolivar, he see Salem Birch a-comin', an' he walk out fum de crowd ter meet 'im. Dat make me feel sorter quare, kaze hit look like he wuz gwine to shoot de man down. But Salem Birch, he seed 'im, an' he stop an' say, "Colonel, what de name er God is de matter?" Marse Bolivar make answer, "Salem, I had ter shoot you' bre'r." Salem Birch say, "Is he dead?" Marse Bolivar 'spon', "He ain't nigh dead. I put de ball 'twixt de hip an' de knee joint. He'll be up in a week." Salem Birch say "Colonel, I thank you fer dat. Will you shake han's?" Marse Bolivar say dey ain't nothin' suit 'im better, bekaze he ain't got a thing ag'in de Birches.

An' 'twuz des dat-away. Bill-Tom Birch wuz wuss skeer'd dan hurt. Salem Birch, he went off ter Texas, an' dem what been dar an' come back, say dat he's one er deze yer ervival preachers, gwine 'bout doin' good an' takin' up big collections. Dat's what dey say, an' I hope it's des dat-away. I don't begrudge nobody de money dey makes preachin' ter sinners, bekaze hit's des natchully w'arin' ter der flesh.

# The Leadership of Educated Men

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

(Extract from the address delivered before the Alumni of Brown University, 1882.)



IT was as scholars that you were here; it is to the feeling and life of scholars that you return. I mean the scholar not as a specialist or deeply proficient student, not like Darwin, a conqueror greater than Alexander, who extended the empire of human knowledge; nor like Emerson, whose serene wisdom, a planet in the cloudless heaven, lighted the path of his age to larger spiritual liberty; nor like Longfellow, sweet singer of our national springtime, whose scholarship decorated his pure and limpid song as flowers are mirrored in a placid stream—not as scholars like these, but as educated men, to whom the dignity and honor and renown of the educated class are precious, however remote from study your lives may have been, you return to the annual festival of letters. “Neither years nor books,” says Emerson, speaking of his own college days, “have yet availed to extirpate a prejudice then rooted in me that a scholar is the favorite of heaven and earth, the excellency of his country, the happiest of men.”

But every educated man is aware of a profound popular distrust of the courage and sagacity of the educated class. Franklin and Lincoln are good enough for us, exclaims this jealous skepticism; as if Franklin and Lincoln did not laboriously repair by vigorous study the want of early opportunity. The scholar appealing to experience is proudly told to close his books, for what has America to do with experience? as if books were not the ever-burning lamps of accumulated wisdom. When Voltaire was insulted by the London mob, he turned at his door and complimented them upon the nobleness of their national character, their glorious constitution and their love of liberty. The London mob did not feel the sarcasm. But when I hear that America may scorn experience because she is a

law to herself, I remember that a few years ago a foreign observer came to the city of Washington, and said, "I did not fully comprehend your greatness until I saw your Congress. Then I felt that if you could stand that you could stand anything, and I understood the saying that God takes care of children, drunken men, and the United States."

The scholar is denounced as a coward. Humanity falls among thieves, we are told, and the college Levite, the educated Pharisee, pass by on the other side. Slavery undermines the Republic, but the clergy in America are the educated class, and the Church makes itself the bulwark of slavery. Strong drink slays its tens of thousands, but the educated class leaves the gospel of temperance to be preached by the ignorant and the enthusiast, as the English Establishment left the preaching of regeneration to Methodist itinerants in fields and barns. Vast questions cast their shadows upon the future: the just relations of capital and labor; the distribution of land; the towering power of corporate wealth; reform in administrative methods; but the educated class, says the critic, instead of advancing to deal with them promptly, wisely and courageously, and settling them as morning dissipates the night, without a shock, leaves them to be kindled to fury by demagogues, lifts a panic cry of communism, and sinks paralyzed with terror. It is the old accusation. Erasmus was the great pioneer of modern scholarship. But in the fierce contest of the Reformation Luther denounced him as a time-server and a coward. With the same feeling, Theodore Parker, the spiritual child of Luther, asked of Goethe, "Tell me, what did he ever do for the cause of man?" and when nothing remained for his country but the dread alternative of slavery or civil war, Parker exclaimed sadly of the class to which he belonged, "If our educated men had done their duty, we should not now be in the ghastly condition we bewail."

Gentlemen, we belong to the accused class. Its honor and dignity are very precious to us. Is this humiliating arraignment true? Does the educated class of America especially deserve this condemnation of political recreancy and moral cowardice? Faithless scholars, laggard colleges, bigoted pulpits, there may be; signal instances you may find of feebleness and pusillanimity. This has always been true.

But remember what Coleridge said to Washington Alston, "Never judge a work of art by its defects." The proper comment to make upon recreant scholars is that of Brummell's valet upon the tumbled cambric in his hands. "These are our failures." Luther, impatient of the milder spirit of Erasmus and Colet and Sir Thomas More, might well have called them our failures, because he was of their class, and while they counseled moderation, his fiery and impetuous soul sought to seize triple-crowned error and drag it from its throne. But Luther was no less a scholar, and stands equally with them for the scholarly class and the heroism of educated men. Even Erasmus said of him with friendly wit, "He has hit the Pope on the crown and the monks on the belly." If the cowed scholars of the Church rejected him, and universities under their control renounced and condemned him, yet Luther is justified in saying, as he sweeps his hand across them and speaks for himself and for the scholars who stood with him, "These are not our representatives; these are our failures."

So on our side of the sea the educated body of Puritan Massachusetts Bay, the clergy and the magistrates, drove Roger Williams from their borders—Roger Williams, also a scholar and a clergyman, and, with John Milton, the bright consummate flower of Puritanism. But shall not he stand for the scholar rather than Cotton Mather, torturing terrified old women to death as witches! I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober—from the scholarship that silenced Mrs. Hutchison and hung Mary Dyer and pressed Giles Corey to death, to the scholarship that argued with George Fox and founded a political commonwealth upon soul-liberty.

Here in America, where as yet there are no ruins save those of ancient wrongs, undoubtedly New England has inspired and molded our national life. But if New England has led the Union, what has led New England? Her scholarly class, her educated men, and our Roger Williams, gave the keynote. "He has broached and divulged new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates," said Massachusetts, as she banished him. A century later his dangerous opinions had captured Massachusetts. Young Sam Adams, taking his Master's degree at Cambridge, argued that it was lawful to resist the supreme magistrate if the State could not otherwise be preserved. He was a college stripling. But seven years afterward, in 1750, the

chief pulpit orator in New England, Jonathan Mayhew, preached in Boston the famous sermon which Thornton called the morning gun of the Revolution, applying to the political situation the principles of Roger Williams. The New England pulpit echoed and re-echoed that morning gun, arousing the country, and twenty-five years later its warning broke into the rattle of musketry at Lexington and Concord and the glorious thunder of Bunker Hill.

It was a son of Harvard, James Otis, who proposed the assembly of an American congress without asking the king's leave. It was a son of Yale, John Morin Scott, who declared that if taxation without representation were to be enforced, the colonies ought to separate from England. It was a group of New York scholars, John Jay and Scott and the Livingstones, which spoke for the colony in response to the Boston Port Bill and proposed the Continental Congress. It was a New England scholar in that Congress, whom Rufus Choate declared to be the distinctive and comprehensive orator of the Revolution, John Adams, who, urging every argument, touching every stop of passion, pride, tenderness, interest, conscience and lofty indignation, swept up his country as into a chariot of fire and soared to independence.

I do not forget that Virginian tongue of flame, Patrick Henry, nor that patriotism of the field and fireside which recruited the Sons of Liberty. The inspiring statue of the Minute Man at Concord—and a nobler memorial figure does not stand upon our soil—commemorates the spirit that left the plow standing in the furrow, that drew Nathaniel Greene from his anvil and Esek Hopkins from his farm; the spirit that long before had sent the poor parishioners of Scrooby to Holland, and filled the victorious ranks of the Commonwealth at Naseby and at Marston Moor. But in America as in England they were educated men who in the pulpit, on the platform, and through the press, conducted the mighty preliminary argument of the Revolution, defended the ancient traditions of English liberty against reactionary England, aroused the colonists to maintain the cause of human nature, and led them from the Gaspee and Bunker Hill, across the plains of Saratoga, the snows of Valley Forge, the sands of Monmouth, the hills of Carolina, until at Yorktown once more the king surrendered to the people; an educated America had saved constitutional liberty.



# Jean Valjean and the Bishop

BY VICTOR HUGO.

(A Cutting from "Les Miserables.")

## Introduction

**J**EAN VALJEAN, a poor French peasant, the only support of his widowed sister and her seven small children, in a time of great distress, was caught in the act of breaking into a bakery and stealing a loaf of bread for the starving babies. He was convicted of housebreaking and theft, and was sentenced to five years in the galleys. For repeated attempts at escape his sentence was extended, until he had served nineteen years with the iron collar of the galley slave about his neck.

Beneath the cudgel, dragging the chain, beneath the burning sun of the galleys, on the plank bed of the convict, Jean Valjean withdrew into his own consciousness and meditated. He constituted himself the tribunal. He began by putting himself on trial. He recognized the fact that he was not an innocent man unjustly punished; that it had been an act of madness to imagine that any one can escape from misery through theft. Then he asked himself whether he had been the only one in fault in his fatal history; whether it was not a serious thing that he, an industrious man, had lacked bread; and whether the fault once committed and confessed, the punishment had not been ferocious and disproportioned.

He judged society and condemned it to his hate. He had no weapon but his hate. He resolved to whet it in the galleys and bear it with him when he departed. It was not without good cause that Jean Valjean's passport described him as a very dangerous man.

In 1815 an old man of 75 was Bishop of D——. His name was M. Charles François Bienvenu Myriel. It will tell you much of the man when I say that his people always called him M. Welcome. His aged sister, Baptistine, and Madame Magloire, his old housekeeper, lived with him and shared his life of voluntary poverty. As far as he was able, the Bishop tried to follow in the steps of his Divine Master;

but of all the attributes of the Holy One, compassion moved him the most deeply, and he loved to reflect it in his life.

One evening the old man was busy writing, when Madame Magloire came in, as usual, to fetch the silver plate from the wall cupboard for the supper table.

"Monseigneur, there will be some sort of a catastrophe about the town to-night. Everybody says so. A gallows' bird, with a terrible face, is wandering about the town. This house is not safe. It is terrible to have doors which can be opened from the outside with a latch, and M. has a habit of saying, 'Come in,' even in the middle of the night. O mon Dieu!"

There was a violent rap on the door. "Come in," said the Bishop. The door was thrown wide open, and a man entered, a cudgel in his hand and a hideous expression in his eyes.

"My name is Jean Valjean. I am a galley slave, and have spent nineteen years in the bagne. I was liberated four days ago. I have been walking ever since. On coming into the town I went to the inn, but they turned me out on account of my yellow passport. I went to another inn. The landlord said, 'Be off.' I went to the prison, but the jailor would not let me in. I went into a dog's kennel, but the dog bit me and drove me off as if he had been a man. A good woman pointed to your house and said, 'Go and knock there.' What sort of a house is this? Do you keep an inn? I will pay. I have one hundred francs, fifteen sous. I am very tired and hungry. I will pay."

"Madame Magloire, you will lay another knife and fork."

"Stop! not that! Here is my passport, yellow, as you see. Look! It says, 'The man is very dangerous.' Give me some food and a bed in your stable."

"Madame Magloire, you will put clean sheets on the bed in the alcove. Sit down and warm yourself. We will sup directly, and your bed will be got ready while we are supping."

"Is it true? What! You will let me stay? You will not turn me out? I shall have supper, a bed. For nineteen years I have not slept in a bed. You receive me as a friend. You light your wax candles for me, and yet I have not hidden from you whom I am. You know I am an outcast, a convict, with a yellow passport."

"You need not have told me who you are. This is not my house, but the house of Christ. This door does not ask a man when he enters if he has a name, but if he has a sorrow. You are suffering. You are hungry and thirsty. And do not thank me. No one is at home here but the man who needs refuge; so be welcome. Why should I want to know your name? Besides, before you told it you had one which I knew. You are my brother. You have suffered greatly."

"Oh, monsieur! The dogs are happier. The red coat, the ball on the ankle, a plank to sleep on, heat, cold, toil, the blows, the double chain for nothing; a dungeon for a word; even sick in bed, and still the chains. Nineteen years! I am forty-six, and now the yellow passport. That is what it is like."

"Yes, you have come from a place of sorrow. Listen! If you come from it with thoughts of anger and of hatred, you are worthy of pity. If you leave it with thoughts of kindness, gentleness and peace, you are worthy—more than any of us. But you are hungry. To table! Sit here, on my right."

Supper over, the Bishop bade his sister good-night, took one of the silver candlesticks, handed the other to his guest, and said: "I will lead you to your room, sir." At the moment they went through the Bishop's bed-room Madame Magloire was putting away the plate in the cupboard over the bed.

As two o'clock pealed from the cathedral bell Jean Valjean awoke and began thinking. Many thoughts occurred to him, but there was one which constantly reverted and expelled all the rest; he had noticed the six silver forks and spoons and the great silver ladle which Madame Magloire had put in the cupboard in the Bishop's room. The plate was heavy and old. The big soup ladle was worth at least two hundred francs, or double what he had earned in nineteen years. True, he would have earned more had not the officials robbed him. In the midst of his hideous meditations the clock struck three. It seemed as if this stroke said, "To work." He opened his knapsack, took out a frightful-looking weapon, and advanced cautiously and carefully into the Bishop's room. Just as he reached the foot of the bed a moonbeam, passing through the tall win-

dow illumined the face of the Bishop and cast a majestic and serene halo around his white hair and closed eyes, his face on which all was hope and confidence.

Jean Valjean stood motionless and terrified by this luminous old man. He was hesitating between two abysses; he was ready to dash out the Bishop's brains or kiss his hand. At the expiration of a few minutes his left arm slowly rose, and he took off his cap. Now the moonbeam rendered the crucifix over the mantel dimly visible. It seemed to open its arms for both, with a benediction for the one and a pardon for the other. All at once Jean Valjean put on his cap, went straight to the cupboard, laid hands upon the silver, leaped from the open window down into the garden, bounded over the wall like a tiger and fled.

The next morning at sunrise Monseigneur Welcome was walking about the garden when Madame Magloire came rushing toward him.

"Monseigneur! Monseigneur! That man who came last night is a robber! Monseigneur, the man has gone; the plate is stolen. With what will Monseigneur eat now?"

"Are there not pewter forks to be had?"

A few minutes later he was breakfasting at the same table at which Jean Valjean sat on the previous evening. There was a knock at the door and a strange and violent group appeared on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar. The three men were guarding the fourth, Jean Valjean.

The Bishop advanced as rapidly as his great age permitted. "Ah, there you are! I am glad to see you. Why, how is this? I gave you the candlesticks, too, which would fetch you two hundred francs. Why did you not take them with the rest of the plate?"

"Monseigneur, what this man told us, then, was true. We met him, and as he looked as if he were running away, we arrested him. He had the plate."

"And he told you that it was given to him by an old priest, at whose house he passed the night. I see it all. And you brought him back here. That is a mistake."

"In that case we can let him go."

"Of course! My friend, before you go, take your candlesticks. Now, go in peace, and when you return it is unnecessary to pass through the garden, for you can always enter, day and night, by the front door, which is only

latched. Gentlemen, you may retire." Jean Valjean looked as if he were on the point of fainting. "Never forget that you have promised me to employ this money in becoming an honest man. Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and give it back to God."

What did Jean Valjean do after this? Whither did he go? No one ever knew. The only thing that seems to be authenticated is that the mail carrier who arrived at D—— about three o'clock in the morning, saw a man kneeling upon the pavement in the shadow, in front of the Bishop's door.

## Coom, Lassie, Be Good to Me

BY CHARLES McILVAINE.

(From "McClure's Magazine," September, 1905.)

Coom, Lassie, be good to me. Winna ye, dear?  
Ye've taen a' my hairt, ye shall hae a' my gear;  
I wadna be gangin' about all alane  
If the warld were a' siller, an' you not my ain.

The birds are a' matin', the flowers wed the grass,  
An' you are my springtime, my ain bonnie lass;  
Like kiss o' the sun to the life-springin' sod,  
Put your lips to my ain; were I you I wad.

My hairt is a thumpin' like sticks on a drum,  
Just rantin' wi' hunger; coom, gie it a crumb;  
My eyes are a'thirstin' like night for the dew,  
Let them drink, my ain darlin', in one look frae you.

Coom, fill up the crook o' my long waitin' airm,  
I'll huddle ye close an' I'll shiel' ye frae hairm,  
Put your han' in my ain; let me spier in your ear;—  
Coom, Lassie, be good to me. Winna ye, dear?

## A Bird in the Hand

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

There were three young maids of Lee,  
And they were fair as fair can be;  
And they had lovers three times three,  
For they were fair as fair can be,  
These three young maids of Lee.  
But these young maids, they cannot find  
A lover each to suit her mind;  
The plain spoke lad is far too rough;  
The rich young lord not rich enough,  
And one's too poor, and one too tall,  
And one just an inch too short for them all.  
"Others pick and choose, and why not we?  
We can very well wait," said these maids of Lee.

There were three young maids of Lee,  
And they were fair as fair can be;  
And they had lovers three times three,  
For they were fair as fair can be,  
These three young maids of Lee.

There are three old maids of Lee,  
And they are old as old can be;  
And one is deaf, and one can't see,  
And they all are cross as a gallows tree,  
These three old maids of Lee.  
Now, if any one chanced—'tis a chance remote—  
One single charm in these maids to note,  
He need not a poet or handsome be,  
For one is deaf, and one can't see;  
He need not woo on his bended knee,  
For they all are willing as willing can be;  
He may take the one, or the two, or the three,  
If he'll only take them away from Lee.  
There are three old maids at Lee,  
And they are cross as cross can be,  
And there they are, and there they'll be,  
To the end of the chapter, one, two, three,  
These three old maids of Lee.

# The Slow Man

BY ERNEST POOLE.

(From "Everybody's Magazine," and by permission of the publishers.)

[Mr. Poole knows the life of which he writes in this story. He is a settlement worker in the New York Ghetto. He has spent some months of this past year in Russia studying the conditions of the poor. The Russian Government became suspicious of him, and at last ordered him to leave the country. He has contributed two articles on Russia to "Everybody's Magazine," the last of which, "The Night I Became a Revolutionist," appeared in the November number.]

**J**OHAN MILANSKY, tired, awkward, six feet tall, sat alone in his tenement room, close under the gas-jet, clumsily darning two big holes in a wee girl's stocking. She was five years old, and her sister seven. They lay asleep in one bed in the one small bedroom, and beside them, in another bed, was twelve-year-old Sam. About Sam and the two wee girls Milansky sat slowly thinking—harder to-night than he had ever thought since his wife died two years back. And he almost forgot that his eyes were aching.

It was only an hour since he had come from the Jewish dispensary, where the doctor had said slowly in Yiddish: "My friend, you must get another job, and get it quick. If you stay at this job one month longer you will go blind. Do you hear? You will—go—blind."

Only an hour, but it seemed a year. All his small hopes for Sam and the two wee girls had been suddenly shaken. He had felt weak and sick and desperately frightened. Then he had pulled himself slowly together, and now was thinking—slowly.

Milansky had always been slow. He had been five years in America, and still spoke only the Jewish dialect of his native Galician village. Five years in the buttonhole shop, he was still the slowest worker. Being so slow, he was kept



at the machine in the corner, where the light was poorest, and there for five years he had bent to his labor from seven in the morning until six at night. It was an amazing machine, created by genius, kept going by steam, swift, strong, precise. All Milansky did was to shove in a coat at exactly the right place for button holes. The machine in one buzz cut the hole, sewed it round, and then waited for Milansky. Milansky was forever behind and striving to catch up, bending close, shoving on and on, straining eyes, nerves, limbs, and then, as the day faded, feeling eyes, nerves, limbs, all slowly wearing out. At six o'clock, in the dial, in columns of hundreds of thousands, he found his day's reward—twenty-three hundred buttonholes, which meant ten dollars a week.

And now he must get another job or he would go blind! To get another he knew he must speak and learn English. He was wondering how long it would take. And his eyes—would his eyes hold out?

The next night Milansky told Sam all about it. At first little Sam grew terribly frightened and stared at his father's eyes as though expecting them to suddenly close forever and leave him outside. But the eyes looked back steadily, bravely; the voice was the same old voice, slow and deep and quiet, and as Milansky talked on Sam grew more and more sure that nothing bad had really happened, that they were coming out all right.

So the night lessons began. Sam would teach his father English. At first Sam was greatly embarrassed by the many pathetic blunders, but in two weeks his father had laboriously learned every word in the first thirty pages of the "Beginner's Reader."

Sam secretly left school and began selling papers. His gang helped him start. In a week he made \$3.83, spent thirteen cents, and handed the rest one night to his father. Milansky was silent for a moment, then suddenly caught Sam up and held him so tight he could hardly breathe. At this Sam was greatly embarrassed, for he saw his "kid" sisters watching. He slipped down and began reading rapidly, "See the dog how he runs." The next morning he was sent back to school, and afterwards he went, under orders, to the Settlement to rejoin his club. "He wants me ter git all there is comin'," he explained.

And now each morning the machine in the shop went slower as the eyes grew steadily worse. Each day the dial kept relentless account, and at 3 o'clock showed Milansky just how much slower he was than the day before. Then he would start off on the afternoon's search. He was not alone, for in that dense square mile of humanity, the Lower East Side, there were at that very time twenty thousand men and women who wanted work and could not find it. He met their faces wherever he went, long lines of faces, waiting their turn at bureaus of employment.

Twenty thousand faces forever changing, for many are young and strong; they get work and new recruits take their places. But the veterans, the slow, the sick, weary old veterans, not tramps, but men who have worked half a lifetime, they shuffle on and on, ashamed, cast out by us all, condemned for the crime which of all human crimes is most heavily punished, the crime of the age, the crime of being slow.

Five weeks were gone. At last one night Milansky came home at six o'clock. He knew that the fight could last but a few days longer. He could not see the doorknob in the gaslight of the hall. He was let in by the girl of eight who was cooking gruel for supper. He fell exhausted on the lounge in the corner—and slept.

A half hour passed. The door banged hard below. Sam came up three flights two steps at a time. He burst breathless into the room. "Say! he's broke his leg; fell t'ree floors—mashed! Yer can see de bone! He's a dead one for two months—that's wot he is. A dead one!" Milansky had leaped up with his hands to his eyes. He was trying hard to catch the excited words. "Dead! Dead! Who? What?" "De janitor of de Settlement! Say, listen! De—janitor—of—de—Settlement—see?—is—down an' out—fer two months! An' youse—will get his job! I asked fer it before de ambulance come! De head lady wants yer ter come an' see her—come on! Yer gotter talk up! Yer gotter talk, 'cause I says yer could. Come on, and bring de First Reader!"

The scene at the Settlement was brief, but "de head lady" will never forget it. In her small front room stood little Sam, proud and radiant. Beside him towered Milansky, bewildered, awkward, weak. As she came forward she

could see his eyes suddenly grow anxious, and as she began to speak he leaned eagerly forward in strained attention. She had asked him where he lived. He could not catch the words. He struggled for speech. Sam stepped quickly from behind him.

"Two-t'irty-two Broome Street, top floor back."

"Wait, Sam; let your father speak."

"I speak," said Milansky. "I de fadder."

"Of course you do," she said, slowly. "Have you any other children?"

"Sure, we have," cried Sam.

"Sam—wait." She repeated the question. Her eyes were still drawn to his while he answered. "Two—leetle—girls." "And—your wife?" "My wife ees dead." "Bully," whispered Sam from behind. "Yer speak bully!" "And your work. Where did you work?" She was watching still the eager, strained pause, the anxious eyes trying to understand. "Work!—yes. I work—I work for—de masheen. De masheen—he make—buttonhole."

With an effort she drew her eyes away from his. "Haven't you trouble with your eyes? Your eyes?" She pointed to her own. "Ah! Mein eyes! Yes. De masheen—er ist bad." His eyes spoke—the low broken words only followed. "De masheen—he get—too close—lady—too close—alles de time. When I try—to get to sleep—he come—he stay alles de night—too close—too close." He drew himself up and waited for the next question.

"Say, lady, his eyes ain't bad, dey ain't, dey ain't!" Sam, too, had suddenly grown anxious. "He's doin' fine. He's a-gettin' better. He can do de work, lady, he can, he can! He's de highest man on de block. Dat's wot he is, an' he's square—awful square! Oh, pop, you tell her, tell her yer is on de level."

"I—ess—on—de—level," said Milansky, slowly, standing very straight.

"De head lady" turned suddenly and walked to the window. There was a moment of tense, anxious silence.

"Yer think he can't speak good: he can, lady, he can." Sam suddenly touched her arm. She turned to speak—but stopped. Milansky stood before her with his book open. His face was white and strained, his eyes fixed painfully on the open page. His breath came hard between set teeth. In a moment he began:

"Willie ess—having a good—time see Willie—and hees dog—how they run—happy Willie—" The scene abruptly ended. For "de head lady" was "down an' out."

She put her hands before her face to conceal her tears.

One slow, weary veteran had found a job.



## Emmy Lou

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN.

[These sketches, which appeared from time to time in "McClure's Magazine," have been gathered into a very attractive volume entitled "Emmy Lou, Her Book and Heart." This dear little girl made so many warm friends through the medium of the printed page that she is sure to be doubly welcome when interpreted by imagination and sympathy through voice and action. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.]



BECAUSE of a popular prejudice against whooping cough, Emmy Lou had not entered the primer class until late. Miss Clara did not know what to do with the late comer, so she gave her a seat and told her to copy digits. Now, what digits were Emmy Lou had no idea, but, being shown them on the blackboard, she copied them diligently. And, as the time went on, Emmy Lou went on copying digits, wondering what it was all about—which would not have been the case had there been a mother among the elders in her home. To Emmy Lou "mother" had come to mean but a memory which faded as it came, a vague consciousness of encircling arms, of a brooding, tender face, of yearning eyes. Emmy Lou lived now with her three aunts and Uncle Charlie.

Emmy Lou, laboriously copying digits, looked up. A little boy was holding out an end of a severed india-rubber band and inviting her to take it. When Emmy Lou took the proffered end the little boy slid back into his desk, holding to his end. Then he let go. Emmy Lou's heart stood

still. Then it swelled. But even while a tear splashed down, she smiled bravely across at the little boy. It would have made the little boy feel bad to know how it hurt, she thought. So Emmy Lou winked bravely and smiled. Whereupon the little boy wheeled about suddenly and fell to copying digits furiously. Nor did Emmy Lou dream that across the aisle remorse was eating into a little boy's soul. Or that, along with remorse, there went the image of one Emmy Lou, defenceless, pink cheeked and smiling bravely. From that moment on the little boy was moved to strange behavior.

Three times before recess did he, boldly ignoring the preface of upraised hand, swagger up to Miss Clara's desk, and, going and coming, the little boy's boots, with copper toes and run-down heels, marked with thumping emphasis upon the echoing boards his processional and recessional. And, reaching his desk, the little boy slammed down his slate with clattering reverberations. Emmy Lou watched him uneasily, trembling in misery for the little boy.

Having clattered his (slate) until Miss Clara rapped sharply, the little boy arose and went swaggering on an excursion around the room to where sat the bucket and dipper. On his way he passed by a lachrymosal little girl with yellow curls. He deftly lifted a cherished curl and passed on his way. The little girl surprised even the little boy by the suddenness of her outcry. Miss Clara jumped. "Billy Traver! Since you seem pleased to occupy yourself with the little girls, go to the pegs!"

Emmy Lou trembled. "Go to the pegs!" What unknown inquisitorial terrors lay behind those dread laconic words Emmy Lou knew not.

She could only sit and watch the little boy turn and stump back down the aisle to where, along the wall, hung rows of feminine apparel. He paused before a hat. It was a round little hat, with silky nap and a curling brim. It was Emmy Lou's hat. The little boy took it down and put it upon his own shock head. The sixty-nine pupils in the room laughed. The seventieth did not. It was her hat, and besides, she did not understand.

"And now, since you are a little girl, get your book, Billy, and move over with the girls."

Nor did Emmy Lou understand why, when Billy, having gathered his belongings together, moved across the aisle

and sat down with her. The sixty-nine laughed again. Emmy Lou did not laugh. She made room for Billy. It never could have occurred to Emmy Lou that Billy had laid his cunning plan to this very end. She only pitied Billy, and presently she proffered him the hospitality of a grimy little slate rag. When Billy returned the rag there was something in it—something wrapped in a beautiful paper. It was a candy kiss.

On the road home Emmy Lou ate the candy. The slip of paper she carried to Aunt Cordelia, who read:

“Oh, woman, woman, thou wert made  
The peace of Adam to invade.”

The aunties laughed, but Emmy Lou put the beautiful paper in her primer.

About this time rumors began to reach Emmy Lou. She heard that it was February, and that wonderful things were peculiar to the 14th—Valentine Day. The valentine must come from a little boy or it was not the real thing. And to get no valentine was a dreadful, dreadful thing. Emmy Lou wondered if she would get a valentine, and if not, how was she to survive the contumely and shame.

In doubt and wretchedness did she wend her way to school on the 14th of February. She was early. On her desk lay something square and white. It was a beautiful envelope, all over flowers and scrolls.

Emmy Lou knew it. It was a valentine. Her cheeks grew pink. She took it out. It was blue, and it was gold, and it had reading on it.

Emmy Lou's heart sank. She could not read the reading. The door opened. Some little girls came in. Emmy Lou hid her valentine in her book, for you must never, never breathe to even your best and truest little girl friend what was on your valentine.

When she went home she followed Aunt Cordelia about.

“What does it read—B-e?”

“Be,” said Aunt Cordelia.

After dinner she approached Aunt Katie.

“What does it read—M-y?”

“My.”

The rest was harder. She could not remember the letters and had to copy them off on her slate. Then she sought

Tom, the house boy. It took Tom some time, but at last he told her. Just then a little girl came along.

"Get any valentines?"

"Yes; it has reading on it."

"Pooh! They all have that. My mamma's been reading the long verses to me."

"Can you show them—valentines?"

"Of course; to grown-up people."

Emmy Lou ran in. Uncle Charlie was there, and the aunties sitting around ready.

"I got a valentine!"

Emmy Lou laid the blue and gold valentine on Aunt Cordelia's knee. Emmy Lou's chubby forefinger pointed to the words beneath the clasped hands.

"I can read it." Uncle Charlie put down his paper. Aunt Louise looked over Aunt Cordelia's shoulder.

"B-e, Be." The aunties nodded.

"M-y, My. V-a-l-e-n-t-i-n-e, Valentine. Be my Valentine."

"There! She *can* read," said Aunt Cordelia.

"Well!" said Aunt Katie.

"At last," said Aunt Louise.

"H-m!" said Uncle Charlie.

# Glory

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG.

[This story is published by the Century Company in a most attractive book containing five of Mr. Long's Japanese tales. The book takes its title from the first "Madame Butterfly," a story which has been successfully dramatized and also used as a monologue by several readers. In "Madame Glory," as in most of the recent Japanese stories, the dramatic theme is the clashing of Eastern and Western ideals of life. Glory in accepting the husband brought to her by the professional matchmaker, a husband whom she never pretended to respect, is but following Japanese tradition. She is innocent of wrong, of any thought of disloyalty to him whom she loves wholly, without reserve, after the manner of the noble women of every age and condition since time began. The tragedy comes when she discovers that her lover has another ideal—one which her woman's heart instantly comprehends.]



FIRST Madame Pine-Tree noticed the increased devotion of her daughter-in-law. Then, to satisfy her curiosity concerning it, she slipped behind the fusuma one morning, when Glory was saying her prayers, and this is what she heard:

"Oh, Shaka! Hail! hail! hail! Also perceive! And all the augustnesses, hail! and perceive! Look down. I have brought a sacrifice of flowers, and new rice. Also, I am quite clean. I am shining with cleanness. Therefore, grant thou then my one honorable *war!*"

Madame Pine-Tree pushed the fusuma noisily aside. Glory put her hands upon the floor and her forehead on them and saluted her husband's mother, as became her. In Japan every daughter-in-law is the humble servant of her mother-in-law.

"Why do you pray for war? Speak!"

"That Ji-Saturo may come. If there is war he got



## The Speaker

come from America an' fight, an' I lig jus' see him—if he come, of course. *Me?* I don' keer liddle bit!"

"Speak Japanese to me, madame!"

"Ah-ah-ah! Please aexcuse me. I 'most always forgetting. Sore-wa makoto-ni o kino-do o kusama."

War was declared, and lo! early one morning there was a knock on the amado, and the little maid announced not only Ji-Saturo, but that he was in uniform and had a bandage about his head!

Glory prostrated herself at the shrine. "Shaka, thou art almighty!"

Ji-Saturo took her in his arms and kissed her in Western fashion. She was visibly frightened.

"But we were betrothed in infancy."

"Yais, I got do what you as' me. I *got*, but I naever been kiss by *nobody*. Now thing 'bout that. How I going know *how* that is nize? How you also know aexcep' you learn? *How* do you learn those? You been betroth with—with—another? Ah, those purple-eye Americans. *How* they are beautiful!"

"Glory, I shall tell you about the purple-eyed woman. I confess. There was one, and I asked her to marry me."

"*You* as' the girl—herself? Not her father? An' all her uncles?"

"In America the girl herself decides."

"*How* that is nize! An'—an' she going marry you? You going marry she?"

"No."

"Ah-ah-ah! Tha's sawry—ver' sawry. I don' lig that. Tha's not nize. Take 'nother cup tea—an' rice cake?"

"She is not sorry, nor am I, now. Nor need you be. She said I ought to marry a Japanese girl. She was right. You have healed me already, Glory."

"Oh!—an'—an' you go'n marry *me*—lig our both parents promise each other—long ago? Ji-Saturo—you go'n marry *me*?"

"Yes, you sprite! I shall marry you." And he kissed her again.

"Ah! I am happier than I have aever been sinz I was borned! All the evil years are blotted out by jus' this one liddle minute! So I don' keer who teach you—jus' if you teach *me*!" She drew his bayonet. "I don' lig that you cut

with a sword, Ani-san. Mebby you git kill sometime, an' I jus liddle ole widows."

"I am entitled to my discharge. I'll stay right here and not run the risk of making you a widow. We will be married at once."

"No! no! not now! I am marry jus' now. They make me marry account I so poor. This hosban' he gitting tire' of me now. An' me? Oh, *how* I gitting more tire' of him! An' of that mother of him! He go'n divorce me, I eggspeg, account I don' lig those mother. See! tha's how I *make* him divorce me. I will never lig those mother. Then—then—ah, Ji-Saturo, you shall marry me! Jus' lig I been praying for aever sinze I been borned. Ah—ah—ah! all the gods in the sky! What I done with you to put such a loog in your face? Speak it to me! Ji-Saturo, speak!"

"Permit me to go without speaking; that is best. I was mistaken in thinking I am a Japanese. I am nothing. Born here, bred there. To be married and divorced so easily is held an evil custom by all the rest of the world. Forgive me, Glory. You are innocent. I am not. God help me! I have eaten of the tree of knowledge."

"Oh, Shaka! Jus' one minute ago I was that happy. Ah, Ji-Saturo, all the days, an' nights, an' months, an' *years* I have waited and prayed jus' to *see* you. I did not *dream* that you might wish for marry me. If I had jus' dream those, I should have been a nun for you, Ji-Saturo, a nun. An' I—when you see me I am jus' *evil*. Forgive me, Ani-san. I would die rather than make you thing regret. Jus', jus' I shall always be sad in hereafter. An' will you be a liddle kine to me—oh, jus' a liddle—account I got be always sad?"

He caught her hands, kissed them one after the other, and was gone. He was just disappearing when her husband entered.

"Oh, all the gods, how I hate you! You have made me evil!"

One moment of amazed silence. Then he struck her, and, as she lay at his feet, he called to his servant: "Find the nakodo. Let him return her to her father. Take all the presents she brought."

She was divorced. Her purification began at the great Temple of Asakusa. I cannot stop to tell what it cost of penance and travail. They had never seen the evil she ac-

cused herself of, prayed for, but for the peace of her soul they humored her, the gentle priests. Now she was without sin, they said. So she meant always to remain. They burnt incense upon her, and with smiles gave her the blessings of all the gods as she went forth to find Ji-Saturo.

The task was long, and everywhere the wounded needed her, and she became a nurse. Soon there was not a field hospital where the wan face of the "spirit nurse" was not known. And one day the great commander himself came to see and thank her. She told him quite simply all her little story. And he, looking into her worn face, told her, with generous untruth, that Ji-Saturo had been made a colonel, had gone home to marry her and had not found her there. He would be with her in six days now. She must rest a great deal and sleep, and Ji-Saturo would come.

Within an hour a courier left with a message from the commander to Ji-Saturo. In six days he was at her side. She was in her dainty wedding garments, her head resting lightly on her bent arm, her unbound hair duskily framing her face. Very young and very beautiful it looked in death. The expression of ineffable peace had come, they told him, with her last word, which had been his name.

## The Rose and the Gardener

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

["The Rose and the Gardener," "The Cap That Fits," "The Curé's Progress." All of the verses which Austin Dobson cares to preserve are published in two volumes by Dodd, Mead & Co., and by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London. One critic says of them: "One approaches the poems of Austin Dobson as one stands before a rare collection of enamels, fan-mounts, jewelled snuff-boxes and delicate carvings in ivory and silver. Just as the scent of rose leaves, lavender and musk rises from antique Chinese jars, so Dobson's delicate verse reconstructs a life 'of fashion gone and half-forgotten ways.'" "Secrets of the Heart," "The Idyll of the Carp," and some others make charming dialogues.]

The Rose in the garden slipped her bud,  
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,  
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—  
"He is old,—so old! And he soon must die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,  
And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare,  
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—  
"He is older now! He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew and found  
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;  
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,  
And he raked them gently under the mold.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,  
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener, Time.

# The Cap That Fits

*"Qui sème épines n'aïlle déchaux."*

SCENE: A salon with blue and white panels. Outside, persons pass and re-pass upon a terrace.

*Hortense. Armande. Monsieur Loyal*

*Hortense* (behind her fan).—

Not young, I think.

*Armande* (raising her eye-glass).—

And faded, too!—

*Quite* faded! Monsieur, what say you?

*M. Loyal*.—

Nay,—I defer to you. In truth,

To me she seems all grace and youth.

*Hortense*.—

Graceful? You think it? What, with hands

That hang like this (with a gesture).

*Armande*.—

And how she stands!

*M. Loyal*.—

Nay,—I am wrong again. I thought

Her air delightfully untaught!

*Hortense*.—

But you amuse me—

*M. Loyal*.—

Still her dress,—

Her dress at least, you *must* confess—

*Armande*.—

Is odious simply! Jacotot

Did not supply that lace, I know;

And where, I ask, has mortal seen

A hat unfeathered!

*Hortense*.—

Edged with green!

*M. Loyal*.—

The words remind me. Let me say

A Fable that I heard to-day.

Have I permission?

*Both* (with enthusiasm).—

Monsieur, pray!

*M. Loyal*.—

Myrtilla (lest a scandal rise,  
The Lady's Name I thus disguise),  
Dying of Ennui, once decided,—  
Much on Resource herself she prided,—  
To choose a Hat. Forthwith she flies  
On that momentous Enterprise.  
Whether to Petit or Legros,  
I know not: only this I know;—  
Head-dresses then, of any fashion,  
Bore names of Quality or Passion.  
Myrtilla tried them, almost all:  
"Prudence," she felt, was somewhat small;  
"Retirement" seemed the Eyes to hide;  
"Content" at once she cast aside.  
"Simplicity,"—'twas out of place;  
"Devotion," for an older face;  
Briefly, selection smaller grew,  
"Vexatious!" odious! None would do!  
Then, on a sudden, she espied  
One that she thought she had not tried:  
Becoming, rather,—"edged with green,"—  
Roses in yellow, Thorns between.  
"Quick! Bring me that!" 'Tis brought. "Com-  
plete,  
Divine, Enchanting, Tasteful, Neat,"  
In all the Tones. "And this you call—?"  
" 'Ill-Nature,' Madame. It fits all."

*Hortense*.—

A thousand thanks! So naïvely turned!

*Armande*.—

So useful, too . . . to those concerned!  
'Tis yours?

*M. Loyal*.—

Ah, no,—some cynic wit's;  
And called (I think)—  
(Placing his hat upon his breast),  
"The Cap That Fits."

## The Cure's Progress

Monsieur the Curé down the street  
Comes with his kind old face,—  
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,  
And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande Place*,"  
And the tiny "*Hôtel-de-ville*";  
He smiles, as he goes, to the *fleuriste* Rose,  
And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marché*" cool,  
Where the noisy fish-wives call;  
And his compliment pays to the "*Belle Thérèse*,"  
As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,  
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,  
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes  
In his tails for a *pain d'épice*.

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,  
Who is said to be heterodox,  
That will ended be with "*Ma foi, oui!*"  
And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard  
To the furrier's daughter Lou;  
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,  
And a "*Bon Dieu garde M'sieu!*"

But a grander way for the *Sous-Préfet*,  
And a bow for Ma'am'selle Anne;  
And a mock "off-hat" to the notary's cat,  
And a nod to the sacristan:—

For ever through life the Curé goes  
With a smile on his kind old face—  
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,  
And his green umbrella-case.

## The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

**I**T was a charmingly mild and balmy day. A light breeze stirred the boughs of the old apple tree under which the philosopher sat reading. The book was a treatise on ontology; it was written by another philosopher, a friend of this philosopher; it bristled with fallacies, and this philosopher was discovering them all and noting them on the fly-leaf at the end. He found a pleasure in stripping any poor fallacy naked and crucifying it.

Presently a girl in a white frock came into the orchard. She walked up to where the philosopher crucified a fallacy on the fly-leaf.

"Mr. Jerningham, are you very busy?" The philosopher, pencil in hand, looked up.

"No, Miss May; not very."

"Because, I want your opinion."

"In one moment."

He turned back to the fly-leaf and began to nail the last fallacy a little tighter to the cross. The girl regarded him, first with amused impatience, then with a vexed frown, finally with a wistful regret. He was not so very old for his age, she thought; he could not be beyond thirty; his hair was thick and full of waves; his eyes bright and clear; his complexion not yet divested of all youth's relics.

"Now, Miss May, I am at your service."

"It's a very important thing I want to ask you, and it's very—difficult, and you mustn't tell any one I asked you; at least, I'd rather you didn't."

"I shall not speak of it; indeed, I shall probably not remember it."

"And you mustn't look at me, please, while I'm asking you."

"I don't think I was looking at you, but if I was, I ask your pardon."

"Suppose a man— No, that's not right."



"You can talk any hypothesis you please, but you must verify it afterward, of course."

"Oh, do let me go on. Suppose a girl, Mr. Jerningham—I wish you wouldn't nod."

"It was only to show that I followed you."

"Oh, of course, you 'follow me,' as you call it. Suppose a girl had two lovers—you're nodding again—or, I ought to say, suppose there were two men who might be in love with a girl."

"Only two? You see there are any number of men who *might* be in love with—"

"Oh, we can leave the rest out; they don't matter."

"Very well; if they are irrelevant, we will put them aside."

"Suppose, then, that one of these men was—oh, *awfully* in love with the girl,—and—and—proposed, you know."

"A moment! Let me take down his proposition. What was it?"

"Why, proposed to her,—asked her to marry him."

"Dear me! How stupid of me! I forgot that special use of the word—yes?"

"The girl likes him pretty well, and her people approve of him, and all that, you know."

"That simplifies the problem."

"But she's not in—in love with him, you know. She doesn't *really* care for him—much. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. It is a most natural state of mind."

"Well, then, suppose that there's another man— What are you writing?"

"I only put down 'B,' like that," pleaded the philosopher, meekly exhibiting his notebook.

"Oh, you really are. But let me go on. The other man is a friend of the girl's; he's clever—oh, fearfully clever; and he's rather handsome. You needn't put that down."

"It is certainly not very material."

"And the girl is most awfully—she admires him tremendously; she thinks him just the greatest man that ever lived, you know. And she—she—"

"I'm following."

"She'd think it better than the whole world if—if she could be anything to him, you know."

"You mean become his wife?"

"Well, of course, I do. At least I suppose I do."

"You spoke rather vaguely, you know."

"Yes, I *did* mean become his wife."

"Yes, well?"

"But he doesn't think much about those things. He likes her. I think he likes her—"

"Well, doesn't dislike her? Shall we call him indifferent?"

"I don't know. Yes, rather indifferent. I don't think he thinks about it, you know. But she—she's pretty. You needn't put that down."

"I was not about to do so."

"She thinks life with him would be just heaven; and—and she thinks she would make him awfully happy. She would—would be so proud of him, you see."

"I see. Yes."

"And—I don't know how to put it, quite. She thinks that if ever he thought about it at all, he might care for her; because he doesn't care for anybody else, and she's pretty—"

"You said that before."

"Oh, dear! I dare say I did. And most men care for somebody, don't they? Some girl, I mean."

"Most men do, no doubt."

"Well, then, what ought she to do? It's not a real thing, you know, Mr. Jerningham. It's in—in a novel I was reading."

"Dear me! And it's quite an interesting case! Yes, I see. The question is, Will she act most wisely in accepting the offer of the man who loves her exceedingly, but for whom she entertains only a moderate affection—"

"Yes, just a liking. He's just a friend."

"Exactly. Or, in marrying the other, whom she loves ex—"

"That's not it. How can she marry him? He hasn't—he hasn't asked her yet, you see."

"True, I forgot. Let us assume, though, for the moment, he has asked her. She would then have to consider which marriage would probably be most productive of the greater sum total of—"

"Oh, but you needn't consider that."

"But it seems the best logical order. We can afterward

make allowance for the element of uncertainty caused by—”

“Oh, no! I don’t want it like that. I know perfectly well which she’d do if he—the other man, you know—asked her.”

“You apprehend that—”

“Never mind what I ‘apprehend.’ Take it just as I told you.”

“Very good. A has asked for her hand; B has not.”

“Yes.”

“May I take it that, but for the disturbing influence of B, A would be a satisfactory—er—candidate?”

“Ye-es. I think so.”

“She therefore enjoys a certainty of considerable happiness if she marries A.”

“Ye-es. Not perfect, because of—B, you know.”

“Quite so, quite so; but still a fair amount of happiness. Is it not so?”

“I don’t—well, perhaps.”

“On the other hand, if B did ask her, we are to postulate a higher degree of happiness for her?”

“Yes, please. Mr. Jerningham—much higher.”

“But his asking her is a contingency only?”

“Yes, that’s all.”

“My dear young lady, it becomes a question of degree. How probable or improbable is it?”

“I don’t know. Not very probable—unless—unless—”

“Well?”

“Unless he did happen to notice, you know.”

“Oh, yes. We supposed that if he thought of it he would probably take the desired step—at least that he might be led to do so. Could she not—er—indicate her preference?”

“She might try—no, she couldn’t do much. You see,—he don’t think about such things.”

“I understand precisely. And it seems to me, Miss May, that in that very fact we find our solution.”

“Do we?”

“I think so. He has evidently no natural inclination towards her—perhaps not toward marriage at all. Any feeling aroused in him would be necessarily shallow and in a measure artificial—and in all likelihood purely temporary. Moreover, if she took steps to arouse his attention, one of

two things would be likely to happen. Are you following me?"

"Yes, Mr. Jerningham."

"Either he would be repelled by her overtures—which, you must admit, is not improbable—and then the position would be unpleasant and even degrading to her. Or, on the other, he might, through a misplaced feeling of gallantry—"

"Through what?"

"Through a mistaken idea of politeness or a mistaken view of what was kind, allow himself to be drawn into a connection for which he had no genuine liking. You agree with me that one or another of these things might be likely to happen?"

"Yes, I suppose they would, unless he did come to care for her."

"Ah, you return to that hypothesis. I think it's an extremely fanciful one. No. She needn't marry A, but she must let B alone."

"And you would advise her to marry the other—A?"

"Well, on the whole, I should. A is a good fellow (I think we made A a good fellow); he is a suitable match; his love for her is true and genuine—"

"It's tremendous."

"Yes, and—er—extreme. She likes him. There is every reason to hope that the liking will develop into a sufficiently deep and staple affection. She will get rid of her folly about B and make A a good wife. Yes, Miss May, if I were the author of your novel, I should make her marry A, and I should call that a happy ending. Is that all you wanted my opinion about, Miss May?"

"Yes. I think so. I hope I haven't bored you."

"I've enjoyed the discussion extremely. I had no idea novels raised points of such psychological interest. I must find time to read one."

Looking away toward the paddock that lay brilliant in the sunshine on the skirts of the apple orchard, she asked, in slow tones:

"Don't you think, perhaps, if B found out afterward—when she had married A, you know—that she had cared for him so very, very much, he might be a little sorry?"

"If he were a gentleman, he would regret it deeply."

"I mean—sorry on his own account, that—that he had thrown away all that, you know."

The professor looked meditative.

"I think it is very possible he would. I can well imagine it."

"He might never find anybody to love him like that again."

"He probably would not."

"And—and most people like being loved, don't they?"

"To crave for love is an almost universal instinct, Miss May."

"Yes, almost. You see, he'll get old and have no one to look after him."

"He will."

"And no home."

"Well, in a sense none. But really you'll frighten me. I'm a bachelor myself, you know, Miss May."

"Yes."

"And all your terrors are before me."

"Well, unless—"

"Oh, we needn't have that unless. There's no unless about it, Miss May."

She opened her lips as if to speak, and at the thought of what lay at her tongue's tip, her face grew red. Her blush faded away into paleness, her lips closed. Without speaking, she turned and walked slowly away, her head drooping. The philosopher heard the rustle of her skirt in the long grass of the orchard; he watched her for a few moments.

"A pretty, graceful creature," said he, with a smile. Then he opened his book, took his pencil in his hand, and slipped in a careful forefinger to mark the fly-leaf.

The sun had passed mid-heaven, and began to decline westward before he finished his book. Then he stretched himself and looked at his watch.

"Good gracious! Two o'clock! I shall be late for lunch," and he hurried to his feet.

"That was a very interesting case of Miss May's. I wonder which she will marry, A or B?"

## The Photograph

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

[The poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar lend themselves to recitation as few others in our day. Other popular readings in the same volume, "Lyrics of the Hearthside," Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, \$1.25, from which this is taken, are "When the Old Man Smokes," "Little Brown Baby," "Angelina," "Temptation," "Breaking the Charm" and "How Lucy Backslid."]

See dis pictyah in my han'?  
 Dat's my gal.  
 Ain't she purty? Goodness lan'!  
 Huh name Sal.  
 Dat's de very way she be,—  
 Kin' o' tickles me to see  
 Huh smilin' back at me.

She sont me dis photygraph  
 Jes' las' week;  
 An' aldough hit made me laugh,  
 My black cheek  
 Felt somethin' a-runnin' queer—  
 Bless yo' soul, it was a tear,—  
 Jes' f'om wishin' she was here.

Often when I's all alone  
 Layin' here,  
 I git t'inkin' 'bout my own  
 Sallie dear;  
 How she say I's huh beau,  
 An' hit tickles me to know  
 Dat de girl do love me so.

Some bright day I's goin' back,  
 Fo' de la!  
 An', as sho'z my face is black,  
 Ax huh pa  
 Fu' de blessed little miss,  
 Who's a smilin' out o' dis  
 Pictyah, lak she wan'ed a kiss.

## A Message to Garcia

BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

Extract from an article in the "Philistine," March, 1899.



WHEN war broke out between Spain and the United States it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you if anybody can." Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, and sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed the hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia!"

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces

or bribes other men to assist him; or, mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an angel of light for an assistant.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away as well as when he is at home. The man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive without asking any idiotic question, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks for shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every town, city and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

\* \*

## Lovey-Loves

BY BEN KING.

[From Ben King's Verse. Copyright, Forbes & Co., Chicago.]

Oh, love! Let us love with a love that loves,  
 Loving on with a love forever;  
 For a love that loves not the love it should love—  
 I wot such a love will sever.  
 But when two loves love this lovable love,  
 Love loves with a love that is best;  
 And this love-loving, lovable, love-lasting love  
 Loves on in pure love's loveliness.

Oh, chide not the love when its lovey-love loves  
 With lovable, loving caresses;  
 For one feels that the lovingest love love can love,  
 Loves on in love's own lovelinesses.  
 And love, when it does love, in secret should love—  
 'Tis there that love most is admired;  
 But the two lovey-loves that don't care where  
     they love  
 Make the public most mightily tired.



# The Fall of the House of Usher

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[Few of Poe's tales lend themselves to recitation, but a few like this one, "The Tell-Tale Heart," and some others, may be read successfully by those who are experienced. Poe has a strange success in raising images of horror, conveying to us, as Lowell says, "sometimes by a dusky hint some terrible doubt, which is the secret of all horror; and then he leaves to the imagination the task of finishing the picture, a task of which the imagination alone is capable." There are many excellent editions of Poe's writings; the most complete, perhaps, is the Virginia edition, published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.]



**D**URING the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hang oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was, but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart, an unredeemed dreariness of thought, which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks.

Although as boys we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. When I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy.

Shaking off from my spirit what must have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute

fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the crumbling condition of the individual stones.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me in silence through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the studio of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

Upon my entrance, Usher rose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence, an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy, an excessive nervous agitation. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision to that species of energetic concision which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I must perish in this deplorable folly. In this unnerved, in this pitiable condition, I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together in some struggle with the grim phantasm, Fear."

I learned, moreover, at intervals, and through broken and

equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence for many years he had never ventured forth, in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be restated.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin,—to the severe and long-continued illness, indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution, of a tenderly-beloved sister, his sole companion for long years, his last and only relative on earth. “Her decease,” he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, “would leave him (him, the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers.” While he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread, and found it impossible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me, as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door, at length, closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother; but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent, although transient, affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the unusual diagnosis. On the closing-in of the evening of my arrival at the house she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain.

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together; or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking

guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempt at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe, in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

One evening, having informed me abruptly that the lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight, in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building.

The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep, and in later days as a place of deposit for powder, or some other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been also similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we screwed down the lid, and, having secured the door of iron, made our way, with toil, into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue, but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was, especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch, while the hours waned and waned away. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and at length there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless

alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I up-lifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened—I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me—to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste, and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped with a gentle touch at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His air appalled me—but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

“And you have not seen it?” he said, abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence,—“you have not then seen it?—but, stay! you shall.” Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity, for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

“You must not—you shall not behold this!” said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him with a gentle violence from the window to a seat. “Let us close this casement; the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen;—and so we will pass away this terrible night together.”

The antique volume which I had taken up was the “Mad Trist” of Sir Launcelot Canning.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the Trist, having sought in vain

for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force.

At the termination of a sentence I started, and for a moment paused; for it appeared to me that from some very remote portion of the mansion there came, indistinctly, to my ears, what might have been in its exact similarity of character the echo of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was, beyond doubt, the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for, amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound, in itself, had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story.

Again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement, for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound.

From a position fronting my own, Usher had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast; yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot.

Suddenly, as if a shield of brass had at the moment fallen heavily upon the floor of silver, I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips, and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and have heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days

## The Speaker

have I heard it, yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am!—I dared not—I dared not speak! We have put her living in the tomb! Said I not that my senses were acute? I now tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—I dared not speak! And now—to-night—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield—say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh, whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!"—here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—"Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!"

The huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust—but then without those doors there did stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher! There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold—then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and, in her violent and now fatal death agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber and from that mansion I fled aghast. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light; the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. While I gazed there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder—there was a long, tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "House of Usher."

# Nini, Ninette, Ninon

BY FREDERICK S. WEATHERBY.



LOVE three maidens gay and bright,  
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.  
 I worship them by day and night,  
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.  
 Nini is timid as a flower;  
 Ninette, she dance from hour to hour;  
 Ninon, she big as one big tower;  
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.  
*Hélas! Mon Dieu*, what shall I do?  
 I cannot marry all of you,  
*Mes petites chéries. Que voulez-vous?*  
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.

When I met them yesterday,  
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.  
 I cannot marry you, I say,  
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.  
 Nini, she weep—*la pauvre chérie*.  
 Ninette, she stamp her foot at me.  
 Why have you fall in love with three?  
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.  
*Mes petites chéries. Que voulez-vous?*  
 Was bound to fall in love with you,  
 You all so sweet, what could I do?  
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.

Ninon, she neither stamp nor cry,  
 The great, the *grande* Ninon.  
 She look at me with both her eye,  
 The big, the large Ninon.  
*Allons!* she say, be quick, prepare;  
 You have to marry me, *mon cher*.  
 What could I say! I laugh; I stare.  
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.  
*Mais, non*, Ninon; that cannot be.  
 I not divide myself, you see.  
 I love the one, the two, the three,  
 Nini, Ninette, Ninon.



## With Any Amazement

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

From "The Story of the Gadsbys."

[Readers find much in the stories and poems of Kipling that makes excellent recitations. In "The Story of the Gadsbys," the Macmillan Company, New York (price \$1.25), there are at least three chapters that read well in public, "Poor, Dear Mamma," "The Valley of the Shadow," and the chapter presented below.—EDITORS.]



SCENE.—A bachelor's bedroom. *Captain Gadsby* asleep and snoring heavily. Time, 10.30 a.m.—a glorious autumn day at Simla. Enter delicately *Captain Mafflin*, of *Gadsby's* regiment. Looks at sleeper and shakes his head, murmuring, "Poor Gaddy." Performs violent fantasia with hair-brushes on chair-back.

*Capt. M.*—Wake up, my sleeping beauty! (Roars.)

"Uprouse ye, then, my merry, merry men!

It is our opening day!

It is our opening da-ay!"

Gaddy, the little dicky-birds have been billing and cooing for ever so long; and I am here!

*Capt. G.* (sitting up and yawning).—'Mornin'. This is awf'ly good of you, old fellow. Most awf'ly good of you. Don't know what I should do without you. 'Pon my soul, I don't. Haven't slept a wink all night.

*Capt. M.*—I didn't get in till half-past eleven. Had a look at you then, and you seemed to be sleeping as soundly as a condemned criminal.

*Capt. G.*—Jack, if you want to make those disgusting worn-out jokes, you'd better go away. (With portentous gravity.) It's the happiest day in my life.

*Capt. M.* (chuckling grimly).—Not by a very long chalk, my son. You're going through some of the most refined torture you've ever known. But be calm. I am with you. 'Shun! Dress!

*Capt. G.*—Eh! Wha-at?

*Capt. M.*—Do you suppose that you are your own master for the next twelve hours? If you do, of course— (Makes for the door.)

*Capt. G.*—No! For goodness sake, old man, don't do that! You'll see me through, won't you? I've been mugging up that beastly drill, and can't remember a line of it.

*Capt. M.* (overhauling G.'s uniform).—Go and tub. Don't bother me. I'll give you ten minutes to dress in.

*Capt. G.* (emerging from the dressing-room).—What time is it?

*Capt. M.*—Time to come for a walk. Light up.

*Capt. G.*—Any chance of seeing Her?

*Capt. M.*—Innocent! No! Come along, and, if you want me for the final obsequies, don't cut my eye out with your stick.

*Capt. G.* (spinning round).—I say, isn't She the dearest creature that ever walked? What's the time? What comes after "Wilt thou take this woman"?

*Capt. M.*—You go for the ring. R'lect it'll be on the top of my right-hand little finger, and just be careful how you draw it off, because I shall have the verger's fees somewhere in my glove.

*Capt. G.* (walking forward hastily).—Hang the verger! Come along! It's past twelve, and I haven't seen Her since yesterday evening. (Spinning round again.) She's an absolute angel, Jack, and She's a dashed deal too good for me. Look here; does She come up the aisle on my arm, or how?

*Capt. M.*—If I thought that there was the least chance of your remembering anything for two consecutive minutes, I'd tell you.

*Capt. G.*—What's the time? How about that cursed wedding-cake and the slippers? They don't throw 'em about in church, do they?

*Capt. M.*—Invariably. The padre leads off with his boots.

*Capt. G.*—Confound your silly soul! Don't make fun of me. I can't stand it, and I won't. (Penitently.) I know, I know, Jack—but I'm as upset as I can be. Don't mind what I say. Just hear me run through the drill and see if I've got it all right:—

"To have and to hold for better or for worse, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, so help me, God. Amen."

*Capt. M.* (suffocating with suppressed laughter).—Yes. That's about the gist of it. I'll prompt if you get into a hat.

*Capt. G.* (earnestly).—You'll stick by me, Jack, won't you? I'm awf'ly happy, but I don't mind telling you that I'm in a blue funk.

*Capt. M.* (gravely).—Are you? I should never have noticed it. You don't look like it.

*Capt. G.*—Don't I? That's all right. (Spinning round.) On my soul and honor, Jack, She's the sweetest little angel that ever came down from the sky. There isn't a woman on earth fit to speak to Her.

*Capt. M.* (aside).—And this is old Gaddy! (Aloud.) Go on, if it relieves you.

*Capt. G.*—You can laugh! That's all you wild asses of bachelors are fit for.

*Capt. M.* (drawling).—You never would wait for the troop to come up. You aren't quite married yet, y'know.

*Capt. G.*—Ugh! That reminds me. I don't believe I shall be able to get into my boots. Let's go home and try 'em on! (Hurries forward.)

*Capt. M.*—Wouldn't be in your shoes for anything that Asia has to offer.

*Capt. G.* (spinning round).—That just shows your hideous blackness of soul—your dense stupidity—your brutal narrow-mindedness. There's only one fault about you. You're the best of good fellows, and I don't know what I should have done without you, but—you aren't married. (Wags his head gravely.) Take a wife, Jack.

*Capt. M.* (with a face like a wall).—Ya-as. Whose for choice?

*Capt. G.*—If you're going to be a blackguard, I'm going on. What's the time?

*Capt. M.* (hums).—

"An' since 'twas very clear we drank only ginger-beer,  
Faith, there must ha' been some stingo in the ginger."

Come back, you maniac. I'm going to take you home, and you're going to lie down.

*Capt. G.*—It's absurd. I shan't sleep. I know I shan't. (Falls into a heavy doze at end of seven minutes. *Capt. M.* watches him tenderly.)

*Capt. M.*—Poor old Gaddy! I've seen a few turned off before, but never one who went to the gallows in this condition. Can't tell how it affects 'em, though. It's the thori-

roughbreds that sweat when they're backed into double-harness. And that's the man who went through the guns at Anderhan like a devil possessed of devils. (Leans over G.) But this is worse than the guns, old pal—worse than the guns, isn't it? (G. turns in his sleep, and M. touches him clumsily on the forehead.) Poor, dear old Gaddy! Going like the rest of 'em—going like the rest of 'em. Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, eight years. Dashed bit of a slip of a girl, eight weeks! And—where's your friend? (Smokes disconsolately till church clock strikes three.)

*Capt. M.*—Up with you! Get into your kit.

*Capt. G.*—Already? Isn't it too soon? Hadn't I better have a shave?

*Capt. M.*—No! You're all right. (Aside.) He'd chip his chin to pieces.

*Capt. G.*—What's the hurry?

*Capt. M.*—You've got to be there first.

*Capt. G.*—To be stared at?

*Capt. M.*—Exactly. You're part of the show.

(*Capt. G. dresses. M. follows suit.*)

*Capt. M.* (critically, walking round.)—M'yes, you'll do. Only don't look so like a criminal. Ring, gloves, fees—that's all right for me. Let your mustache alone. Now, if the ponies are ready, we'll go.

*Capt. G.* (nervously).—It's much too soon. Let's light up! Let's have a peg! Let's—

*Capt. M.*—There go the bells! Come on—unless you'd rather not. (They ride off.)

*Capt. G.* (dismounting at the door of the church.—I say, aren't we much too soon? There are no end of people inside. I say, aren't we much too late? Stick by me, Jack! What the devil do I do?

*Capt. M.*—Strike an attitude at the head of the aisle and wait for Her. (G. groans as M. wheels him into position before three hundred eyes.)

*Capt. M.* (imploringly).—Gaddy, if you love me, for pity's sake, for the Honor of the Regiment, stand up! Chuck yourself into your uniform! Look like a man! ~~I've got to speak to the padre a minute. (G. breaks into a gentle perspiration.)~~ If you wipe your face I'll never be your best man again. Stand up! (G. trembles visibly.)

~~*Capt. M.* (returning).—She's coming now. Look out when the music starts. There's the organ beginning to clack.~~

(Bride steps out of 'rickshaw at church door. G. catches a glimpse of her and takes heart.)

*Capt. M.* (watching G.) By Jove! He is looking well. Didn't think he had it in him.

*Capt. G.*—How long does this hymn go on for?

*Capt. M.*—It will be over directly. (Anxiously.) Beginning to bleach and gulp? Hold on, Gaddy, and think o' the Regiment.

*Capt. G.* (measuredly).—I say, there's a big, brown lizard crawling up that wall.

*Capt. M.*—My Sainted Mother! The last stage of collapse!

(Bride comes up to the left of altar, lifts her eyes once to G., who is suddenly smitten mad.)

*Capt. G.* (to himself again and again).—Little Featherweight's a woman—a woman! And I thought she was a little girl.

*Capt. M.* (in a whisper).—Form the halt; inward wheel.

(*Capt. G.* obeys mechanically, and the ceremony proceeds.)

*Padre.*— . . . only unto her as long as ye both shall live.

*Capt. G.* (his throat useless).—Ha-hmmm!

*Capt. M.*—Say you will or you won't. There's no second deal here.

(Bride gives response with perfect coolness, and is given away by the father.)

*Capt. G.* (thinking to show his learning).—Jack, give me away now, quick!

*Capt. M.*—You've given yourself away quite enough. Her right hand, man! Repeat! Repeat "Theodore Philip." Have you forgotten your own name?

(*Capt. G.* stumbles through affirmation, which bride repeats without a tremor.)

*Capt. M.*—Now the ring! Follow the Padre! Don't pull off my glove! Here it is! Great Cupid, he's found his voice!

(G. repeats troth in a voice to be heard to the end of the church, and turns on his heels.)

*Capt. M.* (desperately).—Rein back! Back to your troop! 'Tisn't half legal yet.

*Padre.*— . . . joined together let no man put asunder.

(*Capt. G.*, paralyzed with fear, jibs after blessing.)

*Capt. M.* (quickly).—On your own front—one length.

Take her with you. I don't come. You've nothing to say.  
(*Capt. G.* jingles up to altar.)

*Capt. M.* (in a piercing rattle meant to be a whisper).—  
Kneel, you stiff-necked ruffian! Kneel!

*Padre.*— . . . whose daughters are ye so long as ye do  
well and are not afraid with any amazement.

*Capt. M.*—Dismiss! Break off! Left wheel!

(All troop to vestry. They sign.)

*Capt. M.*—Kiss her, Gaddy.

*Capt. G.* (rubbing the ink into his glove.)—Eh! Wha-at?

*Capt. M.* (taking one pace to bride).—If you don't, I shall.

*Capt. G.* (interposing an arm.)—Not this journey! (General kissing.)

*Capt. G.* (faintly to *M.*).—This is Hades. Can I wipe my  
face now?

*Capt. M.*—My responsibility has ended. Better ask Missis  
Gadsby.



## One, Two, Three \*

BY H. C. BUNNER.

[Many of the poems of "In Arcady," by H. C. Bunner,  
have the charm of this one. The volume is published by  
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.]

It was an old, old, old, old lady,  
And a boy who was half-past three  
And the way that they played together  
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,  
And the boy no more could he,  
For he was a thin little fellow,  
With a thin, little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight  
Out under the maple tree;  
And the game they played I'll tell you,  
Just as it was told to me.

\*From "Poems of H. C. Bunner." Copyright, 1884, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

## The Speaker

It was Hide and Go-Seek they were playing,  
Though you'd never have known it to be—  
With an old, old, old, old lady  
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down  
On his one little sound right knee,  
And he'd guess where she was hiding,  
In guesses, One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"  
He would cry and laugh with glee—  
It wasn't the china closet;  
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bed-room,  
In the chest with the queer old key!"  
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer*,  
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard,  
Where mamma's things used to be—  
So it must be the clothes-press, gran-ma!"  
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,  
That were wrinkled, and white, and wee,  
And she guessed where the boy was hiding  
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,  
Right under the maple tree—  
This old, old, old, old lady  
And the boy with the lame little knee,  
This dear, dear, dear old lady,  
And the boy that was half-past three.

## Mr. Dooley, on the Grip

[Few writers have so commanded the attention of the public as has Finley Peter Dunne, whose Mr. Dooley is a continual delight. Many of the sketches in this volume, 'Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen' (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston), make successful readings.]



MR. DOOLEY was discovered making a seasonable beverage, consisting of one part syrup, two parts quinine, and fifteen parts strong waters. "What's the matter?" asked Mr. McKenna. "I have th' lah gr-rip," said Mr. Dooley, blowing his nose and wiping his eyes. "Bad cess to it! Oh, me poor back! I feels as if a dhryay had run over it. Did ye iver have it? Ye did not? Well, ye're lucky. Ye're a lucky man."

"I wint to McGuire's wake las' week. They gave him a dacint sind-off. No porther. An' himsilf looked natural, as fine a corpse as iver Gavin layed out. Gavin tould me so himsilf. He was as proud iv McGuire as if he owned him. Fetched half th' town in to look at him, an' give ivry wan iv thim cards. He near frightened ol' man Dugan into a faint. 'Misther Dugan, how old a-are ye?' 'Sivinty-five, thanks be,' says Dugan. 'Thin,' says Gavin, 'take wan iv me cards,' he says. 'I hope ye'll not forget me,' he says."

"'Twas there I got th' lah grip. Lastewise, it is me own opinion iv it, though th' docthor said I swallowed a bug. It don't seem right, Jawn, f'r th' McGuires is a clane fam'ly; but th' docthor said a bug got into me system. 'What sort iv bug?' says I. 'A lah grip bug,' he says. 'Ye have Mick-robes in ye're lungs,' he says. 'What's thim?' says I. 'Thim's th' lah grip bugs,' says he. 'Ye took wan in, an' warmed it,' he says, 'an' it has growed an' multiplied till ye're system does be full iv thim,' he says, 'millions iv thim,' he says, 'marchin' an' countermarchin' through ye.' 'Glory be to the saints!' says I. 'Had I better swallow some insect powdher?' I says. 'Some iv thim in me head has a fallin' out, an' is throwin' bricks.' 'Foolish man,'



## The Speaker

says he. 'Go to bed,' he says, 'an' lave thim alone,' he says, 'whin they find who they're in,' he says, 'they'll quit ye.'

"So I wint to bed, an' waited while th' Mickrobes had fun with me. Monday all iv thim was quite but thim in me stummick. They stayed up late dhrinkin' an' carousin' an' dancin' jigs till wurruds come up between th' Kerry Mickrobes an' thim fr'm Wexford; an' th' whole party wint over to me left lung, where they cud get th' air, an' had it out. Th' nex' day th' little Mickrobes made a toboggan slide iv me spine; an' mane time some Mickrobes that was workin' fr' th' tilliphone comp'ny got it in their heads that me legs was poles, an' put on their spikes an' climbed all night long.

"They was tired out th' nex' day till about five o'clock, whin thim that was in me head begin flushin' out th' rooms; an' I knew there was goin' to be doin's in th' top flat. What did thim Mickrobes do but invite all th' other Mickrobes in fr' th' ev'nin'. They all come. Oh, by gar, they was not wan iv thim stayed away. At six o'clock they began to move from me shins to me throat. They come in platoons an' squads an' dhroves. Some iv thim brought along brass bands, an' more thin wan hundred thousand iv thim dhruv through me pipes on dhrays. A throlley line was started up me back, an' iv'ry car run into a wagon-load iv scrap iron at th' base iv me skull.

"Th' Mickrobes in me head must 've done thimsilves proud. They tipped over th' chairs an' tables; an', in less time thin it takes to tell, th' whole party was at it. They'd been a hurlin' game in th' back iv me skull, an' th' young folks was dancin' breakdowns an' havin' leppin' matches in me forehead; but they all stopped to mix in. Oh, 'twas a grand shindig—tin millions iv men, women, an' childher rowlin' on th' flure, hands an' feet goin', ice-picks an' hurlin' sticks, clubs, brick-bats, flyin' in th' air! How many iv thim was kilt I never knew; fr' I wint as daft as a hen, an' dhreamt iv organizin' a Mickrobe Campaign Club that'd sweep th' prim'ries, an' maybe go acrost an' free Ireland. Whin I woke up, me legs was as weak as a day-old baby's, an' me poor head impty as a cobbler's purse. I want no more iv thim. Give me any bug fr'm a cockroach to an aygle, save an' excipt thim West iv Ireland Fenians, the Mickrobes.

# The Rhyme of the Duchess May

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

(Arranged by Maude Herndon.)

Broad the forest stood on the hills of Linteged—  
And three hundred years had stood mute adown each hoary  
wood,  
Like a full heart having prayed.

There, the castle stood up black, with the red sun at its  
back,—  
Like a sullen, smouldering pyre, with a top that flickers fire,  
When the wind is on its track.

And five hundred archers tall did besiege the castle wall,  
And the castle, seethed in blood, fourteen days and nights had  
stood,  
And to-night was near its fall.

Yet thereunto, blind to doom, three months since, a bride  
did come,—  
One who proudly trod the floors, and softly whispered in the  
doors,  
“May good angels bless our home.”

’Twas a Duke’s fair orphan-girl, and her uncle’s ward, the  
Earl  
Who betrothed her, twelve years old, for the sake of dowry  
gold,  
To his son, Lord Leigh, the churl.

But what time she had made good all her years of woman-  
hood,  
Unto both those Lords of Leigh, spake she out right sovranly,  
“My will runneth as my blood.

“And while this same blood makes red this same right  
hand’s veins,” she said,—  
“’Tis my will as lady free not to wed a Lord of Leigh,  
But Sir Guy of Linteged.”

Then the young lord jerked his breath, and sware thickly in  
his teeth,

"He would wed his own betrothed, an she loved him, an she  
loathed,

Let the life come or the death."

Up she rose with scornful eyes, as her father's child might  
rise,

"Thy hound's blood, my Lord of Leigh, stains thy knightly  
heel," quoth she,

"And he moans not where he lies.

"But a woman's will dies hard, in the hall or on the sword!  
By that grave, my lords, which made me orphaned girl and  
dowered lady,

I deny you wife and ward."

Unto each she bowed her head, and swept past with lofty  
tread,

Ere the midnight-bell had ceased, in the chapel had the  
priest

Blessed her, bride of Linteged.

Fast and fain the bridal train along the night-storm rode  
again;

Hard the steeds of lord and serf struck their hoofs out on  
the turf,

In the pauses of the rain.

And the bridegroom led the flight on his red-roan steed of  
might,

And the bride lay on his arm, still, as if she feared no harm,  
Smiling out into the night.

"Dost thou fear?" he said at last. "Nay!" she answered  
him in haste,—

"Not such death as we could find—only life with one  
behind—

Ride on fast as fear—ride fast!"

Up the mountain wheeled the steed—girth to ground, and  
fetlocks spread,—

Headlong bounds, and rocking flanks,—down he staggered,  
down the banks,

To the tower of Linteged.

On the steed she dropt her cheek, kissed his mane and  
kissed his neck,—

“I had happier died by thee, than lived on a Lady Leigh.”  
Were the first words she did speak.

But a three months’ joyance lay ’twixt that moment and  
to-day,  
When five hundred archers tall stand beside the castle wall,  
To recapture Duchess May.

And the castle standeth black, with the red sun at its back,—  
And a fortnight’s siege is done—and, except the Duchess,  
none  
Can misdoubt the coming wrack.

Then the captain, young Lord Leigh, with his eyes so gray  
of blee  
And thin lips that scarcely sheath the cold, white gnashing  
of his teeth,  
Gnashed in smiling, absently,

Cried aloud—“So goes the day, bridegroom fair of Duchess  
May!—  
Look thy last upon that sun. If thou seest to-morrow’s one,  
’Twill be through a foot of clay.

“Ha, fair bride! Dost hear no sound, save that moaning of  
the hound?—  
Thou and I have parted troth,—yet I keep my vengeance  
oath,  
And the other may come round.

“Peck on blindly, netted dove!—if a wife’s name thee  
behoove,  
Thou shalt wear the same to-morrow, ere the grave has hid  
the sorrow  
Of thy last ill-mated love.”

O, and laughed the Duchess May, and her soul did put away  
All his boasting, for a jest.

In her chamber did she sit, laughing low to think of it,—  
“Tower is strong and will is free—thou canst boast, my  
Lord of Leigh,  
But thou boastest little wit.”

## The Speaker

On the tower the castle's lord leant in silence on his sword,  
With an anguish in his breast.

With a spirit-laden weight, did he lean down passionate.  
They have almost snapped the wall,—they will enter there  
withal,  
With no knocking at the gate.

Then the sword he leant upon, shivered—snapped upon the  
stone,—  
“Sword,” he thought, with inward laugh, “ill thou servest  
for a staff  
When thy nobler use is done!

“Five true friends lie for my sake—in the moat and in the  
brake,—  
Thirteen warriors lie at rest, with a black wound in the  
breast,  
And not one of thee will wake.

“Since young Clare a mother hath, and young Ralph a  
plighted faith,  
Since my pale young sister's cheeks blush like rose when  
Ronald speaks,  
Albeit never a word she saith—

“These shall never die for me—life-blood falls too heavily:  
And if I die here apart,—o'er my dead and silent heart  
They shall pass out safe and free.”

All these silent thoughts did swim o'er his eyes grown  
strange and dim,—  
Till his true men in the place wished they stood there face  
to face  
With the foe instead of him.

“One last boon, young Ralph and Clare! Faithful hearts  
to do and dare!  
Bring that steed up from his stall, which she kissed before  
you all;  
Guide him up the turret stair.”

Then his men looked to and fro, when they heard him  
speaking so,—

—“’Las! the noble heart,” they thought,—“he in sooth is  
grief-distraught.

Would we stood here with the foe!”

But a fire flashed from his eye, ’twixt their thought and  
their reply,—

‘Have ye so much time to waste! We who ride here must  
ride fast,

As we wish our foes to fly.”

They have fetched the steed with care, in the harness he  
did wear,

Past the court and through the doors, across the rushes of  
the floors;

But they goad him up the stair.

“Then from out her bower chamber did the Duchess May  
repair.

“Tell me now what is your need,” said the lady, “of this  
steed,

That you goad him up the stair?”

Calm she stood; unbodkined through, fell her dark hair to  
her shoe,—

And the smile upon her face, ere she left the tiring-glass,  
Had not time enough to go.

“Get thee back, sweet Duchess May! Hope is gone like  
yesterday,—

One half-hour completes the breach; and thy lord grows  
wild of speech.

Get thee in, sweet lady, and pray.

“In the east tower, high’st of all,—loud he cries for steed  
from stall.

‘He would ride as far,’ quoth he, ‘as for love and victory,  
Though he rides the castle wall.’

“And we fetch the steed from stall, up where never hoof  
did fall,—  
Wifely prayer meets deathly need! May the sweet Heavens  
hear thee plead,  
If he rides the castle wall.”

Low she dropt her head, and lower, till her hair coiled on  
the floor,—  
And tear after tear you heard fall distinct as any word  
Which you might be listening for.

Then she stood in bitter case, with a pale yet stately face,  
Like a statue thunderstruck, which, though quivering,  
seems to look  
Right against the thunder-place.

Then the good steed's reins she took, and his neck did kiss  
and stroke;  
Soft he neighed to answer her; and then followed up the  
stair,  
For the love of her sweet look.

Oh, and steeply, steeply wound up the narrow stair  
around,—  
Oh, and closely speeding, step by step beside her treading,  
Did he follow meek as hound.

On the east tower, high'st of all,—there, where never a hoof  
did fall,—  
Out they swept, a vision steady,—a noble steed and lovely  
lady,  
Calm as if in bower or stall!

Down she knelt at her lord's knee, and she looked up  
silently,—  
And he kissed her twice and thrice, for that look within  
her eyes  
Which he could not bear to see.

Quoth he, “Get thee from this strife,—and the sweet saints  
bless thy life!—  
In this hour I stand in need of my noble red-roan steed—  
But no more of my noble wife.”

Quoth she, "Meekly have I done all thy biddings under sun:  
But by all my womanhood,—which is proved so true and  
good,

I will never do this one.

"So the sweet saints with me be" (did she utter solemnly).

"If a man, this eventide, on his castle wall will ride,  
He shall ride the same with me."

Oh, he sprang up in the selle, and laughed out bitter well,—  
"Wouldst thou ride among the leaves, as we used on other  
eves,

To hear chime a vesper bell?"

She clang closer to his knee—"Ay, beneath the cypress tree!  
Mock me not; for other where than along the green-wood  
fair,

Have I ridden fast with thee!"

Twice he wrung her hands in twain; but the small hands  
closed again.

Back he reined the steed—back, back! But she trailed  
along his track

With a frantic clasp and strain!

Evermore the foemen pour through the crash of window  
and door,—

And the shouts of Leigh and Leigh, and the shrieks of  
"kill!" and "flee!"

Strike up clear amid the roar.

Thrice he wrung her hands in twain,—but they closed and  
clung again,—

She clung wild and she clung mute,—with her shuddering  
lips half shut.

Back he reined his steed, back-thrown on the slippery  
coping-stone.

Back the iron hoofs did grind on the battlement behind,  
Whence a hundred feet went down.

And his heel did press and goad on the quivering flank  
bestrode,

"Friends and brothers, save my wife!—Pardon, sweet, in  
change for life,—

But I ride alone to God."



## The Speaker

Straight as if the Holy Name had unbreathed her like a  
 flame,  
 She upsprang, she rose upright,—in his selle she sat in  
 sight;  
 By her love she overcame.

And her head was on his breast, where she smiled as one at  
 rest,—  
 “Ring,” she cried, “O vesper-bell, in the beech-wood’s old  
 chapelle!  
 But the passing bell rings best.”

They have caught out at the rein, which Sir Guy threw  
 loose—in vain,  
 For the horse in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised  
 in air,  
 On the last verge rears amain.

Now he hangs, he rocks between—and his nostrils curdle  
 in,—  
 And he shivers head and hoof—and the flakes of foam fall  
 off;  
 And his face grows fierce and thin!

And a look of human woe from his staring eyes did go,  
 And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony  
 Of the headlong death below,—

And “Ring, ring, thou passing bell,” still she cried, “i’ the  
 old chapelle!—”  
 Then back-toppling, crushing back, a dead weight flung out  
 to wrack,  
 Horse and riders overfell!



## On His Seventy-Fifth Birthday

I strove with none; for none was worth my strife,  
 Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;  
 I warmed both hands before the fire of life,  
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

—Walter Savage Landor.

# The Elocutionist's Curfew

BY W. D. NESBIT.

[A clever parody is a rare delight. This one from *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1906, is one of the best of recent times. "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," by Rose Hartwick Thorpe, has been abused by elocutionary nonsense more, perhaps, than any other poem.]

England's sun was slowly setting—(Raise your right hand  
to your brow),  
Filling all the land with beauty—(Wear a gaze of rapture  
now) ;  
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden  
fair  
(With a movement slow and graceful, you may now push  
back your hair) ;  
He with sad, bowed head—(A drooping of your head will  
be all right,  
Till you hoarsely, sadly whisper) "Curfew must not ring  
to-night."

"Sexton." Bessie's white lips faltered—(Try here to resemble Bess,  
Though of course you know she'd never worn quite such a  
charming dress),  
"I've a lover in that prison—(Don't forget to roll your r's  
And to shiver as though gazing through the iron prison  
bars).  
"Cromwell will not come till sunset"—(Speak each word as  
though you'd bite  
Every syllable to pieces)—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—(Here extend your  
velvet palm.  
Let it tremble like the sexton's as though striving to be  
calm).  
"Long, long y'ars I've rung the curfew"—(Don't forget  
to make it y'ars,

## The Speaker

With a pitiful inflection that a world of sorrow bears).

"I have done my duty ever"—(Draw yourself up to your height,

For you're speaking as the sexton)—"Gyurl, the curfew rings to-night!"

Out she swung, far out—(Now here is where you've got to do your best;

Let your head be twisted backward, let great sobs heave up your chest;

Swing your right foot through an arc of ninety lineal degrees.

Then come down and swing your left foot, and be sure don't bend your knees;

Keep this up for fifteen minutes till your face is worn and white,

Then gaze at your mangled fingers)—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

. . . . .

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell—(Right hand to the brow once more;

Let your eyes look down the distance, say above the entrance door).

At his foot she told her story—(Lift your hands as though they hurt),

And her sweet young face so haggard—(Now your pathos you assert.

Then you straighten up as Cromwell, and be sure you get it right;

Don't say, "Go, your liver loves!")—well, "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

# The Speaker

Volume I.

MARCH, 1906.

No. 2



WHEN this volume was first planned it was the intention of the editors to gather together the selections which had been prize-winners in college and high school declamation contests. Reports were obtained from leading schools, but when the list of the prize-winners was made it was found to consist of the names of trite and well-worn numbers which may be found in many familiar collections. This discovery suggested two things: first, that it would be a gratuitous service to reprint these hackneyed selections; second, that there is a demand for fresh material for contest numbers. It is not in our province to discuss the educational value of the contest. We are compiling literature suitable for readings, and, accepting the contest as it is, we have tried to make a useful book—a book containing powerful, dramatic scenes in graphic, picturesque language, with characterization that captures the hearer's sympathy and imagination. To the contestant who is seeking for a prize-winner written in acceptable and vigorous English, with some literary form and style, we offer this little book. So far as possible we have drawn from original sources. To Miss Theodora Irvine and to Miss Rose McNevin grateful acknowledgment is made for the use of selections of their arrangement. With these exceptions, the arrangements and introductions are by the Editors.

## Foreword

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The title of this volume suggests that it is prepared for the amateur reader, one who has been chosen for the contest because he has shown a taste and a love for the work; but one who has not mastered it or used it professionally. It is not amiss, therefore, to suggest to such an one some of the attributes of a successful contest number.

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First, it should be good literature. The contestant usually works for weeks on his selection. It is memorized and repeated countless times, and the form and style cannot fail to

**The Attrib-  
utes of a  
Successful  
Number**

## The Speaker

make a lasting impression. Then there is much pleasure to be gained, and much greater chance of success in the final test from something that retains its freshness to the imagination,—something that is permanently satisfying. The words **Should Be** of a great critic of antiquity, often quoted in **Good Literature** another connection, make a good standard by which to judge a selection. He says: "If a person find that a performance transports not his soul nor exalts not his thoughts; that it calls not up into his mind ideas more enlarged than the mere sounds of the words convey; but on attentive examination its dignity lessens and declines, he may conclude that whatever pierces no deeper than the ears can never be the true sublime." The selection which pierces no deeper than the ears, which yields up all its meaning readily, becomes dead lumber, clogging and hindering the brain, while the masterpiece grows in meaning as experience widens the appreciation. When Macready had played Hamlet for the last time he took off the velvet mantle he should never wear again, and, laying it aside, he muttered, "Good-night, sweet Prince"; then he turned to a friend and said, "I am just beginning to realize the sweetness, the tenderness, the gentleness of this dear Hamlet" and this after a lifetime of study on the rôle.

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The contest number must have a worthy theme. Whatever we may think of the professional's right to choice of material, the student whose taste and character **Should Have** are forming should choose for such intimate **a Worthy** study only the good, the true, the beautiful. **Theme** Whatever else the selection says, it should say, and unmistakably:

"God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world."

\* \* \*

In the selection of material it is well to note that the least effective literature for recitation is the descriptive and didactic styles **Most** tic styles and pure narrative; that is, a mere **Effective for** record of events. That which is written in narrative form, but abounds in dialogue, is always **Recitation** effective. Homer was a successful platform artist; he understood perfectly the requirements of a popular public reading, and he introduced his actors at every opportunity, limiting

the narrative part as much as possible. Another treasure-store for the reader is found in the drama and the dramatic monologue, literature which represents events as passing in our sight, where the characters speak and act for themselves, and thrilling events are presented, not for their own sake, but for the effect on the human soul.

\* \* \*

A successful number for the average contestant is a good story, launched on a strong initial wave of interest, and moving logically and surely to a good climax; the story in which the actors are heard speaking, with now and then a drop of the curtain, that the reader may tell what is necessary for us to know in order to free the theme from entangling and confusing relations and to enable us to discern the mental and moral processes which cause the dialogue. The story should be fresh, the plot of general interest, and the intention obvious. If the material be so fresh to the student that he bring to it no preconceived idea as to how it should be read; if he descend not to copy another's interpretation, that worst possible use of his time and his gifts, this vehicle will furnish even the amateur with an opportunity for valuable expression work.

\* \* \*

The French speak of "creating a part," and even the poet himself hails with applause the actor with the sensibility and imagination to interpret, because he knows all his efforts would be neutralized by artificial or stupid reading. Indeed, not infrequently the poet has been surprised to hear his own production as it came through the personality of one whose imagination gave him wings to soar even nearer to the source of truth and beauty. Emerson says, "There is creative reading as well as creative writing." Let this be made the ideal toward which the student is urged to struggle, and dethrone from that high place artifice and artificiality. Let the idea no longer prevail that to win distinction it is necessary to toll like a bell, bark like a dog, scream like a parrot, or buzz like a sawmill. A requirement in a contest number is that it shall hold and entertain, but if it is to represent the work of an educational institution, it should be at heart sincere, intense and earnest.

\* \* \*

And now let us make a suggestion as to the best way to use the book. When you have made your choice, go to the

original source and read the entire story carefully. Indeed, it is impossible to know the exact meaning to be expressed without familiarity with the original. The abridgments herein contained are valuable because they have been made in obedience to the laws of dramatic presentation, and because they are a result of actual platform experience. In many cases the matter of pages is condensed into a single paragraph. It is obvious that back of the reading of that paragraph should be the meaning of the pages. It is not intended, either, that there should be a servile following of these abridgments. It would be better if the student could make his own arrangements, but since that requires some experience of actual platform work, it is legitimate to use these cuttings.

\* \* \*

The editors realize that the influence of the contest itself and of this publication will be ephemeral enough unless, from his preparation, the student gains a deeper insight into the relation of the printed page to life, and is inspired to a serious study of the vocal interpretation of literature. In the curriculum of our schools there is no study which appeals more directly to the creative imagination—that faculty which is most worth educating,—that faculty which makes man most like God. Many schemes of education seem to be based upon the assumption that the imagination ought to be repressed rather than cultivated; that it is the undesirable, unpractical quality which unfits one for actual life; whereas it is in actual life that the need of a cultivated imagination is most real. It is the soul of Art, of Religion, of all things spiritual. It is as essential to practical success, for it is the quality that distinguishes the great general, inventor, explorer, financier. It is impossible to conceive of any work not the merest drudgery in which success is not proportioned to the quality of imagination. It is of the greatest importance, too, as a social quality. Much of the harshness, suspicion, cruel distrust and misery of life is the result of the commonplace egotism which is unable to see things from another's standpoint. The blind selfishness and cruel fanaticism of the world come less from unkindness of heart than from lack of imagination. "For we sin against our dearest not because we do not love them, but because we do not imagine."

ISABEL GARGHILL BEECHER.

# The Sign of the Cross\*

BY WILSON BARRETT.

*(By courteous permission of the publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)*

[Another very dramatic scene will be found in chapter eleven, which deals with the secret meeting of the Christians, the attack upon them by the Roman soldiers under Tigellinus, and the rescue of Mercia by Marcus. The entire book might be condensed into a powerful reading.]



It was a festival day in Rome. Nero had decreed it. In the Circus was to be given a performance the like of which had never before been witnessed. The whole city was excited by the rumors of the numbers of Christians doomed to die, and of the ferocity of the beasts they were to encounter.

The dungeon beneath the amphitheater in which the Christians were imprisoned was a large, gloomy stone vault, destitute of furniture of any kind.

Great was the contrast between the dark, dank cell and the sunlit arena, crowded with eager, gaily-dressed patricians. In the dungeon were scores of men and women waiting for the signal to pass forth to a certain and cruel death; in the auditorium was a seething mass of humanity, thousands upon thousands impatiently awaiting their coming forth, and gloating already in imagination upon the horrors they must undergo.

The roars of the hungry beasts could be faintly heard, even when the doors were closed; so could the equally merciless howls of the bloodthirsty populace. How they were to die had not been told the martyrs; only this they knew, that they were to die, and that every endeavor would be made to make their deaths as horrible, revolting and cruel as possible.

Among them were a few that trembled and felt sick with physical fear, but not one murmured. Their eyes were men-



tally fixed upon the Cross; and His anguish, His sufferings, His endurance for their sakes was their courage, their hope, their strength. O wondrous faith! O glorious belief! Fore-runners of freedom, founders of civilization, and of a religion destined to endure unto the end of all things earthly were these despised, lowly people, who in their martyrdom made the world wonder what could this faith be that gave such endurance and brought such peace.

Again there was a loud call of the trumpets. The doors were thrown open, and the arena beyond could be seen by the prisoners, flooded with golden sunshine.

"Now, then, march!"

For a moment there was a pause, <sup>then the</sup> but almost before it could be realized, Mercia's clear, sweet voice rang out the first words of their beloved hymn:

"Shepherd of souls that stumble by the way,

Pilot of vessels storm-tossed in the night,

Healer of wounds, for help to Thee we pray;

Guide Thou our footsteps, send the morning light.

Oh, lead us home!"

Singing these words with uplifted eyes and undaunted hearts, those noble martyrs went calmly and resignedly through the dark Valley of the Shadow of Death to the everlasting peace that awaited them beyond.

Mercia, a beautiful girl, was left alone in the dungeon. It was generally understood that Marcus Superbus, the handsome, wealthy young Prefect of Rome, was madly in love with the Christian girl, and the adventuress who hoped to entrap Marcus prevailed upon Nero to make her punishment unique and horrible.

She sank upon her knees, with her face pressed against the iron doors. Presently the door leading to the corridor was unbarred. Two officers entered, ushering in Marcus, who started on finding Mercia alone. Dismissing the guards, he closed the door, gazing with infinite tenderness at the white figure kneeling at the gates. Mercia, lost in thought, had not heard him enter.

For a time Marcus could not speak; his heart felt like bursting with grief for this beautiful girl. Here in this loathsome dungeon, she could still preserve her courage and could still pray for forgiveness for her persecutors.

"Mercia! Mercia!"

*the beautiful  
young girl*

Then slowly she rose, as one awakening from a dream, and looked around her.

"What would you with me?"

"I came to save thee. I have knelt to Nero for thy pardon. He will grant it upon one condition—that thou dost renounce thy false worship—"

"It is not false! It is true and everlasting!"

"Everlasting? Nothing is everlasting! There is no after-life; the end is here. Men come and go; they drink their little cup of woe or happiness, and then sleep—the sleep that knows no awakening."

"Art thou so sure of that? Ask thyself, are there no inward monitors that silently teach thee there is a life to come?"

"All men have wishes for a life to come, if it could better this."

"It will better this, if this life be well lived. Hast thou lived well?"

"No; thou hast taught me that I never knew the shame of sin until I knew thy purity. Ah! whence comes thy wondrous grace?"

"If I have any grace, it comes from Him who died on Calvary's Cross that grace might come to all."

"Thou dost believe this?"

"I do believe it."

"But thou hast no proof."

"Yes," replied Mercia, placing her hand upon her heart. "The proof is here."

"Oh! thou dost believe so? All men, all nations have their gods. This one bows down to a thing of stone, and calls it his god; another to the sun, and calls it his god. A god of brass—a god of gold—a god of wood! Each tells himself *his* is the true god. All are mistaken."

"All these are mistaken."

"And thou? What is thy God? A fantasy—a vision—a superstition. Wilt thou die for such a thing?"

"I will die for my Master gladly."

"Mercia, hear me! Thou shalt not die! I cannot let thee go! I love thee so! I love thee so!"

"Thou hast told me so before, and wouldst have slain thy soul and mine."

"I grant it. I did not know. I was blind! Now I see my love for thee is love indeed. The brute is dead in me;

the man is living. Thy purity, that I would have smirched, hath cleansed me. Live, Mercia! Live and be my wife!"

Mercia was deeply moved. The man she loved with her whole heart loved her, and with a reverence and devotion that were beyond question deep and sincere.

"Thy wife? thy wife! Oh, Marcus, Marcus! I know not how or whence it came, but love came for thee when first I saw thee."

"Mercia!"

"Nay; stay where thou art, Marcus, and hear me. This love I speak of came, I knew not whence, nor how, then; now I know it came from Him who gave me life. I receive it joyfully because He gave it. Think you He gave it to tempt me to betray Him? Nay, Marcus; He gave it to me to uphold and strengthen me. I will be true to Him."

"Thou wilt live?"

"I will not deny Him who died for me."

"Mercia, if thy God exists, He made us both, the one for the other. Harken! I am rich beyond riches. I have power, skill, strength; with these the world would be my slave, my vassal. Nero is hated, loathed—is tottering on his throne. I have friends in plenty who would help me—the throne of Cæsar might be mine—and thou shalt share it with me if thou wilt but live. The crown of an Empress shall deck that lovely head if thou wilt but live—only consent to live!"

"My crown is not of earth, Marcus; it awaits me there."

"I cannot part from thee and live, Mercia! I have, to save thy precious life, argued and spoken against thy faith, thy God, but to speak truth to thee, I have been sorely troubled since I first saw thee. Strange yearnings of the spirit come in the lonely watches of the night; I battle with them, but they will not yield. I tremble with strange fear, strange thoughts, strange hopes. If thy faith be true, what is this world?—a little tarrying-place, a tiny bridge between two vast eternities, that from which we have traveled, that towards which we go. Oh, but to know! How can I know, Mercia? Teach me how to know!"

"Look to the Cross, and pray, 'Help Thou my unbelief!' Give up all that thou hast, and follow Him!"

"Would He welcome even me?"

"Yea, even thee, Marcus."

Now there sounded on their ears another call from the

trumpets. The brazen doors slid back, the guards entered, followed this time by Tigellinus.

"Prefect, the hour is come. Cæsar would have this maid's decision. Doth she renounce Christus and live, or cling to Him and die?"

"Mercia! Answer!"

"I cling to Him and die. Farewell, Marcus!"

"Farewell? No, not 'Farewell.' Death cannot part us. I, too, am ready! My lingering doubts are dead; the light hath come! Return to Cæsar; tell him Christus hath triumphed. Marcus, too, is a Christian!"

His face shone with the same glorious radiance that had transfigured the features of Mercia. They were glorified by the presence of Him who had promised to them, even as He had promised to the penitent thief, dying on the Cross beside him—

"Verily I say unto thee, to-morrow shalt thou be with me in Paradise."



## My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began;

So is it now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## "Gentlemen, The King!"\*

BY ROBERT BARR.

[This splendid story, one of the best from the pen of a writer who is always interesting, originally appeared in "McClure's Magazine." It was afterward included in a book of short stories by Robert Barr, entitled, "A Prince of Good Fellows," published by McClure, Phillips & Company, New York, by whose permission the following cutting is reproduced.]



IN a rough hunting-lodge in the wilderness, twelve leagues from the capital of Alluria, twenty men were gathered in groups around a large oaken table. These men, nobles of the realm, were met on this exceedingly tempestuous night to discuss the removal of the king, by force, if necessary. A wild storm was raging without, when suddenly there came three stout raps upon the door, given apparently with the hilt of a sword. The knocking was repeated, accompanied by the words:

"Open the door! Open peacefully and do not put me to the necessity of forcing it."

Count Staum undid the fastenings and threw open the door. There entered a tall man completely enveloped in a dark coat that was dripping wet. Drawn over his eyes was a hunter's hat of felt, with a drooping, bedraggled feather on it. The door was immediately closed and barred, and the stranger, pausing a moment when confronted by so many inquiring eyes, flung off his cloak, throwing it over the back of the chair; then he removed his hat with a sweep, sending the rain drops flying. The intriguers gazed at him speechless. They saw before them his Majesty, Rudolph, King of Alluria!

If the King had any suspicion of his danger, he gave no token of it. On his smooth, lofty forehead there was no trace of frown and no sign of fear. His frank, clear, honest eyes swept the company, resting momentarily on each;

then he said in a firm voice without the suspicion of a tremor in it, "Gentlemen, I give you good evening; and if Count Staum will act as cupbearer, we will drown all remembrance of a barred door in a flagon of wine, for, to tell the truth, gentlemen, I have ridden hard in order to have the pleasure of drinking with you."

Count Staum presented the brimming flagon, and Rudolph held aloft his beaker of Burgundy. "Gentlemen, I give you a suitable toast. May none here gathered encounter a more pitiless storm than that which is raging without! My lord of Brunfels, I see I have interrupted you at your old pleasure of dicing. While requesting you to continue your game as though I had not joined you, may I venture to hope that the stakes you play for are not high?"

"Your Majesty," said Baron Brunfels, "the stakes are the highest that a gambler may play for."

"You tempt me, Baron, to guess that the hazard is a man's soul; but I see that your adversary is my worthy ex-chancellor, and, as I should hesitate to impute to him the character of the devil, I am led, therefore, to the conclusion that you play for a human life. Whose life is in the cast, my Lord of Brunfels?"

Before the Baron could reply, Ex-Chancellor Steinmetz rose with some indecision to his feet.

"I beg your gracious permission to explain the reason of our gathering——"

"Herr Steinmetz," cried the king, sternly, "when I desire your interference I shall call for it; and remember this, Herr Steinmetz, the man who begins a game must play it to the end, even though he finds luck running against him."

"Your Majesty," said Baron Brunfels, "I speak not for my comrades, but for myself. I begin no game I am afraid to finish. We were about to dice in order to discover whether your Majesty should live or die." A simultaneous moan seemed to rise from the assembled traitors. The smile returned to the King's lips.

"Baron," he said, "I have ever chided myself for loving you. Even when your overbearing, obstinate intolerance compelled me to dismiss you from the command of my army, I could not but admire your sturdy honesty. But we have had enough of comedy, and now tragedy sets in. Why am I here? Why do two hundred armed men sur-

round this doomed chalet? Miserable wretches, what have you to say that judgment be not instantly passed upon you?"

"I have this to say," roared Baron Brunfels, "that whatever may befall this assemblage, you at least shall not live to boast of it."

The King stood unmoved as the Baron was about to rush upon him, but Count Staum and others threw themselves between the Baron and his victim.

"My Lord of Brunfels," said the King, "sheath your sword. Your ancestors have often drawn it, but always for and never against, the occupants of the throne. Now, gentlemen, hear my decision and abide faithfully by it. Seat yourselves at the table, ten on each side, the dice-box between you. You shall not be disappointed, but shall play out your game of life and death. Each dices with his opposite. He who throws the highest number escapes. He who throws the lowest, places his weapons on the empty chair, and stands against yonder wall to be shot for the traitor that he is. Thus half of your company shall live, and the other half shall seek death with such courage as may be granted them. Do you agree, or shall I give the signal? Come, Baron, you and my devoted ex-chancellor were about to play when I came in. Begin the game."

Steinmetz, whose shivering fingers relieved him of the necessity of shaking the dice-box, upon losing to Brunfels, drew his sword to resist, but was speedily overpowered and bound, and the fearful contest was carried on in silence. A shade of sadness seemed to overspread the countenance of the King as the unsuccessful contestants ranged themselves against the wall. Baron Brunfels was the first to speak.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I am always loath to see a coward die. The whimperings of your former chancellor annoy me; therefore will I gladly take his place, and give to him life and liberty, if, in exchange, I have the privilege of speaking my mind regarding you and your precious kingship."

"Unbind the valiant Steinmetz," said the King. "Speak your mind freely, Baron Brunfels."

"Your Majesty, backed by brute force, has condemned to death ten of your subjects. You have branded us as traitors, and such we are; and so find no fault with your sen-

ence. You have reminded me that my ancestors fought for yours, and they never turned their swords against their overrign. Why, then, have our swords been pointed towards your breast? Because, King Rudolph, you yourself are a traitor. You belong to the ruling class and have turned your back upon your order. You have shorn nobility of its privileges, and for what?"

"And for what?" said the King. "For this! That the plowman on the plain may reap what he has sown; that the shepherd on the hillside may enjoy the increase which comes to his flock; that taxation may be light; that my nobles shall deal honestly with the people, and not use their position for thieving and depredation; that those whom the State honors by appointing to positions of trust shall content themselves with the recompense lawfully given and refrain from speculation; that peace and security shall rest on the land, and that bloodthirsty swashbucklers shall not go up and down the land exciting the people to carnage and rapine, under the name of patriotism; that the kingdom of Alluria may attend to its own affairs and meddle not with the concerns of others! This is the task I set myself when I came to the throne! What fault have you to find with the program, my Lord Baron?"

"The simple fault that it is the program of a fool," replied the Baron; "In following it you have gained the resentment of your nobles and have not even received the thanks of those pitiable hinds, the plowmen in valley, or the shepherds on the hillside. You are hated in cot and castle alike. You would not stand in your place for a moment, were not an army behind you. Being a fool, you think the common people like honesty, whereas they only curse that they have not a share in the thieving. What care they for rectitude of government? They see no farther than the shining florin that glitters in their palm. And now, Rudolph of Alluria, I have done, and I go the more jauntily to my death that I have had fair speech with you before the end."

When the King looked up his eyes were veiled with moisture.

"I thought," ~~he said~~, "until to-night, that I had possessed some qualities, at least, of a ruler of men. I came here alone among you, and, although there are brave men in this company, yet I had the ordering of events as I chose



to order them. I still venture to think that whatever failures have attended my eight years' rule in Alluria arose from faults of my own, and not through imperfections in the plan or want of appreciation in the people. I beg to acquaint you with the fact that my capital is in possession of the factions, who are industriously slitting each other's throats to settle which one of two smooth-tongued rascals shall be their president. While you were dicing to settle the fate of an already deposed King, and I was sentencing you to a mythical death, we were all alike being involved in a common ruin. I have no horsemen at my back, and so I beg of Count Staum another flagon of wine, and either a place of shelter for my patient horse, who has been left too long in the storm without, or else direction towards the frontier, whereupon my horse and I will set out to find it."

"Not towards the frontier!" cried Baron Brunfels, grasping his sword and holding it aloft, "but towards the capital." Each man sprang to his weapon and brandished it above his head, while a ringing cheer echoed to the timbered ceiling.

"The King! The King!"

Rudolph smiled and shook his head. "Not so," he said. "I leave a thankless throne with a joy I find it impossible to express. Whether the insurrection has brought freedom to themselves or not, the future alone will tell; but it has, at least, brought freedom to me. I now belong to myself. No man can question either my motives nor my acts. Gentlemen, drink with me to the new President of Alluria, whoever he may be."

But the King drank alone, none other raising flagon to lip.

Then Baron Brunfels cried aloud: "Gentlemen, the King!"

And never in the history of Alluria was a toast so heartily honored.

# The Only Way

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(From "*A Tale of Two Cities*.")



By a chance, Charles Evremonde and Sydney Carton discover that they are the exact counterparts of each other. The chance gives Carton an opportunity to befriend Evremonde in a dire strait, for which he wins the lifelong gratitude of Evremonde and of Lucie Manette, his affianced wife, whom Carton has long loved in secret. In spite of the fact that Carton is an idle, dissolute dog, incapable of the higher flights of men, he is welcomed to the Evremonde home and befriended, and often the poor, miserable fellow cried out to the night, "God bless her for her sweet compassion!"

In the terrible days of the French Revolution Evremonde was arrested and condemned to death. He was in his cell waiting for the dawn of the last day of his life, when a key was put in the lock and turned. The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him, face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features and a cautionary finger on his lips, Sydney Carton.

"I bring you a request from her—a most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember. You have no time to ask me why I bring it or what it means. I have no time to tell you." Carton, pressing forward with the speed of lightning, got Evremonde down in a chair. "Take off those boots you wear and draw on these of mine. Change that cravat for this of mine; that coat for this of mine; shake your hair out like this of mine." With wonderful quickness he forced these changes upon him.

"Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished. It never can be done; it has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you to pass the door? When I ask that, refuse. There are pen and ink. Is your hand steady enough to write? Quick, friend, quick!"

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Evremonde sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast,

stood close beside him. "Write exactly as I speak. If you remember," said Carton, dictating, "the words that passed between us long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it."

"Is that a weapon in your hand, Carton?"

"No. Write on; there are but a few words more." He dictated again: "I am thankful that the time has come when I can prove them." The pen dropped. "What vapor is that?"

"I am conscious of nothing. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!"

The prisoner looked at Carton with clouded eyes and an altered manner of breathing, then bent over the paper once more.

"If it had been otherwise"—Carton's hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down. "If it had been otherwise,—" The hand was close to his mouth. The prisoner sprang up with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him round the waist. For a few minutes Evremonde faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him; but within a minute or so he was stretched insensible on the ground, and when he returned to consciousness he was far on the way toward England; and Sydney Carton had found a use and a meaning for his poor wasted life.

"Greater love no man hath than this that he lay down his life for his friend."

Along the Paris streets the death carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to them to ask some question. The horsemen, with their swords, point out one man in the third car. Then the cries arise, "Down, Evremonde! To the guillotine all aristocrats. Down, Evremonde!" The leading curiosity is to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril, with his head bent down to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart and holds his hand. It is a poor, weak little seamstress, absurdly charged by the revolutionists with being concerned in a plot against the republic.

As the last thing on earth that his heart was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable girl.

"O you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting.

The tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—a head is held up, and the knitting women, who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago, when it could think and speak, count “one.”

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count “twelve.” The supposed Evremonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised.

“But for you, dear stranger, I should not be as composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thought to Him, who was put to death that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you are sent to me by Heaven.”

“Or you to me,” says Sydney Carton. “Keep you eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object.”

“I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid.”

“They will be rapid. Fear not.”

“Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?”

“Yes.”

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count “twenty-two.” And now his hour has come.

“It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.”

“I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, and the knitting-women count “twenty-three.”

## The New Americanism

BY HENRY WATTERSON.

[The following after-dinner oration was delivered at the annual meeting of the New England Society, in New York city, December 22d, 1894. The *New York Tribune* of the following day contains the full address.]



EIGHT years ago to-night there stood where I am standing now, a young Georgian, who, not without reason, recognized the "significance" of his presence here, and in words whose eloquence I cannot hope to recall, appealed from the New South to New England for a united country.

He is gone now. But, short as his life was, its heaven-born mission was fulfilled; the dream of his childhood was realized; for he had been appointed by God to carry a message of peace on earth, good will to men, and this done, he vanished from the sight of mortal eyes, even as the dove from the ark.

Grady told us, and told us truly, of that typical American, who, in Dr. Talmage's mind's eye, was coming, but who, in Abraham Lincoln's actuality, had already come. In some recent studies into the career of that man I have encountered many startling confirmations of this judgment; and from that rugged trunk, drawing its sustenance from gnarled roots, interlocked with Cavalier sprays and Puritan branches deep beneath the soil, shall spring, is springing, a shapely tree, symmetric in all its parts—under whose sheltering boughs this nation shall have the new birth of freedom Lincoln promised it, and mankind the refuge which was sought by the forefathers when they fled from oppression. Thank God, the axe, the gibbet, and the stake have had their day. They have gone, let us hope, to keep company with the lost arts. It has been demonstrated that great wrongs may be redressed and great reforms be achieved without the shedding of one drop of human blood; that vengeance does not purify, but brutalizes; and that tolerance, which in private transactions is reckoned a virtue, becomes in public affairs a dogma of the most far-seeing statesmanship.

So I appeal from the men in silken hose who danced to music made by slaves—and called it freedom—from the men in bell-crowned hats, who led Hester Prynne to her shame—and called it religion—to that Americanism which reaches forth its arms to smite wrong with reason and truth, secure in the power of both. I appeal from the patriarchs of New England to the poets of New England; from Endicott to Lowell; from Winthrop to Longfellow; from Norton to Holmes; and I appeal in the name and by the rights of that common citizenship of that common origin—back of both the Puritan and the Cavalier—to which all of us owe our being. Let the dead past, consecrated by the blood of its martyrs, not by its savage hatreds,—darkened alike by kingcraft and priestcraft—let the dead past bury its dead. Let the present and the future ring with the song of the singers. Blessed be the lessons they teach, the laws they make. Blessed be the eye to see, the light to reveal. Blessed be Tolerance, sitting ever on the right hand of God, to guide the way with loving word, as blessed be all that brings us nearer the goal of true religion, true Republicanism, and true patriotism, distrust of watchwords and labels, shams and heroes, belief in our country and ourselves. It was not Cotton Mather, but John Greenleaf Whittier, who cried:—

“ Dear God and Father of us all,  
 Forgive our faith in cruel lies;  
 Forgive the blindness that denies.

“ Cast down our idols—overturn  
 Our bloody altars,—make us see  
 Thyself in Thy humanity! ”

## A Plea for Patriotism

BY BENJAMIN HARRISON.

[This extract is from an after-dinner speech given at a banquet in New York city, April 30th, 1889. It commemorates the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as the first President of the United States. The address in full will be found in the *New York Tribune* of May 1st, 1889.]



CONGRATULATE you to-day, as one of the instructive and interesting features of this occasion, that these great thoroughfares, dedicated to trade, have closed their doors and covered the insignia of commerce with the Stars and Stripes; that your great exchanges have closed, and that into the very heart of Wall Street the flag has been carried. Upon this old, historic spot the men who give their time and energies to trade have given these days to their country, to the cause of her glory, and to the aspiration of her honor and development.

I have great pleasure in believing that the love of country has been intensified in many hearts here; not only of you who might be called, and some who have been called, to witness your love for the flag in battlefields by sea and land, but in these homes, among these fair women who look down upon us to-night, and in the thoughts of those little children who mingled their piping cries with the hoarser acclaims as we moved along your streets to-day.

I believe that patriotism has been blown into a higher and holier flame in many hearts. These banners with which you have covered your walls, these patriotic inscriptions, must come down, and the ways of commerce and trade be resumed here again.

I will ask you to carry these banners that now hang on the wall into your homes, into the public schools of your city, into all your great institutions where children are gathered, and to drape them there, that the eyes of the young and of the

old may look upon that flag as one of the familiar adornments of the American home.

Have we not learned that not stocks, nor bonds, nor stately houses, nor lands, nor the products of the mill, is our country? It is a spiritual thought that is in our minds. It is the flag and what it stands for. It is its glorious history. It is the fireside and the home. It is the high thoughts that are in the heart, born of the inspiration which comes by the stories of their fathers, the martyrs to liberty; it is the graveyards into which our careful country has gathered the unconscious dust of those who have died. Here, in these things, is that thing we love and call our country rather than in anything that can be touched or handled.

To elevate the morals of our people; to hold up the law as that sacred thing, which, like the ark of God of old, cannot be touched by irreverent hands, and frowns upon every attempt to displace its supremacy; to unite our people in all that makes home pure and honorable, as well as to give our energies in the direction of our material advancement,—these services we may render, and out of this great demonstration do we not all feel like reconsecrating ourselves to the love and service of our country?



## Fame

Her house is all of echo made  
Where never dies the sound;  
And as her brows the clouds invade,  
Her feet do strike the ground.

BEN JONSON.



## The Independence of Cuba

BY JOHN M. THURSTON.

[This stirring address, one of the most efficient delivered in Congress during many years, was made in the United States Senate March 24th, 1898. Senator Thurston had just made a trip across Cuba for the purpose of investigating the affairs in the island. Mrs. Thurston, who had accompanied him, died in Cuba. Her last request was that her husband should do all he could to secure the intervention of the United States Government.]



I AM here by command of silent lips to speak once and for all upon the Cuban situation. I shall endeavor to be honest, conservative and just. I have no purpose to stir the public passion to any action not necessary and imperative to meet the duties and necessities of American responsibility, Christian humanity, and national honor. I would shirk this task if I could, but I dare not. I cannot satisfy my conscience except by speaking, and speaking now.

I went to Cuba firmly believing that the condition of affairs there had been greatly exaggerated by the press, and my own efforts were directed in the first instance to the attempted exposure of these supposed exaggerations. There has undoubtedly been much sensationalism in the journalism of the time, but as to the condition of affairs in Cuba there has been no exaggeration, because exaggeration has been impossible.

Under the inhuman policy of Weyler not less than 400,000 self-supporting, simple, peaceable, defenceless country people were driven from their homes in the agricultural portions of the Spanish provinces to the cities, and imprisoned upon the barren waste outside the residence portions of these cities and within the lines of intrenchment established a little way beyond. Their humble homes were burned, their fields laid waste, their implements of husbandry destroyed, their live stock and food supplies for the most part confiscated. Most of the people were old men, women, and children. They

were thus placed in hopeless imprisonment, without shelter or food. There was no work for them in the cities to which they were driven. They were left there with nothing to depend upon except the scanty charity of the inhabitants of the cities and with slow starvation their inevitable fate.

The pictures in the American newspapers of the starving reconcentrados are true. They can all be duplicated by the thousands. I never saw, and please God I may never again see, so deplorable a sight as the reconcentrados in the suburbs of Matanzas. I can never forget to my dying day the hopeless anguish in their despairing eyes. Huddled about their little bark huts, they raised no voice of appeal to us for alms as we went among them. Their only appeal came from their sad eyes, through which one looks as through an open window into their agonizing souls.

The Government of Spain has not and will not appropriate one dollar to save these people. They are now being attended, and nursed, and administered to by the charity of the United States. Think of the spectacle! We are feeding these citizens of Spain; we are nursing their sick; we are saving such as can be saved, and yet there are those who still say it is right for us to send food, but we must keep hands off. I say that the time has come when muskets must go with the food. We asked the governor if he knew of any relief for these people except through the charity of the United States. He did not. We asked him, "When do you think the time will come that these people can be placed in a position of self-support?" He replied to us, with deep feeling, "Only the good God or the great Government of the United States can answer that question." I hope and believe that the good God by the great Government of the United States will answer that question.

I shall refer to these horrible things no further. They are there. God pity me; I have seen them; they will remain in my mind forever—and this is almost the twentieth century. Christ died nineteen hundred years ago, and Spain is a Christian nation. She has set up more crosses in more lands, beneath more skies, and under them has butchered more people than all the other nations of the earth combined. Europe may tolerate her existence as long as the people of the Old World wish. God grant that before another Christmas morning the last vestige of Spanish tyranny and oppression will have vanished from the Western Hemisphere.

I counselled silence and moderation from this floor when the passion of the nation seemed at white heat over the destruction of the *Maine*; but it seems to me the time for action has now come. No greater reason for it can exist to-morrow than exists to-day. Every hour's delay only adds another chapter to the awful story of misery and death. Only one power can intervene—the United States of America. Ours is the one great nation of the New World, the mother of American republics. She holds a position of trust and responsibility toward the peoples and affairs of the whole Western Hemisphere. It was her glorious example which inspired the patriots of Cuba to raise the flag of liberty in her eternal hills. We cannot refuse to accept this responsibility which the God of the universe has placed upon us as the one great power in the New World. We must act! What shall our action be? Some say, The acknowledgment of the belligerency of the revolutionists. The hour and the opportunity for that have passed away. Others say, Let us by resolution or official proclamation recognize the independence of the Cubans. It is too late for even such recognition to be of great avail. Others say, Annexation to the United States! God forbid! I would oppose annexation with my latest breath. The people of Cuba are not our people; they cannot assimilate with us; and beyond all that, I am utterly and unalterably opposed to any departure from the declared policy of the fathers, which would start this republic for the first time upon a career of conquest and dominion utterly at variance with the avowed purposes and the manifest destiny of popular government.

There are those who say that the affairs of Cuba are not the affairs of the United States; who insist that we can stand idly by and see that island devastated and depopulated, its business interests destroyed, its commercial intercourse with us cut off, its people starved, degraded and enslaved. It may be the naked legal right of the United States to stand thus idly by. I have the legal right to pass along the street and see a helpless dog stamped into the earth under the heels of a ruffian. I can pass by and say, that is not my dog. I can sit in my comfortable parlor, and through my plate-glass window see a fiend outraging a helpless woman near-by, and I can legally say, this is no affair of mine—it is not happening on my premises. But if I do, I am a coward and a cur, unfit to live, and, God knows, unfit to die.

And yet I cannot protect the dog nor save the woman without the exercise of force. We cannot intervene and save Cuba without the exercise of force, and force means war; war means blood. The lowly Nazarene on the shores of Galilee preached the divine doctrine of love, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Not peace on earth at the expense of liberty and humanity. Not good will toward men who despoil, enslave, degrade, and starve to death their fellow-men. I believe in the doctrine of Christ. I believe in the doctrine of peace; but men must have liberty before there can come abiding peace. When has a battle for humanity and liberty ever been won except by force? What barricade of wrong, injustice, and oppression has ever been carried except by force?

Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the great Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration of Independence and made effective the Emancipation Proclamation; force waved the flag of revolution over Bunker Hill and marked the snows of Valley Forge with blood-stained feet; force held the broken line of Shiloh, climbed the flame-swept hill at Chattanooga, and stormed the clouds on Look-out Heights; force marched with Sherman to the sea, rode with Sheridan in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and gave Grant victory at Appomattox; force saved the Union, kept the stars in the flag, made "niggers" men. The time for God's force has come again. Let the impassioned lips of American patriots once more take up the song:

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigured you and me.  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
For God is marching on."

Others may hesitate, others may procrastinate, others may plead for further diplomatic negotiation, which means delay, but for me, I am ready to act now, and for my action I am ready to answer to my conscience, my country, and my God.

# The Children of the Poor

BY THEODORE PARKER.

[This descriptive excerpt was delivered in Boston, Sunday, August 30th, 1846, as part of a sermon on "The Perishing Classes in Boston."]



IF you would know the life of one of those poor lepers of Boston, you would wonder and weep. Let me take one of them at random out of the mass. He was born, unwelcome, amid wretchedness and want. His coming increased both. Miserably he struggles through his infancy, less tended than the lion's whelp. He becomes a boy. He is covered only with rags, and those squalid with long-accumulated filth. He wanders about your streets, too low even to seek employment, now snatching from a gutter half-rotten fruit, which the owner flings away. He is ignorant; he has never entered a school house; to him even the alphabet is a mystery. He is young in years, yet old in misery. There is no hope in his face. He herds with others like himself, low, ragged, hungry and idle. If misery loves company, he finds that satisfaction. Follow him to his home at night; he herds in a cellar; in the same sty with father, mother, brothers, sisters, and perhaps yet other families of like degree. What served him for dress by day is his only bed by night.

Well, this boy steals some trifle, a biscuit, a bit of rope, or a knife from a shop window. He is seized and carried to jail. The day comes for trial. He is marched through the streets in handcuffs, the companion of drunkards and thieves, thus deadening the little self-respect which nature left even in an outcast's bosom. He sits there chained like a beast; a boy in irons! the sport and mockery of men vulgar as the common sewer. His trial comes. Of course he is convicted. The show of his countenance is witness against him. His rags and dirt, his ignorance, his vagrant habits, his idleness, all testify against him. That face so young, and yet so impudent, so sly, so writ all over with embryo villainy, is evidence enough. The jury are soon convinced, for they see his temptations in his look, and surely know that in such a condition

men will steal; yes, they themselves would steal. The judge represents the law, and that practically regards it a crime for a boy to be weak and poor. Much of our common law, it seems to me, is based on might, not right. So he is hurried off to jail at a tender age, and made legally the companion of felons. Now the State has him wholly in her power; by that rough adoption has made him her own child, and sealed the indenture with the jailer's key. His handcuffs are the symbol of his sonship to the State. She shuts him in her college for the little. What does that teach him? Science, letters;—even morals and religion? Little enough of this, even in Boston, and in most counties of Massachusetts, I think, nothing at all, not even a trade which he can practice when his term expires. I have been told a story, and I wish it might be falsely told, of a boy, in this city, of sixteen, sent to the house of correction for five years because he stole a bunch of keys, and coming out of jail at twenty-one, unable to write, or read, or calculate, and with no trade but that of picking oakum. Yet he had been five years the child of the State, and in that college for the poor! Who would employ such a youth; with such a reputation; with the smell of the jail in his very breath? Not your shrewd men of business—they know the risk; not your respectable men, members of churches and all that; not they! Why, it would hurt a man's reputation for piety to do good in that way. Besides, the risk is great, and it argues a great deal more Christianity than it is popular to have, for a respectable man to employ such a youth. He is forced back into crime again. I say, forced, for honest men will not employ him when the State shoves him out of jail. Soon you will have him in the court again, to be punished more severely. Then he goes to the State prison, and then again, and again, till death mercifully ends his career!

## Burns

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

[This extract from an oration on Robert Burns was delivered at the unveiling of a monument to the poet in Central Park, New York city. "Orations and Addresses by George William Curtis" is published by Harper & Brothers. No one of our orators more fully satisfies the demands of the student of public speaking than does Curtis. In him were combined the splendid style of a literary man, the stirring convictions of a reformer and the bold enthusiasm of the orator. No better models for the class room are to be found, and no greater inspiration for the student who is to write orations than the pages of the three volumes containing the public utterances of George William Curtis.]



WE unveil to-day and set here for perpetual contemplation, not the monument of the citizen at whom respectable Dumfries looked askance, but the statue of a great poet. Once more we recognize that no gift is more divine than his, that no influence is more profound, that no human being is a truer benefactor of his kind. The spiritual power of poetry, indeed, like that of natural beauty, is immeasurable, and it is not easy to define and describe Burns's service to the world. But, without critical and careful detail of observation, it is plain, first of all, that he interpreted Scotland as no other country has been revealed by a kindred genius. Were Scotland suddenly submerged and her people swept away, the tale of her politics and kings and great events would survive in histories. But essential Scotland, the customs, legends, superstitions, language; the grotesque humor, the keen sagacity, the simple, serious faith, the characteristic spirit of the national life, caught up and preserved in the sympathy of poetic genius, would live forever in the poet's verse. The sun of Scotland sparkles in it; the birds of Scotland sing; its breezes rustle; its waters murmur. Each "tim-

orous wee beastie," the "ourie cattle," and the "silly sheep" are softly penned and gathered in this all-embracing fold of song. Over the dauntless battle-hymn of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" rises the solemn music of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." Through the weird witch romance of "Tam o'Shanter" breathes the scent of the wild rose of Alloway, and the daring and astounding babel of the "Jolly Beggars" is penetrated by the heart-breaking sigh to Jessie:

"Although thou maun never be mine,  
Although even hope is denied,  
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing  
Than aught in the world beside."

The poet touches every scene and sound, every thought and feeling, but the refrain of all is Scotland. To what other man was it ever given so to transfigure the country of his birth and love? Every bird and flower, every hill and dale and river, whispers and repeats his name, and the word Scotland is sweeter because of Robert Burns.

But in thus casting a poetic spell upon everything distinctively Scotch, Burns fostered a patriotism which has become proverbial. The latest historian of England says that at the time of Burns's birth England was mad with hatred of the Scots. But when Burns died there was not a Scotchman who was not proud of being a Scotchman. A Scotch ploughman, singing of his fellow-peasants and their lives and loves in their own language, had given them in their own eyes a dignity they had never known:

"A man's a man for a' that."

And America is but the sublime endeavor to make the ploughman's words true. Great poets, before and after Burns, have been honored by their countries and by the world; but is there any great poet of any time or country who has so taken the heart of what our Abraham Lincoln, himself one of them, called the plain people, that, as was lately seen in Edinburgh, when he had been dead nearly a hundred years, workmen going home from work begged to look upon this statue for the love and honor they bore to Robbie Burns? They love him for their land's sake, and they are better Scotchmen because of him. England does not love Shakespeare, nor Italy Dante, nor Germany Goethe, with the passionate ardor with which Scotland loves Burns. It is no won-



der, for here is Auld Scotia's thistle bloomed out into a flower so fair that its beauty and perfume fill the world with joy.

How fitly, then, among the memorials of great men, of those who in different countries and times and ways have been leaders of mankind, we raise this statue of the poet whose genius is an unconscious but sweet and elevating influence in our national life. It is not a power dramatic, obvious, imposing, immediate, like that of the statesman, the warrior, and the inventor, but it is as deep and strong and abiding. The soldier fights for his native land, but the poet touches that land with the charm that makes it worth fighting for, and fires the warrior's heart with the fierce energy that makes his blow invincible. The statesman enlarges and orders liberty in the State, but the poet fosters the love of liberty in the heart of the citizen. The inventor multiplies the facilities of life, but the poet makes life better worth living. Here, then, among trees and flowers and waters; here upon the greensward and under the open sky; here, where birds carol, and children play, and lovers whisper, and the various stream of human life flows by—we raise the statue of Robert Burns. While the human heart beats, that name will be music in human ears. He knew better than we the pathos of human life. We know better than he the infinite pathos of his own. Ah, Robert Burns, Robert Burns! Whoever lingers here as he passes and muses upon your statue will see in imagination a solitary mountain in your beautiful Scotland, heaven-soaring, wrapped in impenetrable clouds. Suddenly the mists part, and there are the heather, the brier-rose, and the gowan fire; the cushat is moaning; the curlew is calling; the plover is singing; the red deer is bounding, and look! The clouds roll utterly away, and the clear summit is touched with the tender glory of sunshine, heaven's own benediction!

## A Night in Ste. Pilagie\*

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

[This scene from "Lazarre," one of Mrs. Catherwood's best stories, is reprinted by permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company. The story contains other strong scenes. The last chapter has been used with great success.]

### Introduction



**A**FTER the execution of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, the Dauphin, their little son, was imprisoned and most cruelly tortured. A wreck in body and mind, he was at last spirited away and secretly taken to America, where he was placed in the care of an Indian family. The outdoor life developed a splendid physical being, although he always bore the scars of wounds inflicted by his torturers. When he was eighteen he met with a peculiar accident, after which his clouded mind was strangely cleared. Just then he met some French Royalists, refugees, who from his resemblance to the Bourbons and from the scars, recognized him as the Dauphin. He spent some time in study, and then went to Paris with the boyish hope of establishing his claim to the throne. Here he encountered intrigue and treachery, and at last he was accused of attempting to assassinate Napoleon in the streets, and was cast into a loathsome prison of Ste. Pilagie. This is his account of his experience in the prison:

We passed along a corridor, and my gaoler unlocked a cell, from which a revolting odor came. There was no light except what streamed through a loophole under the ceiling. He turned the key upon me and left me in that revolting place. Oh, for a deep draught of the wilderness! There seemed to be an iron bed at one side, with a heap of rags on top. I resolved to stand up all night before trusting myself on that vile bed. The cell was soon explored. Two strides in each

\* From "Lazarre." Copyright, 1901. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

## The Speaker

direction measured it. The stone walls were cut or marked with names I could dimly see. I braced myself against the door and watched the loophole till the last ray of light was gone. Tired with the day's march and with a taste of clean outdoor air still in my lungs, I chose one of the two corners not occupied by the ill-odored bed, sat down and fell asleep, dropping my cares. A groan in my ear stopped sleep. I sat up, awake in every nerve. There was nobody in the cell with me; perhaps the groan had come from a neighboring prisoner. Then a faint stir of covering could be heard upon the bed. I rose and pressed as far as I could into my corner. No beast of the wilderness ever had such terror for me as the unknown thing that had been my cellmate half a night without my knowledge. Was a vampire, a demon, a witch, a ghost locked in there with me?

It moaned again, so faintly that compassion instantly got the better of superstition. "Who is there?" I got no answer, and, taking my resolution in hand, moved toward the bed, determined to know what housed with me. Groping darkly, I realized that something helpless to the verge of extinction lay on the bed. I found a clammy, death-cold forehead, a nose and cavernous cheeks, an open and fever-roughened mouth. I poured water in my handkerchief and bathed his face. The poor wretch gave a reviving moan; so I felt emboldened to steady the jug and let drop by drop gurgle down its throat.

My cellmate could not see me. I doubt if he ever knew that a hand gave him water. His eyes were meaningless, and he was so gaunt that his body scarcely made a ridge on the bed. I did not then know that Ste. Pilagie was the tomb of the accused, where this man had dragged out years without knowing why he was put there.

But gradually an uneasiness which cannot be imagined by one who has not felt it, grew upon me. I wanted light. The absence of it was torture. Light to vivify the stifling air, which died as this man was dying, as I should die—in blinding murk.

Moisture broke out all over my body, and cold dew stood on my forehead. How could human lungs breathe the midnight of these blackening walls? The place was hot with the hell of confinement. I said over and over, "O God, Thou art light! In Thee is no darkness at all."

This anguish seemed a repetition of something I had endured once before. The body and spirit remembered, though the mind had no register. I clawed at the walls. If I slept it was to wake gasping, fighting upward with both hands. Oh, how much light was going to waste over wide fields and sparkling seas! If ever I came to the sun again I would stretch myself and roll from side to side to let it burn me well. I swore to God that if ever I came out I would never pass so much as a little plant prostrate in darkness without helping it to the light.

At night by the loophole the turnkey admitted a priest to the dying man. As he prepared to administer the sacrament, I measured the lank, ill-strung assistant. I thought how easy it would be to strip the loose surplice over this sacristan's head. There was a swift clip of the arm around your opponent's neck which I had learned in wrestling, that cut the breath off and dropped him as limp as a cloth. It was an Indian trick. I said to myself that it would be impossible to use that trick on the sacristan, even if he left the cell behind the deaf old priest. I did not want to hurt him. Still he would have a better chance to live after I had squeezed his neck than I should have if I did not squeeze it. The priest took out of a silver case a vessel of oil and a branch. He sprinkled the holy water over us, saying:

*"Asperges me, domine, hyssopo, et mundabor;  
Lavabis me, et super nivem dealbabor."*

While I bent my head to the drops I knew it would be impossible to choke down the sacristan, strip off his surplice, invest myself with it and get out of the cell before the priest or turnkey looked back. The priest went on with the service, the sacristan responding. I knew the end was approaching. My hand was as cold as the nerveless one which would soon receive the candle. I told myself I should be a fool to attempt it. There was not one chance in a hundred, I should not squeeze hard enough. The man would yell. If I was as swift as lightning and silent as force, they would take me in the act. It was impossible, but people who cannot do impossible things have to perish. The priest put a lighted candle in the stiffened fingers and finished, "*Accipe lampadem ardentem custodi unctionem tuam.*" I said to myself: "If I do not get out of here, he will have to say those words over me. I cannot do it! Nobody could! It is impossible!"

The sacristan now began to pack all the sacred implements into the cases, preparing his load in the center of the room. The priest discovered that the man was dead. The sacristan's last office was to fix the two lighted candles on the head and foot railing of the bed. They showed the corpse in its appalling stillness, and stood like two angels with the pit between them. The sacristan rapped on the door to let the turnkey on the outside know it was time to unlock. The turnkey opened a gap—the doorway through which he could see the candles and the bed. He opened the door no wider than the width of the priest, who stepped out as the sacristan bent for the portables. There was lightning in my arm as it took the sacristan around the neck, and let him limp upon the stones. The trail of the priest's cassock was scarcely through the door. The turnkey called:

"Eh, bien! Sacristan! Make haste with your load. I have the death to report. He is not so pretty that you must stand gazing at him all night." I was dressed in the surplice, and backed out with my load, facing the room. If my gaoler had thrust his candle at me; if the priest had turned to speak; if the man in the cell had got his breath before the bolt was turned; if my white surplice had not appeared the principal part of me in that black place—

It was impossible, but I had done it. I was free.



## Respite Finem

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;  
Judge not the play before the play is done.  
Her plot hath many changes; every day  
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

# The Call of the Wild\*

BY JACK LONDON.

(By courteous permission of the Macmillan Co., New York.)

[There is a vigorous manliness and a graphic intensity in the style of Mr. London that suggests the best work of Rudyard Kipling. This book belongs with the studies of animal psychology that have been the latest contribution to natural history. Here is an adaptation especially fitting for a boy.]



THIS is the story of Buck, a beautiful dog belonging to Judge Miller, in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. In 1897, because men groping in the Arctic darkness had found a yellow metal, thousands from all over the world poured into the frozen North. Buck shared the fate of many a dog from Puget Sound to San Diego. He was kidnapped and carried into the Northland, exchanging the life of a king for the weary toil of trace and trail. Many cruel lessons taught him the law of club and fang, and by degrees the domesticated generations fell away from him and instincts long dead became alive again.

Buck had never seen dogs fight as these wolfish creatures with whom he worked fought, and his first experience taught him an unforgettable lesson. When the fight between the two dogs began thirty or forty huskies ran to the spot and surrounded the combatants in an intent and silent circle. Buck did not comprehend those silent intentions nor the eager way with which they were licking their chops, but when one of the dogs was knocked off her feet the ring closed in upon her, snarling and yelping, and she was buried, screaming with agony, beneath the bristling mass of bodies. So that was the way. No fair play. Once down, that was the end of you. Well, he would see to it that he never went down.

The leader of the team was a big snow-white fellow from Spitzbergen, who soon felt his supremacy threatened by the

strange Southland dog. It was inevitable that the clash for leadership should come. Buck wanted it. He wanted it because it was his nature, because he had been gripped tight by this nameless, incomprehensible pride of the trail and trace—that pride which holds dogs in the toil to the last gasp, which lures them to die joyfully in the harness, and breaks their hearts if they are cut out of the harness.

At last the encounter came. As Spitz's teeth clipped together like the steel jaws of a trap, and he backed away for better footing, Buck knew the time had come. It was to the death. Fifty dogs were now drawn up in an expectant circle. They, too, were silent, their eyes only gleaming and their breaths drifting slowly upward. The scene came to Buck with a sense of familiarity—the white woods, and earth and moonlight, and the thrill of battle. Spitz was a practiced fighter. He had held his own with all manner of dogs and achieved mastery over them. Bitter rage was his, but never blind rage. He never rushed till he was prepared to receive rush. In vain Buck strove to sink his teeth in the neck of the big white dog. Whenever his fangs struck for the softer flesh they encountered the fangs of Spitz. Then he warmed up and enveloped Spitz in a whirlwind of rushes. Time and time again he tried for the snow-white throat, where life bubbled near the surface, and each time and every time Spitz slashed him and got away. Spitz was untouched, while Buck was streaming with blood and panting hard. The fight was growing desperate, and all the while the silent and wolfish circle waited to finish off whichever dog went down. As Buck grew winded Spitz took to rushing, and he kept him staggering for footing. Once Buck went over, and the whole circle of sixty dogs started up; but he recovered himself almost in midair, and the circle sat down again and waited. But Buck possessed a quality that made for greatness—imagination. He fought by instinct, but he could fight by head as well. He rushed as though attempting the old shoulder trick, but at the last instant swept low to the snow and in. His teeth closed on Spitz's left foreleg. There was a crunch of breaking bone, and the white dog faced him on three legs. Thrice he tried to knock him over, then repeated the trick and broke the right foreleg. Despite the pain and helplessness, Spitz struggled madly to keep up. He saw the silent circle with gleaming eyes, lolling tongues, and silvery breaths, drifting upward, closing in upon him

as he had seen similar circles close in upon beaten antagonists in the past. Only this time he was the one who was beaten. Spitz quivered and bristled as he staggered back and forth, snarling with horrible menace, as though to frighten off impending death. Then Buck sprang in and out; but while he was in, shoulder had at last met shoulder. The dark circle became a dot on the moon-flooded snow as Spitz disappeared from view. Buck stood and looked on, the successful champion, the dominant primordial beast, who had made his kill and found it good.

Buck had many masters, but for John Thornton alone he felt a love that was feverish and burning, that was adoration, that was madness. But in spite of this great love that he had borne John Thornton, he had become a thing of the wild. He sat by John Thornton's fire, a broad-breasted dog, white-fanged and long-furred; but behind him were the shades of all manner of dogs, half wolves and wild wolves, urgent and peremptory. Deep in the forest a call was sounding, and as often as he heard the call, mysteriously thrilling and luring, he felt compelled to turn his back upon the fire and the beaten earth around it and to plunge into the forest, and on and on, he knew not where or why. But the love of John Thornton drove him back to the fire again.

John Thornton asked little of man or nature. He was unafraid of the wild. With a handful of salt and a rifle he could plunge into the wilderness and fare wherever he pleased and as long as he pleased. To Buck it was boundless delight, this hunting, fishing and indefinite wandering through strange places. At last John Thornton found a yellow placer in a broad valley, where the gold showed like yellow butter across the bottom of the washing pan. Like a giant he toiled, days flashing on the heels of days like dreams as he heaped the treasure up.

Buck had nothing to do, and his blood longing became stronger than ever before. He longed for larger, more formidable quarry, and he came upon it one day on the divide at the head of the creek. A band of twenty moose had crossed over, and chief among them was a great bull, who had been wounded by an Indian's arrow. Guided by that instinct which came from the old hunting dogs of the primordial world, Buck proceeded to cut the bull out from the herd, and from then on, night and day, he never left his prey, never gave it a moment's rest, never permitted it to eat or



drink, until at last, at the end of the fourth day, he pulled the exhausted beast down. For a day and a night he remained by the kill, eating and sleeping turn and turn about. Then rested, refreshed, strong, he turned his face toward camp and John Thornton. As he held on he became more and more conscious of the new stir in the land. The birds talked of it, the squirrels chattered about it. The very breeze whispered of it. He leaped on with greater speed, oppressed with the sense of calamity. Then, as he crossed the last watershed, a gust of overpowering rage swept over him. The Yuhat Indians were dancing about the wreckage of John Thornton's lodge, when they heard a fearful roaring and saw rushing upon them an animal the like of which they had never seen before. Buck sprang at the foremost man—it was the chief of the Yuhats—ripping the throat wide open till the rent jugular spouted a fountain of blood. He did not pause to worry the victim, but ripped in passing, with the next bound tearing wide the throat of the second man. There was no withstanding him. He plunged about in their very midst, tearing, rending, destroying, in constant and terrific motion which defied the arrows they discharged at him. In fact, so inconceivably rapid were his movements, and so closely were the Indians tangled together that they shot one another with the arrows, and one young hunter, hurling a spear at Buck in midair, drove it through the chest of another hunter with such force that the point broke through the skin of the back and stood out beyond. Then a panic seized the Yuhats, and they fled in terror to the woods, with Buck raging at their heels and dragging them down like deer as they raced. At last, wearying of the pursuit, he returned to the desolate camp and followed John Thornton's trace to the edge of a deep pool. All day Buck brooded by the pool, a great void in him, which ached and ached. Night came on, and the full moon rose high over the trees into the sky. And with the coming of the night, brooding and mourning by the pool, Buck became alive to the stirring of the new life in the forest. It was the call, the many-noted call, sounding more luringly and compellingly than ever before. And as never before he was ready to obey. John Thornton was dead. The last tie was broken. Man and the claims of man no longer bound him. He leaped into the forest, his great throat a-bellow as he sang a song of the younger world which is the song of the pack.

# The Prisoner of Zenda

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

[Copyright, 1894, Henry Holt & Co., New York. This cutting is printed by permission of the publishers. This romantic story, which has been read, acted, and recited throughout the country, is announced as "the history of three months in the life of an English gentleman." The hero is Ralph Rassendyll, who bears a striking resemblance to the heir to the throne of Ruritania. Circumstances making it impossible for the king to appear on the day set for his coronation, Rassendyll is crowned before all the people as the king of Ruritania. The Duke of Strelsau, known as Black Michael, and third in order of succession to the throne, discovers the deception, and while the king's servants are with the unwilling impostor, Black Michael captures the king and takes him a prisoner to the castle of Zenda. The princess Flavia, engaged to marry the king, had seen little of him, and cared nothing for him, but on the day of the coronation she fell in love with the man who was crowned king. Rudolph Rassendyll, playing the part of the king, and the lover of Flavia, was tempted to remain where he might be in the company of this beautiful princess, to whom his heart had gone out at once. But the day after the coronation he left with the king's servant for "a boar hunt," as he explained to Flavia, but really to rescue the king from the castle of Zenda. In this they were successful, though Rassendyll was wounded in the fight. The whole story finally reaches the Princess Flavia, and in the closing chapters of the book Rassendyll tells of their last meeting.]



It was night, and I was in the cell wherein the king had lain in the castle of Zenda. I had thrown myself on a pallet by the window, and was looking out on the black water. . . . The keeper told me that the king was doing well, and that he had seen the princess. Presently Fritz von Tarlenheim came into the room. He told me briefly that the king wanted to see me, and together we crossed the drawbridge and entered the room. The king was lying there in

bed. I took the king's ring from my finger and placed it on his.

"I have tried not to dishonor it, sire," I said.

"I can't talk much," he said. "I wanted to take you to Strelsau with me, and tell everybody what you have done, but they tell me the secret must be kept. Cousin, you have shown me how to play the king."

His eyelids closed. I kissed the king's hand, and let Fritz lead me away. I have never seen the king since.

Outside Fritz turned to the left, and, without speaking, led me upstairs, through a handsome corridor in the chateau.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"She has sent for you. When it is over, come back to the bridge. I'll wait for you there."

"What does she want?" said I, breathing quickly.

He shook his head.

"Does she know everything?"

"Yes, everything."

He opened a door, and, gently pushing me in, closed it behind me. At first I thought that I was alone, but presently I discerned a woman's figure standing by the window. I knew it was the princess, and I walked up to her, fell on one knee, and carried her hand to my lips. Before I knew I spoke softly:

"Flavia!"

Somehow love gives even to a dull man the knowledge of his lover's heart. I had come to humble myself and pray pardon for my presumption; but what I said now was:

"I love you with all my heart and soul! With all my life and heart! Always, from the first moment I saw you in the cathedral! There has been but one woman in the world to me—and there will be no other. But God forgive me the wrong I've done you! I meant to tell you. I was going to on the night of the ball in Strelsau when Sapt interrupted me. After that I couldn't—I couldn't risk losing you before—before—I must! My darling, for you I nearly left the king to die!"

"I know, I know! What are we to do now, Rudolph?"

I put my arm around her and held up while I said:

"I am going away to-night."

"Ah, no, no!" she cried. "Not to-night!"

"I must go to-night, before more people have seen me. And how would you have me stay, sweetheart, except—"

"If I could come with you!"

"My God! Don't talk about that!" and I thrust her a little back from me.

"Why not? I love you. You are as good a gentleman as the king!"

Then I caught her in my arms, and prayed her to come with me, daring all Ruritania to take her from me. And for a while she listened, with wondering, dazzled eyes. But as her eyes looked on me I grew ashamed, and at last was silent.

She drew herself away from me and stood against the wall, while I sat on the edge of the sofa, trembling in every limb, knowing what I had done—loathing it, obstinate not to undo it. So we rested a long time.

"I am mad!" I said, sullenly.

"I love your madness, dear," she answered.

Her face was away from me, but I caught the sparkle of a tear on her cheek. I clutched the sofa with my hand and held myself there.

"Is love the only thing?" she asked, in low, sweet tones that seemed to bring a calm even to my wrung heart. "If love were the only thing I could follow you—in rags, if need be—to the world's end; for you hold my heart in the hollow of your hand! But is love the only thing?"

"I know people write and talk as if it were. Perhaps, for some. Fate lets it be. Ah, if I were one of them! But if love had been the only thing, you would have let the king die in his cell. Honor binds a woman, too, Rudolph. My honor lies in being true to my country and my House. I don't know why God has let me love you; but I know that I must stay! Your ring will always be on my finger, your heart in my heart, the touch of your lips on mine. But you must go and I must stay. Perhaps I must do what it kills me to think of doing."

"Do what you will or what you must," I said. "I think God shows His purposes to such as you. My part is lighter; for your ring shall be on my finger and your heart in mine, and no touch save of your lips will ever be on mine. So, may God comfort you, my darling!"

"My lover and true knight!" she said. "Perhaps we shall never see one another again. Kiss me, my dear, and go!"

I kissed her as she bade me; but at the last she clung to

me, whispering nothing but my name, and that over and over again—and again—and again; and then I left her.

. . . . .

I go to Dresden every year and there I am met by my dear friend and companion, Fritz von Tarlenheim. And for a week Fritz and I are together, and I hear all of what falls out in Strelsau; and in the evenings, as we walk and smoke together, we talk of Sapt and of the king; and, as the hours grow small, at last we speak of Flavia. For every year Fritz carries with him to Dresden a little box; in it lies a red rose, and round the stalk of the rose is a slip of paper with the words written: "Rudolph—Flavia—always." And the like I send back by him. That message, and the wearing of the rings, are all that now bind me and the Queen of Ruritania. For—nobler, as I told her, for the act—she has followed where her duty to her country and her House led her, and is the wife of the king, uniting his subjects to him by the love they bear to her, giving peace and quiet days to thousands by her self-sacrifice.

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Suggestions for a thirty-minute cutting of "The Prisoner of Zenda": After stating who the characters are, begin page 96; omit l. 16 to "listen to this," l. 14, p. 97. Include all except what to reciter are stage directions, e. g., "she said in a low voice," l. 10, p. 104. Begin p. 114, include to p. 117. The scene printed above, beginning p. 207, follows the two indicated above.

# "In the Toils of the Enemy"\*

BY JNO. SEYMOUR WOOD.

*(From "Yale Yarns," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.00. Reprinted by permission of the author and of the publishers.)*

## Introduction

[His name was William Horner, but everybody called him Little Jack Horner, the queerest, roundest, fattest, jolliest man in college. For two years he had had the honor of steering the Yale boat through the lane of yachts and booming cannon to a most glorious victory, and if that were not enough to establish his popularity, he always knew the latest comic songs and was an inimitable story teller. This is one of his yarns, told to a group of friends in his room one night.]



It happened in New London last year, and I never told it to a soul before. You may remember that when we went up last year I couldn't go with you Yale fellows. What? No, it was my aunt. Yes, I had my aunt and my sister Molly in tow, and we had to go to the Pequot. Of course, there is never anybody but Harvard people there, but I met some Harvard fellows that I had known very well in Andover, and we had a jolly time together.

"The hotel was crowded, and my aunt and sister had a room just opposite to mine on the top floor. Some of the Harvard men had a room next to mine, and I foolishly unbolted the door between. Well, there was a good deal of play and foolishness up to about 3 o'clock a.m., and then things quieted down, and when I woke up it was broad daylight, and I was utterly alone.

"The race was to be at 11 o'clock. I jumped out of bed and looked at my watch on the bureau,—it was nearly 10, and the race was to be at 11! I stumbled about looking for

my clothes. Gad! My valise and everything was gone! I rang the bell, but in the excitement downstairs, I suppose, no one answered it. I looked in the next room. I looked out in the hall, there wasn't a soul in sight. My aunt and sister were not in their room. I opened the window and looked out. Crowds of people were walking toward the wharf to take the boat to the race.

"What was I to do? Those Harvard friends of mine thought it a good joke on me, I suppose, to steal my clothes and take themselves off to the race without waking me up. I tried to call a chambermaid, but there wasn't one in sight—and I don't know what I should have done in my anguish, when, thank the Lord, I heard a tap at my door, and went to it—

"'Will, do hurry!' It was my sister's voice. 'Aunt won't go to the race. Please hurry! We'll have to go without her.'

"'They've stolen all my clothes, Molly,—those Harvard fellows——'

"'Oh, Will! It's just a punishment to you after last night! The noise was dreadful!'

"'Perhaps it is,' I said. 'But don't preach now, sister, dear. Get me something to put on. I want to see the race—'

"'I haven't anything—except some dresses. You can't wear those.'

"'No, not yours; but—Oh, Molly! get me Aunt Sarah's black silk,' I cried. 'I haven't seen "Charlie's Aunt" for nothing. I'll wear anything rather than not see the race!'

"Well, Molly had seen 'Charlie's Aunt,' too, and she laughed and caught on to the idea in great shape. She flung me my aunt's dress and a lace cap and bonnet. I put 'em on, and in five minutes I looked very much like an old lady, out for the sights. I worked burnt match lines around my eyes in good old Psi U theatrical style, and then, in case of emergency, I had a veil.

"Molly was quick-witted and got me out of the Pequot the back way, and we hurried down to the wharf without any one suspecting us. But there, alas, we found the boat had gone! But, as luck would have it, one of Molly's school friends, with a lot of girls and Harvard men, whom we didn't know, were going to see the race on a private steam yacht, and were waiting for their chaperons to come along from the hotel. Molly talked with her friend and intro-

duced me. I played my part of 'Charlie's Aunt' in great shape, and they asked me if I would be willing to chaperon the crowd. Well, I was willing, you can better believe, for it was late, and I wanted to see the race the worst way.

"The Harvard men got us all in their launch as quickly as possible, and we got aboard the yacht and crowded on all steam and started off for New London just as the real chaperons, the mothers of two of the lads, put in an appearance on the Pequot wharf. They waved and waved and shouted, but not a whit did we care. We weren't going to put back. Young Graham, of Harvard, shouted 'Very sorry. Take the trolley!' and off we sped at a 20-mile gait for up the river. I couldn't ask for any better treatment than I received, and my sister Molly stuck close to me to help me out in case I got into any trouble. They gave me the most comfortable seat in the boat under an awning in the stern, and when I said the water was apt to make me ill, and asked for clam broth (I'd had no breakfast), the steward brought me some of the best I ever tasted. It went to the right spot, I can tell you! And on that I ate a few crackers and toyed with some *pâte de foie gras*, and the sea air and all revived my drooping spirits in great shape.

"Molly presented all the girls one by one. They were all good enough looking, were it not for the unpleasantly trying colored ribbons they wore. Several of them kissed me. Gad! Just what they did to 'Charlie's Aunt' I said to myself. But I didn't enjoy it at all, because I was 'all of a tremmer' lest they should get on to my fake disguise; so I pretended to be a little seasick, and retired to the cabin.

"Presently Molly came down and said, 'Aunt, dear, we are going under the bridge now; won't you come out on deck?'

"Then on the stairs she punched me and whispered, 'Now, Will, do be careful. Don't begin to shout when you catch sight of the crew, and don't offer to bet.'

"Well, I went out on deck, and they placed my chair in the bow, in the best possible place to see, and put a footstool under my feet. Fellows, I tried my best to be calm and easy, but the air, and the sight of the yachts, and the clam broth, —and the thundering excitement I always felt, and always shall feel as a patriotic son of Eli, just before a race at New London. What chap can help giving a yell as the 'Varsity slips out across the river with that perfect, smooth, equal,



beautiful stroke? And I know, for I have been there. They put on a little extra finish,—the Pharisees, as they came into line,—just as a thoroughbred race horse will prance and dance, and feel the keen delight of it all, as he goes to the post. And there, boys, were four of my old crew: the Dwarf,—how his muscles shone that day! Oh, the Dwarf is a whole crew just in himself; handsome as a picture, strong as an ox, calm and confident as—as a New Haven oyster! You can't lose with the Dwarf in the boat. And—for me to sit there in my aunt's dress and see him, and Sawyer, and Bliss, and Parrish,—four of my old crew, and not yell!—and not get up and let 'em know their old cox', Little Jack, was there with his eye on 'em! and with 'em just the same as if he was in the boat, and rooting for 'em—well, it was madness! Boys, the tears rolled down my cheeks, I was so excited, and I had to suppress it, and my sister said it was the bright sunlight, and made me put up a parasol! And when she gave it to me she was trembling like a leaf.

“And then out came Harvard, in very good style, too, and lined up alongside; and there was but a little delay, and then—they were off! Harvard jumped away with the lead, but it didn't last long, and Yale slowly walked up.

“Well, when Yale forged a foot or two ahead, I could stand it no longer. I jumped up on my chair and yelled, ‘Yale,—Yale,—Yale,—Brekity Kex,—coax, coax,—got 'em again,—got 'em again! Paraboloo,—Ya-ale!!’ Then I sat down in a hurry, and you ought to have seen my Harvard friends! You know what a voice I've got, developed by coaching,—it reached across the river, and the Dwarf heard it, and I could see his old jaws grin with delight, and you chaps on the ‘moving grand stand’ heard it and yelled back, and things became quiet again until the last quarter mile, for Yale was gaining every stroke, and it was another dead cinch!

“But consternation reigned on our yacht! Not only on account of the race, but on account of me. My sister said it was only a ‘paroxysm,’—whatever that was—and she pinched my arm, pretending to soothe me, until I nearly yelled again! She pulled the shawl close around my neck, and stuck a hat-pin into me, and with it all I could see she was half frightened, half convulsed with laughter.

“‘Your aunt seems quite disposed to give vent to her enthusiasm,’ said Paton, the owner of the yacht, one of the

Harvard men, to my sister. 'But I hope you will persuade her—as this is a Harvard yacht, we would prefer not to encourage Yale.'

" 'She has a nephew there now at Yale. She's not well. I am sorry to say that we are obliged—er—it is very embarrassing—a private asylum, you know.'

" 'Oh, I'm very sorry.'

" Meanwhile I was rocking to and fro in my chair, my head bent down mostly to my knees, and a Harvard man leaned down and made my blood run cold by calmly whispering in my ear, 'Yell all you want to, Eli. We've a plan to "do" you up later, and you may as well have all the fun you can out of it now!'

" Going back down the harbor to the Pequot, they set up a handsome lunch on board, and I knew the jig was up and something bad was in store for me. (I didn't tell my sister this.)

" When they got back to the Pequot, as I was the last one to step into the launch, to go ashore, Gad! a Harvard man quietly gave me a sudden jerk, and over I went, head first, into the water.

" The naphtha launch sputtered off ashore, leaving me to clamber up the shiny white sides of the Fairy, swim ashore, or go down and see the oysters below. The sailors aboard the yacht looked over the side and grinned at me. Indeed, I must have been a healthy looking object! My bonnet came off in the water, and, with a curse at them for not throwing me a rope, off I started for shore, and it happened the nearest shore was the Fort Griswold, or eastern side. But at the moment I didn't care much what shore it was, provided it was shore. I was used to the water, but it was deuced cold out there at the mouth of the harbor, and the waves were pretty high, too. I was glad enough to hear a familiar voice call out to me, after a few minutes' swim, 'Hello, Jack, is that you?' It was Boots Page and a lot of people on the Osprey, and they picked me up.

" They said, 'Well, where in thunder did you come from? And what in creation are you doing in that rig?'

" I told them I was out for a swim in a hired bathing suit."

## The Advocate's First Plea \*

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.

[What Mr. McCutcheon writes is always read with interest, for his is the unusual gift of maintaining a dramatic situation. This story speaks for itself. Reprinted from *McClure's Magazine* by permission of the publishers.]



IT seems strangely co-incident that, on the day Edward Grey first entered the court room as a full-fledged attorney, his younger brother should be there as a witness—a witness in a case wherein a man was being tried for forgery. The brothers had gone to the court room together, the elder leading the way with the importance of his position, the younger following in some trepidation, full of inquiry as to how he should act, what he should do.

When Frank Grey stepped into the big court room for the first time in his life, he knew no more of its etiquette than if he had been an untutored savage. His brother, upon whom he looked with respect and awe, had told him nothing except that it was the home of justice, of truth, and of dignity, and instructed him to see that nothing but the truth was told.

The case on trial was of considerable prominence. A cashier, holding a responsible position in a large mercantile establishment, had forged the name of a customer and had drawn the money, intending to replace it and destroy the check before discovery. His plans had gone awry, and he was arrested. Frank Grey, the boy, was in the store when the sergeant of police served the warrant on the forger, and heard every word of the conversation which passed between them. He was subpoenaed by the defendant, who wished by him to disprove certain allegations made by the officer.

The case of the State vs. Royal was called. The usual preliminaries were rushed through, the indictment read, and the opening statement made by the prosecuting attorney before Frank quite understood what was happening. Several wit-

nesses were introduced, examined, and cross-examined, proving the fact that the signature was a forgery, and then the police sergeant was called to the stand.

The officer was asked to give in substance the conversation which had passed between him and Royal, the accused man.

"You want me to give his very words?" said the sergeant.

"Yes, sir; if you can."

"Well, he said this: 'I just had to have \$35 that night. I had been gambling and had to pay my losses or be kicked out of the club—I belong to the "Bear Club."'"

Frank heard this statement with growing wonder. His astonished eyes wandered from the witness to the prisoner, and his strong young voice cried out boldly:

"He didn't say that at all. He said—"

"Silence!" shouted the astonished court, and two bailiffs hurried toward the dissenter threateningly.

"I ask to have this young man ejected from the court room," cried the State's attorney. The sergeant of police looked guiltily defiant, the prisoner's face lit up, and a whole room full of people strained their necks to see the owner of the disturbing voice.

"Well, he lied, that's all! Mr. Royal didn't say that—he said he had to have it because his wife had been sick two months, and the doctor wouldn't come to see her any more if he didn't pay him. I heard him say it, Judge."

"Take him from the room, sheriff! I never heard of such impudence in all my life."

"But I'm a witness," stammered the boy. He was looking at the court manfully.

"That's enough, sir! Is it possible that you do not know enough to observe order in a court room? Where do you come from? I shall attend to your case in a few moments, sir. You cannot disturb the order of this court with impunity—why I never heard of such a thing!" blustered the judge, and to see his expression was to believe him.

By this time the young boy's face was white and drawn. A sharp glance at the white face of his brother—a glance which was a prayer for help—showed him that he was alone in the fight. As the court concluded his last exclamation the boy's lips trembled, his teeth clashed together sullenly, and his angry voice rang out with:

"Oh, I don't care, you darned old fool!"

There followed a moment's silence. Scores of eyes peered

at the boy; then they turned toward the judge, upon whose features grew the blue of rage. His eyes were glaring down upon the boy ominously.

"Young man, you have committed an indiscretion which cannot be overlooked; you have outraged this bench of justice. I do not know who you are, but you surely have not been reared with an absolute disregard for the respect due to age and to men who occupy such positions as that held by this court. It will be a painful duty for me to fine you and to send you to jail. But I firmly believe it is the only course to pursue where one of your age commits an act such as you have committed."

Frank's sudden burst of uncontrollable weeping interrupted the court at this juncture. The poor boy threw his arm upon the table beside which he sat, and his body shook with pitiful sobs. Before the judge could resume his reprimand, the tall, unsteady figure of that deserting brother arose, and his bloodless lips moved stiffly as if they were uttering words. No sound, however, came from them. There was a supreme effort put forth. One hand clutched the back of the chair against which his stiff legs braced themselves, and these words came out in strange, unnatural tones, clear and strong, as if some unusual power produced them.

"Your Honor, I beg your indulgence for a moment. If a penalty must be inflicted for the dishonor shown to this court, I feel that all the punishment should fall upon another and more deserving head. Your Honor, upon me should be cast all the blame, all the indignant reproaches brought about by this unfortunate occurrence. It was I who, knowing full well the conduct he should have pursued during the hours when justice reigns, refused through an unbrotherly exaltation of my own superiority, to respond to his eager questions when he sought for information. I revelled in my knowledge and in his ignorance. He had never seen a court room before; knew nothing of its rules, its exactions. He has never told a lie, that I swear. Not all the power on earth could make my brother utter a falsehood. What he interposed during the testimony of that witness was true, absolutely true, or he would not have said it. His blunder in crying out was due to his own uncovered honesty, and to my injunction to tell the truth. He knew nothing, may it please your Honor, save that a lie was being told, and his heart cried out the truth. I am to blame for his first mistake. For the sec-

ond—the insult to the court—nature itself must be held accountable. I ask you to go back to the day when you were of his age. Your heart bursting with injury to your boyish pride, you would have felt as he did—you might have done as he did. Can you again feel the insufferable rankling of pride, of scorned immaturity in your heart—you, a judge of men and all their emotions? Go back, your Honor, to the days when your very soul burned with the fires of resentment, and have pity on this offender. He is innocent of a wrong intention. He would not show the least dishonor to you or to any man on earth, had he not felt that a man—that prisoner—was being harshly treated. He is honest; he is a boy, a boy such as you were; such as all of these men were; such as I who speak to you. I ask you not to punish him, for he would never forget the disgrace. I ask you to suspend further reprimand and allow me to take him from the room until he is asked to come and tell his honest story under oath. What more you might say to him could have no more weight than what you have said. Your first command, ‘Silence!’ crushed him. It was sufficient for the tender, untried heart. He feels as you felt when you were a boy, your Honor!”

The stiff figure relaxed, the pleading white face dropped forward, as if unsupported; the tall frame sank into the chair, and the advocate’s first plea was over. He had won his point, but he did not hear the plaudits, for he had fainted!

# The Tell-Tale Heart

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.



TRUE!—nervous—very, very, dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say I am mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly—I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object, there was none. Passion, there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! Yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded, with what caution, with what foresight, with what dissimulation, I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out: "Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh, no! It was the low, stifled sound that arises from

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the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily,—until at length a single ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person, for I had directed the ray, as if by instinct, precisely upon the spot.

Now, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well, too. It was the breathing of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. The beating grew louder, I say, louder, every moment; do you mark me well?

And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound could be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gayly to find the deed so far done. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. First of all, I dismembered the corpse. I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected anything wrong.

When I had made an end of these labors it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart—for what had I now to fear? Then entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.



I smiled, for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search well. I led them at length to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigue, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. But ere long I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct; it continued, and gained definiteness—until at length I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I grew very pale; but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key, and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. O God! what could I do? I foamed, I raved, I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder. And still the men chatted pleasantly and smiled. Was it possible they heard not?

They heard!—they suspected!—they knew!—they were making a mocking of my horror! This I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I can bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed—tear up the planks! Here! Here! It is the beating of his hideous heart!”

# The Trial of Ben Thomas

BY H. S. EDWARDS.

[This cutting is from "De Valley an' de Shadder," one of the short stories included in "The Two Runaways," published by The Century Company, New York, and is here reproduced by permission of the author and of the publishers. Mr. Edwards made this story one number of his program of author's readings given through an extensive tour of the South, and it has been used successfully in declamation contests.]



IT was a sultry noon, and Jeffersonville was brisk. As Jeffersonville is brisk only during court week, it may be inferred that court was in session.

About the large, square building little groups of farmers were gathered. Within were the usual courthouse habitués,—jurors who hope in vain to "get off," and citizens of limited income who yet hope to "get on."

Apparently, there was nothing exciting on hand just then though a murder trial had been interrupted by a temporary adjournment. But the defendant was a negro, and a murder by a negro was not a novelty. While the court was assembling, the curious might have noted the prisoner's points. His face, if it had any marked characteristic, was noted chiefly for its inexpressive lines, and its appearance was one of supreme indifference. His stout, heavy frame was clad in a common jean suit stained with months of wear, and his kinky hair was sprinkled with gray. He sat quietly, allowing his eyes to roam from face to face as the genial conversation drifted about in the groups around him. He was evidently not impressed by any sense of peril, though, when the court had adjourned, a clear case of murder had been proved against him, and only his statement and the argument remained.

Slowly the court assembled. The prisoner's counsel had introduced no testimony. A man had been stabbed by his client, had fallen dead, his hand clasped over the wound;

and a knife had dropped, which the defendant's wife had seized and concealed. This had been proved by the state's witnesses.

The prisoner took the stand to make his statement. He declared emphatically that the deceased, knife in hand, had assaulted him, and that he had killed him in self-defense; that the knife which fell from the relaxing hand was the dead man's. He told the story simply, and as he began it a tall, thick-set gentleman in a gray suit, walking with the aid of a stout stick, entered the room and stood silently at the door. As the prisoner resumed his seat, the newcomer entered within the rail. He shook hands gravely with a number of the older lawyers, and took the hand the court extended to him across the desk. Then he turned, and, to the astonishment of every one, shook hands with the defendant, into whose face a light had suddenly dawned, which resolved itself into a broad, silent grin. This done, the old gentleman seated himself near the defendant's lawyer, and, leaning heavily on his massive cane, listened attentively to the speech.

The speaker was not verbose. He rapidly summed up, and laid the case before the jury in its best light. Really there was not much to be said, and he soon reached his peroration. He pictured the blasted home of the negro; his wife and babe deprived of his labor; and dwelt long on the good name he had always borne. After summing up, he took his hat and books and retired to a secluded part of the room.

The prosecuting attorney arose, and, with a few cold words, swept away the cobwebs of the case. "The man had stabbed another wantonly. If the knife were the property of the deceased, why was it not produced in court? The defendant's wife had picked it up."

He passed the case to the jury, and the judge prepared to deliver his charge, when the old gentleman in gray rose to his feet. "If your Honor please, the prisoner is entitled to the closing, and, in the absence of other counsel, I beg you to mark my name for the defendant."

"Mr. Clerk," said the court, "mark General Robert Thomas for the defence." The silence was absolute; something new was coming. Only this old man, gray, grim, and majestically defiant, stood between the negro and the grave.

"The knife that was found by the dead man's side was his own. He had drawn it before he was stabbed. Ben Thomas is a brave man, a strong man; he would not have used a

weapon upon him unarmed." As he spoke he drew from his bosom a long, keen knife, and rested its point gently on the table.

"It has been asked, 'Where is the dead man's knife?' Let me give you my theory: When Bill Fowler staggered back under the blow of Ben Thomas, clutching his wound, and the knife fell to the ground, the lightning's flash was not quicker than the change born in a moment in the bosom of that erring woman, the unwitting cause of the tragedy. Up to this time she had been weak and yielding; she had turned aside from the little home to gamble with strange men. In the awful moment of that tragedy, when the dancers stood horrified, this woman became, by an inspiration, a wife again. Deceived herself, she caught up the tell-tale knife, and hurled it into the swamp, destroying evidence of her husband's innocence, when she thought to have destroyed one proof of his guilt. This, I say, is a theory. You remember her cry was, 'Run!'

"But there is another evidence, gentlemen of the jury. Should I be forced to ask for a new trial, it will be developed that this poor woman, repentant now, thank God, walked in three days, from the scene of that tragedy to my home, seventy miles, to ask my aid and counsel; that, eluding me at Macon, though footsore and weary and crazed with grief, she returned to the swamp, and, laboring under an excitement that brought the scene so vividly to her mind that she was enabled to find the knife, did find it, and but that an accident to my vehicle delayed me, it would have been produced here in evidence—"

"May it please your Honor, much as I dislike to interrupt the honorable gentleman, I do not think it is proper to introduce with the argument evidence that has not been given upon trial."

"If your Honor please, a decision upon such a proposition is not needed. I willingly admit all that is claimed. But, sir, I offer no evidence, not even this knife, with the name of the deceased upon it, though it comes to me direct from the hand of the woman who, it has been proved, snatched from under his hand a weapon when he fell to the ground. I am but arguing a theory to account for the facts that have been proved. But, gentlemen of the jury, not upon this theory, not upon these facts, do I base the assertion that the deceased had a knife in his hand when he made the assault.

I speak from a knowledge of men. Ben Thomas would never have stabbed an unarmed man. Why do I say this? Because I know he is as brave a man as ever faced death; a faithful man, a powerful man, and conscious of his power. Such men do not use weapons upon unarmed assailants. I speak to men who reason. True reasoning with such is as strong as proof. A brave man who is full of strength never draws a weapon to repel a single assailant. The defendant drew, when he saw a glittering weapon in the hand of his foe,—not from fear, because he could have fled, but to equalize the combat.

“Why do I say he is brave? Every man on this jury shouldered his musket during the war. Most of you followed the lamented Pickett. Some, perhaps, were at Gettysburg. I was there, too! I and the only brother God ever gave me! A part of him is there yet—a part of him, but not all; for praise God, we picked up whatever was left of him and brought it back to Georgia. I well remember that fight. The enemy stood brave and determined, and met our charges with a courage and grit that could not be shaken. Line after line melted away during those days, and at last came Pickett’s charge. When that magnificent command went in, a negro man, a captain’s body-servant, stood behind it waiting.

“You know the result.

“Out of that vortex of flame and that storm of lead and iron a handful drifted back. From one to another this man of black skin ran, then returned and followed in the track of the charge. On, on he went, on through the smoke and flame; on up to the flaming cannon themselves. There he bent and lifted a form from the ground. Together they fell and rose, until, meeting them half-way, I took the burden from the hero and myself bore it on in safety. That burden was the senseless form of my brother; gashed and bleeding, and mangled, but alive, thank God! And the man who bore him out, who came to me with him in his arms, himself shot with the fragments of a shell until his great heart was nearly dropping from his breast—that man, O my friends, sits here under my hand. See if I speak not the truth. Do you see that scar which marks his breast from left to right? That scar was won by a slave in an hour that tried the souls of freemen, and put to its test the best manhood of the South. No man who wins such wounds can thrust a knife into an

unarmed assailant. I have come seventy miles in my old age to say it."

It may have been contrary to the evidence. But the jury, without leaving the room, returned a verdict of "Not guilty."



## Even This Shall Pass Away

BY THEODORE TILTON.

Once in Persia reigned a king,  
Who upon his signet ring  
'Graved a maxim true and wise,  
Which, if held before the eyes,  
Gave him counsel at a glance,  
Fit for every change and chance.  
Solemn words, and these are they:  
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand  
Brought him gems from Samarcand;  
Fleets of galleys through the seas  
Brought him pearls to match with these.  
But he counted not his gain  
Treasures of the mine or main;  
"What is wealth?" the king would say:  
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court  
At the zenith of the sport,  
When the palms of all his guests  
Burned with clapping at his jests,  
He, amid his figs and wine,  
Cried, "Oh, loving friends of mine!  
Pleasure comes, but not to stay;  
Even this shall pass away."

## The Speaker

Fighting on a furious field,  
 Once a javelin pierced his shield.  
 Soldiers with a loud lament  
 Bore him bleeding to his tent;  
 Groaning from his tortured side,  
 "Pain is hard to bear," he cried,  
 "But with patience, day by day—  
 Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,  
 Twenty cubits in the air,  
 Rose his statue, carved in stone.  
 Then the king, disguised, unknown,  
 Stood before his sculptured name,  
 Musing meekly, "What is fame?  
 Fame is but a slow decay—  
 Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,  
 Waiting at the gates of gold,  
 Said he, with his dying breath:  
 "Life is done, but what is death?"  
 Then, in answer to the king,  
 Fell a sunbeam on his ring,  
 Showing by a heavenly ray—  
 "Even this shall pass away."



## On Milton

Three poets, in three distant ages born,  
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,  
 The next in majesty, in both the last:  
 The force of Nature could no further go;  
 To make a third, she joined the former two.

JOHN DRYDEN.

# Richelieu

BY EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.



IN this scene, four characters are introduced: *Richelieu*, the Minister of France and Cardinal of the Church of Rome; *Louis*, the King; *Baradas*, the chief conspirator; *Julie*, Richelieu's ward.

The King and Baradas have planned the assassination of Richelieu. The King has also designed to marry Julie; but, in order to prevent this, Richelieu has given her in marriage to Adrien de Mauprat, whom Baradas has induced to become the tool in the assassination of Richelieu.

As De Mauprat enters Richelieu's room to commit the murder, Richelieu, having anticipated him, thwarts him in his purpose, and then explains to him the treachery of Baradas; whereupon De Mauprat becomes concerned for Richelieu's safety, and, meeting the conspirators after leaving the house, announces to them that Richelieu is dead.

On the following day the conspirators, together with De Mauprat, convene at the King's palace. While here, Baradas, who has already imprisoned Huguet, a spy, conspires against De Mauprat, and finally, by gaining the consent of the king, succeeds in having him also imprisoned in the Bastille.

And now, as the king and the conspirators are rejoicing over the supposed death of Richelieu, and are discussing plans as to the best disposition of public offices, Richelieu enters and says:

*Rich.* [fiercely.] Room, my lords, room. The Minister of France can need no intercession with the King.

*Louis.* What means this false report of death, Lord Cardinal?

*Rich.* Are you, then, angered, Sire, that I live still?

*Louis.* No; but such artifice——

*Rich.* Not mine; look elsewhere, Louis!

My castle swarmed with the assassins.

*Bar.* [advancing.] We have punished them already.

Huguet now



## The Speaker

In the Bastile. Oh! my lord, we were prompt  
To avenge you—we were.

*Rich.* We? Ha, ha! you hear,  
My liege! What page, man, in the last court grammar,  
Made you a plural? Count, you have seized the *hireling*;  
Sire, shall I name the master?

*Louis.* Tush, my lord,  
The old contrivance; ever does your wit  
Invent assassins, that ambition may  
Slay rivals——

*Rich.* Rivals, Sire, in what?  
Service to France? I have none. Lives the man  
Whom Europe deems rival to Armand Richelieu?

*Louis.* What, so haughty!  
Remember, he who made, can unmake.

*Rich.* Never!  
Never! Your anger can recall your trust,  
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,  
Rifle my coffers—but my name, my deeds  
Are loyal in the land beyond your scepter.  
Pass sentence on me, if you will; from Kings  
Lo! I appeal to time!

*Louis.* [*motions to Baradas and turns haughtily to the  
Cardinal.*] Enough!

Your Eminence must excuse a longer audience.  
To your own palace: for our conference, this  
Nor place, nor season.

*Rich.* Good, my liege, for Justice  
All place a temple, and all season summer!  
Do you deny me justice? Saints of heaven!  
He turns from me! Do you deny me justice?  
For fifteen years, while in these hands dwelt Empire,  
The humblest craftsman, the obscurest vassal,  
The very leper shrinking from the sun,  
Though loathed by Charity, might ask for justice!  
Not with the fawning tone and crawling mien  
Of some I see around you—Counts and Princes  
Kneeling for favors; but erect and loud,  
As men who ask man's rights!—My liege, my Louis,  
Do you refuse me justice—audience even—  
In the pale presence of the baffled Murder?

*Louis.* Lord Cardinal, one by one you have severed from  
me

The bonds of human love; all near and dear  
 Marked out for vengeance—exile or the scaffold.  
 You find me now amidst my trustiest friends,  
 My closest kindred. You would tear them from me;  
 They murder you, forsooth, since me they love.  
 Enough of plots and treasons for one reign.  
 Home! home! and sleep away these phantoms.

*Rich.* Sire!

I—patience, Heaven! Sweet Heaven! Sire, from the foot  
 Of that Great Throne, these hands have raised aloft  
 On an Olympus, looking down on mortals  
 And worshipped by their awe—before the foot  
 Of that high throne, spurn you the gray-haired man  
 Who gave you empire—and now sues for safety?

*Louis.* No; when we see your Eminence in truth  
 At the foot of the throne, we'll listen to you.

[*Exit King and train.*]

*Rich.* Goddess of bright dreams,  
 My country—shalt thou lose me now, when most  
 Thou need'st thy worshipper? My native land!  
 Let me but ward this danger from thy heart,  
 And die—but on thy bosom.

[*Enter Julie.*]

*Julie.* Heaven! I thank thee!  
 It cannot be, or this all-powerful man  
 Would not stand idly thus.

*Rich.* Julie de Mauprat, what dost thou here?  
 Home!

*Julie.* Home!—is Adrien there? You're dumb, yet strive  
 For words; I see them trembling on your lips,  
 But choked by pity. It was truth—all truth!  
 Seized—the Bastile—and in your presence, too!  
 Cardinal, where is Adrien? Think! he saved  
 Your life; your name is infamy, if wrong  
 Should come to his!

*Rich.* Be soothed, child.

*Julie.* Child no more.

I love, and I am woman! Hope and suffer:  
 Love, suffering, hope—what else doth make the strength  
 And majesty of woman?  
 I ask thee for my home, my fate, my all!  
 Where is my husband?

*Rich.* You are Richelieu's ward,  
A soldier's bride; they who insist on truth  
Must out-face fear: you ask me for your husband?  
*There*, where the clouds of heaven look darkest o'er  
The domes of the Bastile!

*Julie.* O, mercy, mercy!  
Save him, restore him, father! Art thou not  
The Cardinal King? the lord of life and death,  
Art thou not Richelieu?

*Rich.* Yesterday I was;  
To-day a very weak old man; to-morrow,  
I know not what.

[*Enter Clermont.*]

*Cler.* Madame de Mauprat!  
Pardon, your Eminence; even now I seek  
This lady's home commanded by the King  
To pray her presence.

*Rich.* To those who sent you!  
And say you found the virtue they would slay  
Here, couched upon this heart, as at an altar,  
And sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome!  
Be gone!

[*Enter Baradas.*]

*Bar.* My lord, the King cannot believe your Eminence  
So far forgets your duty, and his greatness,  
As to resist his mandate—Pray you, madame,  
Obey the King; no cause for fear.

*Julie.* My father!

*Rich.* She shall not stir!

*Bar.* You are not of her kindred;  
An orphan——

*Rich.* And her country is her mother.

*Bar.* The country is the King.

*Rich.* Aye, is it so?  
Then wakes the power which in the age of iron  
Bursts forth to curb the great, and raise the low.  
Mark, where she stands: around her form I draw  
The awful circle of our solemn Church!  
Set but a foot within that holy ground,  
And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—  
I launch the curse of Rome!

*Bar.* I dare not brave you;  
I do but speak the orders of my King:  
The Church, your rank, power, very word, my lord,  
Suffice you for resistance; blame yourself,  
If it should cost your power.

*Rich.* That's *my* stake. Ah!  
Dark gamester! *what is thine?* Look to it well—  
Lose not a trick. By this same hour to-morrow  
Thou shalt have France, or I thy head!

*Bar.* In sooth, my lord,  
You do need rest; the burdens of the state  
O'ertask you health. [*Aside.*] His mind  
And life are breaking fast.

*Rich.* [*Overhearing him.*] Irreverent ribald!  
If so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!  
I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,  
When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!  
Avaunt! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee!



## Flower in the Crannied Wall

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

LORD TENNYSON.

## The Burgomaster's Death

(From "The Bells," translated from the French of Erckmann and Chatrian.)

(SCENE. A room in the Burgomaster's house. Table and chair, R. Candle, lighted, on the table. Chair L. Couch at back. Enter Mathias L. Cautiously locks door, and puts key in his pocket.)



AT LAST I am alone! Everything goes well. Christian, the gendarme, is to-night made my son-in-law; my darling child, Annette, is now firmly settled for life; and so vanishes all fear from me. To-night I shall sleep without a terror haunting me. Ah! what a power it is, to know how to guide your destiny in life! You must hold good cards in your hands! good cards! as I have done; and, if you play them well, you may defy ill-fortune. (Revelers heard singing outside. Taking off coat.) Ha! ha! ha! these jolly toppers have got all they want. What holes in the snow they will make, before they reach their homes! Drink! drink! Is it not strange? To drink, and drown every remorse. (Pouring out wine.) But does it (sitting) drown remorse? Does it drown the memory of that night, fifteen years ago? (Raises glass to his lips.) What is the date? (Puts down glass; very much affected.) God! 'tis the same—this night exactly; and just such a night.) O Mathias. Mathias! if your friends who respect you only knew the secret that has been at your heart for years! If your wife and child knew that what raised them from poverty to affluence was crime—was mur—sh—!—walls have ears! How cold I am! (Drinks.) Yet I could not help it. Why did the Jew come to my inn, when the clouds of poverty hung most heavily over our house? Why did he come, with that belt full of gold, to tempt me? I could not see my loved ones turned out on the roadside the next day in the bitter winter cold. No one who is human could— (Starts up, listening, with terror.) Bells! bells! (Runs to window, and looks out.) No one on the road. (Comes forward.) What is this jangling in my ears? What is to-night? Ah! it is to-night—ten o'clock—the very hour! (Clock strikes

ten.) I feel a darkness coming over me. (Lights down.) A sensation of giddiness seizes me! (Staggeres to a chair, R.) Shall I call for help? No, no, Mathias! have courage! The Jew is dead. How lucky I decided to sleep by myself to-night! Pshaw! it is only my fancy that I heard the sound of the Jew's sleigh-bells—it is only fancy! I am safe! The people about here are such idiots, they suspect nothing. I am nervous to-night. It was that Parisian fellow—the mesmerist—at the fair to-day, who is the cause of it all. When he wanted to send me to sleep, as well as the others, I said to myself, 'Stop, stop, Mathias! This sending you to sleep may be an invention of the devil; you might relate certain incidents of your past life! You must be cleverer than that, Mathias; you must be cleverer than that!' (Starting up, and crossing L.) You will die an old man yet, Mathias, and (taking snuff) the most respected in the province. Only this, since you dream, and are apt to talk in your dreams, for the future you sleep alone in this room, the door locked, and the key safe in your pocket. (Goes to table, unlocks drawer, and takes out girdle.) That girdle did us a good turn; without it—without it we were ruined. If Catherine only knew—poor, poor Catherine! (Sobs; head falls forward on his arms, on the table. Bells heard. Mathias starts up, and goes to window.) The bells! the bells again! They must come from the mill. (Looks out.) No; the wheel is stopped, and the mill is in darkness. (Bells cease.) The bells stop. It must be fancy—it must be fancy. How that night comes back to me! We were just seated at a game of cards, downstairs, when, as the old clock struck ten, the sound of horse-bells was heard; a sledge stopped before the door, and almost immediately afterward the Polish Jew entered. He was a well-made, vigorous man, between forty and fifty years of age. I fancy, even now, I can see him entering the door, with his green cloak and his fur cap, his large black beard, and his great boots, covered with hare-skin. He was a seed-merchant. He says, as he comes in, "Peace be with you!" I ask him, "What can I do for you?" But the Jew, without replying, first opens his cloak, and then unbuckles a girdle, which he wore around his waist. This he throws upon the table, and I hear the ringing sound of gold—gold! Then he says, "The snow is deep, the road difficult; put my horse in the stable. In one hour, I shall continue my journey." After that he drinks his wine, without speaking to any one, and sits like a man depressed and anxious about his

affairs. At eleven o'clock the night watchman comes in. Every one then goes to his home, and the Jew and I are left alone. (Comes forward.) The next morning they find the Jew's horse dead under the old bridge, and a hundred yards further on, his green cloak and fur cap—stained—with—blood. (Looks around.) But what became of the Jew himself has never to this day been discovered. (Laughs grimly; sits, R.) Fools! (Pours out wine.) They never suspected that I had anything to do with his disappearance. (Drinks, and rises.) The room is growing cold, and my eyes are getting heavy. (Lies on couch, at back.) I'll lie here awhile. Ha! ha! Mathias, have no fear; you have played your game well! Sleep in peace, then. You have triumphed, and conscience is at rest—at rest. (Sleeps. Chorus of revelers heard, more faintly. Mathias begins to move restlessly in his sleep. Sleeping.) I say, no. A man cannot be condemned upon such supposition. You must have proofs. I do not hear the sound of bells. (Bells.) It is the blood, rushing to my brain—this jangling in my ears. Christian, I have made you my son; I have made you rich; come and defend me! My honor is your honor. Come to me, Christian! (Pause.) Take away the mesmerist!—his eyes burn into my soul! He shall not put me to sleep—he shall not! (Pause. Mathias sits up on couch, his eyes open, with the vacant stare of one in sleep. He rises to his feet, comes forward, and speaks in a low, hollow voice.) You command me to tell the story of my crime. So be it.

It is the night of the 24th of December, 1818; the hour half-past eleven. The people are leaving the inn; Catherine and little Annette have gone to rest. One man, Caspar, comes in. He tells me the lime-kiln is lighted. I answer him, "It is well; go to bed; I will see to the kiln." He leaves me. I am alone with the Jew, who is warming himself by the stove. Without all is at rest. No sound is heard, except, from time to time, the Jew's horse, under the shed, when he shakes his bells. (Stops, as if thinking.) I must have money. If I have not three thousand francs by the 31st, the inn will be taken from me. There is no one stirring; it is night; there are two feet of snow upon the ground; and the Jew will follow the high road alone. (After a short silence.) But he is strong. He would defend himself well, should any one attack him. (In a low voice.) He looks at me. He has gray eyes. (As if speaking to him-

self.) I must strike the blow! (Decidedly.) Yes, yes! I will strike the blow! I will risk it! (Pause.) I must, however, look around. The night is dark; it still snows; no one would trace my footsteps in the snow. (Raises his hand, as if feeling for something.) Let me see if he carries any pistols in his sledge. No, no; there is nothing; nothing at all. I can risk it! (He listens.) All is silent in the village. Little Annette is crying; a goat bleats in the stable; the Jew is walking in his room. He comes back; he places five francs upon the table; I return him his money; he fixes his eyes steadily upon me. He speaks to me; he asks me how far it is to Mützig. "Four leagues." I wish him well upon his journey; he answers, "God bless you!" He goes out; he is gone. (Mathias, with body bent, takes several steps forward, as if following and watching his victim. He extends his hands.) The ax! where is the ax? Ah! here, behind the door! How cold it is! (Trembles.) The snow falls—not a star! Courage, Mathias! You shall possess the girdle!—Courage! I follow him. I have crossed the fields. (Points.) Here is the old bridge, and there, below, the frozen rivulet. How the dogs howl at Damal's farm! How they howl! And old Finck's forge, how brightly it glows upon the hillock! (Low, as if speaking to himself.) Kill a man? Kill a man? You will not do that. Mathias—you will not do that! Heaven forbids it! (Proceeding to walk, with measured steps and bent body.) You are a fool! Listen! You will be rich; your wife and child will no longer want for anything. The Jew came. So much the worse; so much the worse; he ought not to have come! You will pay all you owe; you will be no more in debt. (Loud, in a broken tone.) It must be, Mathias, that you kill him! (Listens.) No one is on the road—no one. (With an expression of terror.) What a dreadful silence! (Wipes his forehead with his hand.) One o'clock strikes, and the moon shines. Ah! the Jew has already passed! Thank God! Thank God! (Kneels. Pauses. Listens. Bells heard, off.) No! The bells, the bells! He comes! Be careful, Mathias! Don't dabble your sleeves in his blood! Roll them up tight! Remember—the girdle!—the girdle! (Bends down, in watching attitude, and remains still. Pause. In a low voice.) You will be rich—you will be rich—you will be rich! (Bells increase in sound. Mathias as if watching. Suddenly he springs forward, and, with a species of savage roar, strikes a terrible blow with his right hand.) Aha! I have you now,



## The Speaker

Jew! (He strikes again—leans forward, and gazes anxiously on the ground—extends his hand, as to touch something, but draws it back in horror.) He does not move. I have done it! (Raises himself, utters a deep sigh of relief, and looks around.) The horse has fled with the sledge. (Kneeling.) He is dead; all is over. (Looks around.) Another noise! Nothing again; only the wind, whistling through the trees. Quick, quick, let me get the girdle at once!—the girdle at once! Ha! I have it! (While speaking takes the girdle from the Jew's waist, and fastens it around his own.) I am panting for breath! I can scarcely buckle it around my waist. Nothing but gold in it!—nothing but gold!—nothing but gold! Quick, Mathias, be quick! Carry him away! carry him away! (Bends down, and appears to lift the body on his back; walks across the stage, with his back bent and with slow steps, as if carrying a heavy burden.) I shall take him to the lime-kiln. (Walking L.) I am there. (Appears to throw down the body.) How heavy he was! Oh, what hands are here!—dabbled with his blood! I'll have no more of that. (Looks around.) Where's the shovel? (Bends to take it up.) I'll push him in with that. (Hoarsely.) Go into the fire, Jew!—go into the fire! (Appears to push the body with all his force. Shades his face with his hand.) Be careful, or the fire will scorch you! Look! look! look! He is burning, he is burning, burning, burning, burning! The corpse turns on the fire!—the face is turned upward! (Suddenly utters a cry of horror, and staggers away, R., his face covered with his hands.) Ah! those eyes!—those eyes! How they glare at me!—glare at me! (Quick exit, R.)



## Hearts-Ease

There is a flower I wish to wear,  
 But not until first worn by you—  
 Hearts-ease—of all earth's flowers  
     most rare;  
 Bring it, and bring enough for two.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## Jathrop Lathrop's Cow\*

BY ANNA WARNER.



SUSAN CLEGG and Mrs. Lathrop were next-door neighbors and bosom friends. Susan lived alone. Mrs. Lathrop's family consisted of herself and her one son, Jathrop. Jathrop Lathrop was just the style and build of a young man to be easily persuaded into taking a kicking cow in full payment of a good debt. Having taken the cow and brought her home, it naturally devolved upon his mother to do the milking. At the first trial the kicking cow kicked Jathrop Lathrop's mother so effectually that she went to bed forthwith, and the hastily-summoned doctor put her broken leg into a plaster cast at once. When they were alone Susan said:

"Well, I never would a believed it o' Jathrop!"

"'Twan't Jathrop; it was the cow."

"I know it was the cow kicked you, an' I must say if it wasn't for you an' me bein' such friends, I shouldn't mind seein' Jathrop get some sense kicked into him. Whenever I see him I can't help thinking that if you was cut out for a mother, it was a awful pity that you got through at Jathrop. Who but a born fool would buy a kickin' cow and then set his own mother down close to her hind heels? Have you made a will?"

"A will?"

"Yes; a will. When I was down town Lawyer West stopped me 'n said it was a important thing; he said he knew a man once that stepped on a rusty nail an' died an' left his property all wrong. While we was talking Mrs. Macy came up an' she is turrible exercised over having your leg set by young Dr. Brown. She says that what he'd orter a done was to have you hang to the headboard while he gave your leg a good, hard jerk. He never orter a put you into plaster. She says plaster is eatin', that's what it is. Plaster 'll eat anythin' right up. She says, don't you know how if a dead rat gets in the wall, you throw plaster on it, an' the plaster eats the rat, hide, hair an' all? I was

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talkin' to Grandma Mullins about it, too, and she says she's eat up a lot of rats that very way. Grandma says if she was you she'd never rest until old Dr. Carter looked into that leg. She says, an' she says true, that a leg is a leg, an' it says in the Bible, 'If you lose your salt, what'll you salt with?' A one-legged woman is so sort of outside of everything. She can't say she was a brakeman, or lost it in the war. Of course we all wish young Dr. Brown well, an' I mean to call him in myself when I know jus' what my trouble is, 'n jus' what I ought to take for it; but I tell you, Mrs. Lathrop, no young doctor gets a chance to walk off with one of my legs.

"Are you trying to turn over? 'Cause if you are you can't. You ain't been kicked six hours yet, an' you've got to lay that way for six weeks."

"Six weeks! Must I lay—"

"That's what Grandma Mullins says. She had a cousin with a broken leg once. The doctor didn't ever dream of plasterin' him. He put splints on him. Grandma says they thought they couldn't stand it the first week, he was so terrible cross. 'N then the bones began to knit. 'N she says she hopes she may fall over then an' there if she ever knew anything to equal that leg-knitting.

"I can't get that plaster out o' my head. I wonder if it won't give you the rheumatiz, anyhow. Deacon White got rheumatiz from movin' into a house when the plaster was damp, 'n it stands to reason it'd be worse yet if it's tied right tight to you. My! what's that! Lord preserve us!"

Something swished madly by outside. Susan jumped for the window, looked out and jumped for the stairs. Mrs. Lathrop screamed, but the banging of the front door was all the answer she received. She waited and waited in agony of body and mind, and finally fell asleep.

At 7 the next morning Susan rustled in.

"Oh, Susan, I've had an awful night! Did you see Jathrop?"

"You'll never see Jathrop again. Jathrop's gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, gone. If he hadn't he might have been lynched."

"Lynched?"

"Lynched! That's what I said. 'N, bein' 's I was brought up to speak the truth and fear no man, you c'n depend upon it's bein' so. It was the cow. Don't you remember how I run last night? It seems she broke loose where

she was tied, squeezed out into the chicken coop, 'n then busted right through the wire nettin' 'n set off. She run like wild fire, they say. She come into the square lickety-split, 'n the town committee was in the middle of it, examining the band stand where it needs fixin'. She came on the committee so sudden that they didn't even know what it was. They say greased lightning was donkeys to the way she went. When she had finished the committee she went on down the crick road, and the minister and six of the children was jus' coming home from a walk. The minister was pushing the twins in a buggy, and he was pulling little Jane behind him in an express wagon. The five children at home was all come running to meet 'em, an' the cow charged right into the middle of the bunch 'n the minister 'n all them eleven children is laid out for one spell. Well, 'n even then she didn't stop. Seemed like ploughing through the minister's family only gave her fresh strength. She kep' right straight on down the crick road, 'n jus' by the ditch she came on Mr. and Mrs. Jilkins. Jilkins went on one side with a parasol punched into him, and Mrs. Jilkins went over into the ditch.

"'N the cow didn't stop then. She rushed right along, and on the first bridge was Mrs. Macy. She was standing wondering what was to pay up the road, an' then she seen it was a cow. Well, you know what Mrs. Macy is on cows. I heard her say one day that she'd rather have a mouse run up her skirts any day than a cow. Her story is that she only had time to see its horns 'n th wildness of its eyes afore she never will know what did possess her. Well, Mrs. Lathrop, you c'n believe me or not, but this is what she says happened. The bridge is here, you know, 'n the road is here. The cow was running like mad along here, and Mrs. Macy, white and trembling, so that the bridge shook under her, was here, right atop of the bridge. She says to her dying day she'll never see how she done it, but she just grabbed her skirts, spread 'em out wide 'n said 'shoo!' as loud as she could. Her story is 't the cow stopped, like she was struck dumb that second; then she reared up as pretty a rear as Mrs. Macy 'll ever ask to see, 'n then she fell sideways into the mill race. The water was on full, an' she went right on down into the mill wheel, 'n some of her caught in it, 'n she couldn't budge. It squinched her right up, and she moved and kicked sum, an' bust the wheel, an' died.

"Mrs. Macy says she didn't waste no time on the cow. She just run as fast as she could to where the nearest man was coming from. First she found Mr. Jilkins, sitting on a stump pickin' parasol out o' himself, an' swearin' in a ways that Mrs. Macy hopes to be spared hereafter. While she was jus' bridge side of him, Mrs. Jilkins come scramblin' up out of the ditch, madder 'n sixty-five hornets. Seems she'd got most to the top twice, 'n it was so slippery 't she'd slip clear back to the bottom again. Mrs. Macy says, 'The Lord forgive her all her sins forever and ever if she ever see such a sight afore!' Mrs. Macy says she ain't been a widow so long but what she see 't a glance 't they'd be better and happier without no third party by, 'n so she left 'em 'n went on to the minister's. The neighbors was all there helpin' them. It seems the minister's wife took on awful because she thought he was killed, an' then when she found 't he wasn't the shock done her up completely. They got her to bed first, an' then young Dr. Brown rolled up his sleeves and went for the rest of 'em. He got the bandages as was ordered for your leg, an' used it right up on the minister's family. He sent for all Shore's flaxseed, 'n all Kimball's cotton, 'n then if he didn't pitch in! It seemed as if the cow had left him her spirit. The minister's nose is broken. Henry Ward Beecher's ear was most took off. Bobby and John Bunyan has something that keeps 'em yellin' all the time, an' Felicia Hemans may have to be trepanned. It's just awful you can't get out. You're missin' things as you'll never have a chance to see again—not if you live as high as Methusylum. The whole community is in the square, or else on the crick road. They've got the minister laid out on the sofa, 'n Polly Allen is right there every moment to open the door and keep the line a-movin'. Every one wants to see the minister, an' every one wants to see the cow. So some goes for the minister first, and the cow later. They all stops one way or the other to look down at Mrs. Jilkins's clawin's on the side of the ditch, 'n they say 'at the way she dug in the time she finally made it is almost beyond belief. Mr. West wants to know what steps you're intending in regard to the law-suits for damages."

"Damages!"

"Yes, damages; your cow's damages."

"My cow! I didn't have nothin' to do with her except get kicked, you—"

"I know, but Mr. West explained all that to me. Jathrop's gone, nobody knows where, 'n so you come next. 'F he's proved dead, leavin' property, it 'll be yours, 'n if he leaves damage suits you inherit *them*."

Mrs. Jathrop sat up in bed.

"Oh, Susan, quick! I believe I broke my plaster cast!"

"Yes, you have! Well, I don't think much o' young Dr. Brown's plaster casting. Only held one day. I can move it all around sure. I can pull it up and down. Try standing up."

"I'm a little mite stiff; except for that I c'n walk as good 's I ever could."

"It was never broke at all. No broken bone could grow together over night. Put on your things 'n go down with the rest of us to see the cow, 'n 'f young Dr. Brown makes any fuss over your not stayin' where he put you, I'd just up an' tell him to his face 't one fool's sufficient for one town. I guess it'll take the wind out of his sails to see one of his own broken legs running all over town the next day after it was set. Come on now, 'n hurry up, an' we'll go down 'n take a look 't the minister 'n then spend the rest of the morning over the cow."



## "With Whom There Is No Variableness, Neither Shadow of Turning"

It fortifies my soul to know  
That, though I perish, Truth is so:  
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,  
Whate'er I do Thou dost not change.  
I steadier step when I recall  
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

## Two Scenes from "The Hunchback"

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

The scene introduces *Modus*, a sheepish, bashful youth, and his cousin *Helen*, with whom he is in love. *Helen* is alone in a room of the *Earl of Rochdale's* palace. She speaks:

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

*Enter HELEN, C. D.*

*Hel.* I'm weary wandering from room to room;  
A castle after all is but a house—  
The dullest one when lacking company!  
Were I at home I could be company  
Unto myself. I see not Master Walter.  
He's ever with his ward. I see not her.  
By Master Walter will she bide, alone.  
My father stops in town. I can't see him.  
My cousin makes his books his company.  
I'll go to bed and sleep. No— I'll stay up  
And plague my cousin into making love!  
For, that he loves me, shrewdly, I suspect.  
How dull he is that hath not sense to see  
What lies before him, and he'd like to find!  
I'll change my treatment of him—cross him, where  
Before I used to humor him. He comes,  
Poring upon a book.

*Enter MODUS, L.*

What's that you read?

*Modus.* Latin, sweet cousin.

*Hel.* 'Tis a naughty tongue.  
I fear, and teaches men to lie.

*Modus.* To lie!

*Hel.* You study it. You call your cousin sweet,  
And treat her as you would a crab. As sour  
'Twould seem you think her, so you covet her!  
Why, how the monster stares, and looks about!  
You construe Latin, and can't construe that?

*Modus.* I never studied women.

*Hel.* No; nor men.

Else would you better know their ways: nor read  
In presence of a lady. [*Strikes the book from his hand.*]

*Modus.* Right you say,  
And well you served me, cousin, so to strike  
The volume from my hand. I own my fault.  
So please you,—may I pick it up again?  
I'll put it in my pocket!

*Hel.* Pick it up.  
He fears me as I were his grandmother!  
What is the book?

*Modus.* 'Tis Ovid's Art of Love.

*Hel.* That Ovid was a fool!

*Modus.* In what?

*Hel.* In that:  
To call that thing an art, which art is none.

*Modus.* And is not love an art?

*Hel.* Are you a fool,  
As well as Ovid? Love an art! No art  
But taketh time and pains to learn. Love comes  
With neither. Is't to hoard such grain as that,  
You went to College? Better stay at home,  
And study homely English.

*Modus.* Nay, you know not  
The argument.

*Hel.* I don't? I know it better  
Than ever Ovid did! The face—the form,—  
The heart,—the mind we fancy, cousin; that's  
The argument! Why, cousin, you know nothing.  
Suppose a lady were in love with thee,  
Couldst thou, by Ovid, cousin, find it out?—  
Couldst find it out, was't thou in love thyself?  
Could Ovid, cousin, teach thee to make love?  
I could, that never read him. You begin  
With melancholy; then to sadness; then  
To sickness; then to dying—but not die!  
She would not let thee, were she of my mind;  
She'd take compassion on thee. Then for hope;  
From hope to confidence; from confidence  
To boldness;—then you'd speak; at first entreat,



Then urge; then flout; then argue; then enforce;  
 Make prisoner of her hand; besiege her waist;  
 Threaten her lips with storming; keep thy word  
 And carry her! My sampler 'gainst thy Ovid! [*Crosses, L.*  
 Why, cousin, are you frightened, that you stand  
 As you were stricken dumb? The case is clear  
 You are no soldier. You'll ne'er win a battle.  
 You care too much for blows!

*Modus.* You wrong me there.  
 At School I was the champion of my form.  
 And since I went to College—

*Hel.* That for College! [*Crosses, R., and fillips with her*

*Modus.* Nay, hear me! [*fingers.*

*Hel.* Well? What since you went to College?  
 You know what men are set down for who boast  
 Of their own bravery. Go on, brave cousin!  
 What, since you went to College? Was there not  
 One Quentin Halworth there? You know there was,  
 And that he was your master!

*Modus.* He my master!  
 Thrice was he worsted by me.

*Hel.* Still was he  
 Your master.

*Modus.* He allowed I had the best!  
 Allowed it, mark me! Nor to me alone,  
 But twenty I could name.

*Hel.* And mastered you  
 At last! Confess it, cousin, 'tis the truth.  
 A proctor's daughter you did both affect—  
 Look at me and deny it! Of the twain  
 She more affected you;—I've caught you now,  
 Bold cousin! Mark you! Opportunity—  
 An opportunity she gave you, Sir,—  
 Deny it if you can!—but though to others,  
 When you discoursed of her you were a flame,  
 To her you were a wick that would not light,  
 Though held in very fire! And so he won her—  
 Won her, because he wooed her like a man.

. . . . Now, Sir.

Protest that you are valiant!

*Modus.* Cousin Helen!

*Hel.* Well, Sir?

*Modus.* The tale is all a forgery!

*Hel.* A forgery!

*Modus.* From first to last: ne'er spoke I  
To a proctor's daughter while I was at College.

*Hel.* It was a scrivener's, then—or somebody's.  
But what concerns it whose? Enough, you loved her.  
And, shame upon you, let another take her!

*Modus.* Cousin, I tell you, if you'll only hear me.  
I loved no woman while I was at College—  
Save one, and her I fancied ere I went there.

*Hel.* Indeed! Now I'll retreat, if he's advancing.  
Comes he not on! Oh, what a stock's the man!  
Well, cousin?

*Modus.* Well? What more would'st have me say?  
I think I've said enough.

*Hel.* And so think I.  
I did but jest with you. You are not angry?  
Shake hands! Why, cousin, do you squeeze me so?

*Modus.* [*Letting her go.*] I swear I squeezed you not!

*Hel.* You did not?

*Modus.* No.  
I'll die if I did!

*Hel.* Why, then you did not, cousin;  
So let's shake hands again—[*He takes her hand as before.*  
Oh, go and now

Read Ovid! Cousin, will you tell me one thing:  
Wore lovers ruffs in Master Ovid's time?  
Behooved him teach them, then, to put them on:—  
And that you have to learn. Hold up your head!  
Why, cousin, how you blush. Plague on the ruff!  
I cannot give't a set. You're blushing still!  
Why do you blush, dear cousin? So, 'twill beat me!  
I'll give it up.

*Modus.* Nay, prithee don't—try on!

*Hel.* And if I do, I fear you'll think me bold.

*Modus.* For what?

*Hel.* To trust my face so near to thine.

*Modus.* I know not what you mean.

## The Speaker

*Hel.* I'm glad you don't!  
 Cousin, I own right well behaved you are,  
 Most marvellously well behaved! They've bred  
 You well at College. With another man  
 My lips would be in danger! Hang the ruff!  
*Modus.* Nay, give it up, nor plague thyself, dear cousin.  
*Hel.* Dear fool! [*Throws the ruff on the ground.*  
 I swear the ruff is good for just  
 As little as its master! There!—'Tis spoiled—  
 You'll have to get another. Hie for it,  
 And wear it in the fashion of a wisp,  
 Ere I adjust it for thee! Farewell, cousin!  
 You've need to study Ovid's Art of Love. [*Exit, R.*  
*Modus.* Went she in anger? I will follow her,—  
 No, I will not! Heigho! I love my cousin;  
 Oh, would that she loved me! Why did she taunt me  
 With backwardness in love? What could she mean?  
 Sees she I love her, and so laughs at me,  
 Because I lack the front to woo her? Nay,  
 I'll woo her, then! Her lips shall be in danger,  
 When next she trusts them near me! Looked she at me  
 To-day, as never did she look before!  
 A bold heart, Master Modus! 'Tis a saying,  
 A faint one never won fair lady yet.  
 I'll woo my cousin, come what will on't! Yes!  
 [*Begins to read, pauses, and thrusts book into his bosom.*  
 Hang Ovid's Art of Love! I'll woo my cousin! [*Exit, R.*

## SCENE 2.

The friends of *Helen* and *Modus*, exasperated by his stupidity, form a conspiracy to bring him to his senses. It is announced that *Helen* is to marry at once a husband of her father's choosing. When she and *Modus* are alone she says:

*Hel.* Why, cousin Modus! What! Will you stand by  
 And see me forced to marry? Cousin Modus,  
 Have you not got a tongue? Have you not eyes?  
 Do you not see I'm very—very ill,  
 And not a chair in all the corridor?

*Modus.* I'll find one in the study. [*Going towards C. B.*

*Hel.* Hang the study!

*Modus.* My room's at hand. I'll fetch one thence.

*Hel.* You shan't!

[Going B.

I'll faint ere you come back!

*Modus.* What shall I do?

*Hel.* Why don't you offer to support me? Well?

Give me your arm—be quick! [*Modus offers his arm.*] Is  
that the way

To help a lady when she's like to faint?

I'll drop unless you catch me! [*Falls against him.—He supports her.*] That will do.

I'm better now—[*He offers to leave her.*—don't leave me!  
Is one well

Because one's better? Hold my hand. Keep so.

I'll soon recover, so you move not. Loves he—[*Aside.*]

Which I'll be sworn he does, he'll own it now.

Well, cousin Modus?

*Modus.* Well! sweet cousin?

*Hel.* Well?

You heard what Master Walter said?

*Modus.* I did.

*Hel.* And would you have me marry? Can't you speak?

Say yes or no.

*Modus.* No, cousin.

*Hel.* Bravely said!

And why, my gallant cousin?

*Modus.* Why?

*Hel.* Ah, why?

Women, you know, are fond of reasons—why  
Would you not have me marry? How you look!

Is it because you do not know the reason?

You mind me of a story of a cousin

Who once her cousin such a question asked.

He had not been to college, though—for books,

Had passed his time in reading ladies' eyes,

Which he could construe marvellously well,

Though writ in language all symbolical.

Thus stood they once together, on a day—

As we stand now—discoursed as we discourse,—

But with this difference,—fifty gentle words

He spoke to her, for one she spoke to him!—

What a dear cousin ! well, as I did say,

As now I questioned thee, she questioned him,

And what was his reply? To think of it

Sets my heart beating—'twas so kind a one!

So like a cousin's answer—a dear cousin!  
A gentle, honest, gallant, loving cousin!  
What did he say?

*Modus.* On my soul I can't tell.

*Hel.* A man might find it out,  
Though never read he Ovid's Art of Love.  
What did he say? He'd marry her himself!  
How stupid are you, cousin! Let me go!

*Modus.* You are not well yet.

*Hel.* Yes.

*Modus.* I'm sure you're not.

*Hel.* I'm sure I am.

*Modus.* Nay, let me hold you, cousin!  
I like it.

*Hel.* Do you? I would wager you  
You could not tell me why you like it. Well!  
You see how true I know you! How you stare!  
What see you in my face to wonder at?

*Modus.* A pair of eyes!

*Hel.* At last he'll find his tongue.—[*Aside.*]  
And saw you ne'er a pair of eyes before?

*Modus.* Not such a pair.

*Hel.* And why.

*Modus.* They are so bright!  
You have a Grecian nose.

*Hel.* Indeed?

*Modus.* Indeed!

*Hel.* What kind of mouth have I?

*Modus.* A handsome one.

I never saw so sweet a pair of lips!

I ne'er saw lips at all till now, dear cousin!

*Hel.* Cousin, I'm well,—you need not hold me now.

Do you not hear? I tell you I am well!

I need your arm no longer—tak't away!

So tight it locks me, 'tis with pain I breathe!

Let me go, cousin! Wherefore do you hold

Your face so close to mine? What do you mean?

*Modus.* You've questioned me, and now I'll question you.

*Hel.* What would you learn?

*Modus.* The use of lips?

*Hel.* To speak.

*Modus.* Naught else?

*Hel.* How bold my modest cousin grows!  
Why, other use know you?

*Modus.* I do.

*Hel.* Indeed!

You're wondrous wise! And pray, what is it?

*Modus.* This! [*Attempts to kiss her.*]

*Hel.* Soft! My hand thanks you, cousin—for my lips,  
I keep them for a husband! [*Cross, R.*] Nay, stand off!  
I'll not be held in manacles again!

Why do you follow me?

*Modus.* I love you, cousin!

*Hel.* Oh, cousin, say you so! That's passing strange!  
Falls out most crossly—is a dire mishap—  
A thing to sigh for, weep for, languish for,  
And die for!

*Modus.* Die for?

*Hel.* Yes, with laughter, cousin!  
For, cousin, I love you!

*Modus.* And you'll be mine?

*Hel.* I will.

*Modus.* Your hand upon it.

*Hel.* Hand and heart.

Hie to thy dressing room, and I'll to mine—  
Attire thee for the altar—so will I.

Whoe'er may claim me, thou'rt the man shall have me.  
Away! Despatch! But hark you, ere you go,  
Ne'er brag of reading Ovid's Art of Love!—[END.]

[*Modus beckons Helen over to him, snatches a kiss.—She runs off, R.; he takes the book from his bosom, which he had put there in former scene, looks at it and throws it down.—Exit, L.*]

## Last Speech of William McKinley

*(Delivered at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, September 5, 1901.)*

(AN EXTRACT.)



THE wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry, and invention is an international asset and a common glory. After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world! Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely-separated peoples and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom. Vast transactions are conducted and international exchanges are made by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined. The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen days to go from the city of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed. How different now! We reached General Miles in Porto Rico by cable, and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instantly of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet had hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact

was flashed to our capital and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy.

God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunderstandings, and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

We have a vast and intricate business built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises which have grown to such great proportions affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements, which will not interrupt our home production, we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.

What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy



wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

If perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?

In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear; this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to

“Make it live beyond its too short living  
With praises and thanksgiving.”


Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired, and the high achievements that will be wrought through this exposition? Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. May all who are represented here be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and out of this city may there come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence, and friendship which will deepen and endure.

Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

## For Dear Old Yale\*

BY JAMES LANGSTON.

[One of the most attractive short-story contests we have had in recent years was that arranged by the editors of *The Black Cat* magazine. The prize was sufficiently large to interest the best writers of the country. The prize-winner, printed below, by permission of the publishers, is evidence of the high character of the contest.]

N a little mission station, five miles from Harput, were gathered twenty-five people, well content to have a stone wall around them; for the fanatical hordes along the upper waters of the Euphrates were showing evidences of hostility. The women and some of the men in the little company thought there was no danger after they were once behind the stone wall, but the oldest of the missionaries knew the gravity and danger of the situation.

Beyond doubt the most learned member of this handful of Christians was Professor Walter Lathrop Sheffield Peabody, whom Yale University had sent out to oversee some archæological excavations in the valley of the Euphrates. Professor Peabody understood archæology, sociology, Greek, in fact nearly everything except dealing with Xeibeck chieftains, who care no more for a New Haven lion than they do for a Persian cat. However, Professor Peabody, who had a humiliating memory of having failed in physical courage in an emergency, determined now to take the leadership to wipe out its memory and to demonstrate beyond question his ability and power. So, on this day, when he espied some horsemen passing in the distance, he picked up his rifle very quietly, and, before, any one could stop him, he fired a shot at long range. He would show these people that the Christians were on the alert for danger and were armed, ready to take the aggressive.

When the ladies had gone to bed that night, Father Asdadur, as he was called, the finest old missionary in Asia Minor, called the men together.

Then he announced very quietly that the Xeibeck sheikh had sent word that his band would attack the mission station at sunrise unless a white Christian, one of their number, be delivered over to be shot. "One of their number was killed by one of our bullets. They want blood for blood. One of us must die, or they will massacre every one in this settlement."

"This is an outrage; it is infamous!" said Professor Peabody, and was launching into a pretty speech, when the old missionary interrupted: "This is a country, sir, of outrages and infamy."

"But we are American citizens; the Sultan must protect us."

"The Sultan is powerless, and four days' marching could scarcely bring troops here. The Xeibecks will be at our gates when the sun comes up; they keep their appointments."

"Gentlemen," said he, after a troubled pause, "I suppose I am responsible for this catastrophe. I probably fired the shot—"

"Not so sure about that," put in Morris. "I popped away at our friends two or three times myself this afternoon."

Every man in the room, with one possible exception, felt that this statement was false, and knew also why Morris made it.

He was a protégé of Peabody's, and notable at Yale in his own way. It was said that no man had ever passed him on the football field, and no man had ever failed to pass him in the class room. No dog ever loved his master better than he loved Professor Peabody; there was something pathetic in his attitude of humility toward this resplendent man of learning, in whom he saw everything that was good and great, while he—well, he was only Eli Morris.

Morris told a lie to defend his friend. Every one knew that. Every one save the professor,—at least he made no sign.

"My friends, I've lived in this region a long time, and understand its ways. In my time I have seen massacres. My mother and two sisters were killed at Hedink; my uncle and four cousins were killed at Trebizond. I know whereof I speak. The Xeibecks are the fiercest fighters in Syria, and they outnumber us ten to one. We might hold out against them an hour or two, not longer. After that you know what will happen." He glanced toward the stairway, whence the

sound of laughter and women's talk floated down. Each man looked his neighbor in the eyes; they understood.

"See here," said Morris, abruptly, putting down his pipe; "there's no use trying to dodge this thing; there are twenty-five people here to be saved, and one of us six has got to do it."

(After a pause.)

"Gentlemen," said Morris, blowing out clouds of smoke; "I've been thinking of something. I believe I know why I was sent to this God-forsaken country. I never did know until now. I think I'm the man to meet these beggars in the morning. I don't see any sense in drawing lots. Look at it sensibly now; you five men are all doing something worth while, helping somebody, making the world better. I've never done a thing except give the governor trouble, and blow in his money, and get dropped and suspended, and get myself laughed at, and—and" (with a gulp) "kick football a little. Besides that, you're married men, with families; but it don't matter a hang about me. So you'll please consider me nominated for this business in the morning."

It is doubtful if, in all his life, Eli had ever made so long a speech as this; it is certain he had never made such an impression. Father Asdadur reached across the table and clasped the young man's strong white hand in his brown, bony one.

"God bless you, my son," he said, "you have a brave heart, but the thing is impossible; quite impossible. There is but one way,—to draw lots."

To this all agreed, and a rug merchant from Chicago proposed that cards should point the finger of fate.

"I never played cards in my life," said Father Asdadur.

"Neither did I."

"I'll show you in a jiffy. Look here. I deal you each five cards, like that";—he produced a pack of cards from somewhere and began to shuffle them,—“understand, you have the privilege of drawing once, and the lowest hand loses.”

"Why not have it this way," suggested the professor, never lacking in a happy suggestion; "why not have the high man drop out after each deal and leave the others to fight it out? Then the choice will come between the two left in at the last."

This modification was agreed to, and Father Asdadur dealt the first hand, dealt it in silence, and his very clumsiness added to the tension. The six men studied their cards, threw

down their discards, called for the number they wanted, and then declared what they had. The man from Chicago had three kings and went out; he was safe. In the next round, Father Asdadur found fortune and went out in his turn. Then one after another the young missionaries held the highest hand, and so escaped the danger. The last hand came between Morris and Professor Peabody. Morris dealt.

"One card," said the professor, and his lips were dry.

"I'll take one," said Morris.

Both men discarded a single card, picked up a single card, and then slowly looked at it.

"Aces up," said the professor.

"I drew for a flush," said Morris, with a huskiness in his voice, "and—I didn't fill."

He threw down his cards, and for a moment no one spoke.

"It's all right," said Eli; "fate understands these things. I told you I was the man to go."

That broke the spell, and the others crowded about him with a show of sympathy. No one could sleep, and no one tried to sleep. Morris wrote letters to his family and one to a girl. About half an hour before sunrise sounds from the upper regions warned them that the ladies were dressing. Morris went quickly to the others and charged them on no account to let the ladies know.

In a moment the ladies appeared in their cool morning gowns. Coffee was served with a light meal, and just as the sun was rising Morris stood up and asked the company to sing "Here's to Good Old Yale." The men stood up, and the women rose, too, yielding to an influence they did not understand, and they all sang the old song as perhaps it had never been sung before, certainly not in Kurdistan. While in the center of the group, with lifted coffee-pot, stood Morris, towering half a head over every one, and singing his home-made bass with all the power that was in him, his eyes flashing wondrously.

"There are Eli's fine old discords again," said one of the girls, giggling, and was surprised that the men did not laugh.

Suddenly there came the sound of marching feet outside. A hoarse command rang out and gun butts grounded on the gravel. The ladies rushed to the window.

"Make them understand," said Professor Peabody, "that I represent one of the greatest institutions in the United States, and can promise them anything they desire."

"The sheikh says that he has never heard of the United States," said Father Asdadur, translating; "he says he has given his terms and has come for an answer." ~

"But tell him, for God's sake, make him understand, that this young man comes of fine family, that his father is very rich, that—that—that he has been entrusted to my keeping."

"The sheikh says that the young man of their band who was killed from here had a father and mother, too."

"Don't bother about it any more; it isn't much, anyhow. Good-by, professor. You know it's all—all—for 'Dear Old Yale,' " and he gripped the professor's well-shaped hand in an athlete's squeeze.

"Where are you going, Mr. Morris?" asked one of the girls from one of the windows.

"Oh, just to see these fellows do some musket practice," said Eli, lightly.

"Look!" exclaimed another, "they're taking him by the arms! Why, they're leading him off like a prisoner!"

"Don't be alarmed," called Eli; "it's just a joke. Say, ladies, friends, professor, let's give it to 'em once again, the old song." And he himself struck up:—

"Here's to good old Yale, drink her down;

Here's to good old Yale, drink her down;

Here's to good old Yale,

She's so hearty and so hale.

Drink her down, drink her down, drink her  
down, down, down."

And he kept singing while two barbarians, who knew no more of Yale than they did of mercy, formed on either side of him and started at the word of command.

As the sun came over the hills, lighting up the glories of the Euphrates valley, this little company of Christians, far from their homes, stood on the piazza and watched the departing group, while their voices sounded out in dear old words. And while they sang, the Xeibeck band marched slowly up the slope, until the last thing seen of Eli was his figure outlined on the hilltop in the red sunshine, while his voice came down faintly to his friends in the chorus that has been sung by the brave men of many brave classes, and will be sung as long as Yale endures:

"Here's to good old Yale, drink her down!"

"Why, how queer you men look!" said the wife of the young missionary. "What's the matter?"

The sound of shots came over the hill and echoed away in the distance, just as a girl's voice was heard.

"O, girls," came a voice from within, "see here; I do believe these men have been playing poker! Think of that at a mission station! Just look at this fine hand: ace, king, queen, jack, ten-spot!"

The professor was silent for a full half minute, and his face became very white. Then he said, with a look in his eyes no one had ever seen there: "My God! gentlemen, this is Morris's hand."

And at that moment Professor Walter Lathrop Sheffield Peabody understood that Yale University had turned out a bigger man than he.



## The Lance of Kanana

BY WILLARD FRENCH.



KANANA was a Bedouin boy, the son of an Arab chief.

As he grew to manhood he manifested a strong dislike to war, and was, therefore, a great disappointment and trial to his father. He had openly avowed that he would not lift a lance, in which he was expert, except in defence of his religion and his country. As our story opens, Prince Manual, son of the mighty Emperor Heraclius, has started with a vast army of Greeks and Turks and Romans to annihilate the Arabs.

Kahled the Invincible is commander of the Arabian forces. Kanana is touched to the heart by the awful condition of his country. We see him at the tent door of Kahled, begging that he may do something to help save Arabia. He is allowed to go as a spy into the camp of Prince Manual, and furnishes Kahled with much valuable information. At a critical moment he is captured and must suffer the fate of a spy. Our story tells us that, though held by the enemy, he succeeds in saving his country.

The Arabian army had not retreated one foot from its original position, when night brought the third day's battle to a close. Kahled sank upon the ground among his soldiers. Flight or death would surely be the result of the coming day. Even Kahled the Invincible had given up all hope of victory.

*Handwritten note:*  
 The story of the  
 lance of Kanana  
 is a very  
 interesting one.

In the camp of Prince Manual the same dread of the coming day clouded every brow. Food was entirely exhausted. Their solid phalanx was only what the enemy saw.

"If we could only make the Arabs think their men were deserting and joining us, we might frighten them," suggested an officer.

"Send for the spy," said Manual quickly, "and let it be proclaimed among the prisoners that all who will join us shall be set free, and those who refuse shall be slaughtered without mercy."

Haggard and worn, Kanana stood before him. "I am about to torture thee," said the Prince. "Thou has wronged me more than thy sufferings can atone, but I shall make them as bitter as I can. Hast thou anything to say before the work begins?"

Kanana thought for a moment, then replied: "Among the captives taken by the Prince, I saw an old man pass my cave. He is full of years. May it please the Prince to double every torture he has prepared for me, and in exchange to set that old man free?"

"Who is he?" asked the Prince.

"He is my father."

"'Tis well. Let him be brought."

The old man entered.

"Is this thy father?"

Kanana simply bowed his head in reply.

"You have offered to suffer every torture I can devise if I will set him free. You gave to Kahled the information which prevented his making terms with me. But for you, I should now be on my way to Mecca and Medina, to sweep them from the face of the earth; but I like courage. It is a pity to throw a heart like yours under a clod of earth, and I will give you an opportunity to save both yourself and your father. Stand upon yonder cliff as the sun rises; there, according to the custom of your people wave this lance above your head. Shout your own name and your father's so that all of your people can hear, and tell them that in one hour thirty thousand Arabs will draw sword in the cause of Heraclius. Then throw your lance, and if your aim be good and you kill an Arab, that moment will I set your father free, and you will be made a prince among my people. Refuse me, and, after I have tortured you, with red-hot irons will I burn out your father's eyes."

He had scarcely ceased speaking when the old sheikh ex-



claimed: "My son! My Kanana! I have wronged thee! Forgive me if thou canst, but let him burn out my eyes! Oh, not for all the eyes that watched the stars would I have a son of mine a traitor. Thou wouldst not lift a lance before: I charge thee, now, by Allah, lift it not for any price that may be offered thee by this dog of an infidel!"

Kanana fixed his eyes on Manual and asked: "Will the Prince allow his captive to sit alone till sunrise and consider his offer?"

"Take him out upon the cliff, and let him sit alone," said Manual.

Kanana chose a spot from which he could overlook the entire valley. One glance and he recognized the result of Kahled's last resolve. In the gray distance he saw laden camels moving to the south. He saw dark spots, most distant in the valley, suddenly disappear. They were folding their tents. They were moving away! Kahled the Invincible had ordered a retreat!

Kanana knew that a retreat at that moment meant death to Arabia, but he did not move again till an officer touched him on the shoulder and warned him that in a moment more the sun would rise.

With a startled shudder, he arose. "Give me that lance!" he said. He took the lance, tested it, and threw it scornfully upon the ground.

"Give me a heavier one. Do you think me like your Greek boys, made of wax? Give me a lance that when it strikes will kill."

They gave him a heavier lance.

"The hand-rest is too small for a Bedouin," he muttered, grasping it; "but wait! I can remedy that myself."

As he spoke he tore off a strip from beneath his coat, and, turning sharply about, walked before them to the edge of the cliff, winding the strip firmly about the hand-rest of the lance. Upon the very brink he stood erect and waited.

The sun rose out of the plain and flashed with blinding force upon the Bedouin boy.

"Are you afraid?" muttered the Prince.

Kanana did not turn his head as he answered: "Do you see yonder man upon a gray horse, moving slowly among his soldiers? He is coming nearer, nearer. That man is Kahled the Invincible."

"Kill him," said the prince, "and thou shalt be loaded down with gold till the day when thou diest of old age."

Kanana made no reply, but watched calmly and waited till

at last Kahled left the line of soldiers and rode alone nearer the cliff.

"Now is your chance, now, now!" exclaimed the Prince.

Slowly Kanana raised his lance; three times he waved it above his head; three times he shouted: "I am Kanana, son of the Terror of the Desert!" in the manner of a Bedouin who challenges an enemy to fight, or meets a foe upon the plains.

For a moment, then, he hesitated; the next sentence was hard to speak. He knew too well what the result would be. All that vast army down below was looking upon him. Thousands would hear his words; tens of thousands would see what followed them.

"Go on! Go on!" the Prince ejaculated, fiercely.

Kanana drew a deep breath and shouted: "In one hour thirty thousands Arabs will draw the sword in the army of Heraclius!"

Then, gathering all his strength, he hurled the lance directly at the great Mohammedan general, who had not moved since he began to speak.

Throughout those two great armies one might have heard a sparrow chirp, as the gleaming, flashing blade fell like a meteor from the cliff. It pierced the gray charger; the war horse of Kahled plunged forward and fell dying upon the plain. A fierce howl rose from the ranks of the Arabians.

"Kanana, the traitor! A curse upon the traitor!" rent the air. Such was the confusion which followed that had the Greeks been ready to advance, a thousand might have put an hundred thousand Bedouins to flight. But they were not ready.

Kanana stood motionless upon the cliff. He heard the yells of traitor, but he knew that they would come, and he did not heed them. Calmly he watched till Kahled gained his feet, dragged the lance from the dying horse, and with it in his hand hurried towards his soldiers. Only once he turned, and for an instant looked up at the solitary figure on the cliff. Then he turned and disappeared.

Kanana put his hand beneath his coat. Then, with a deep, shivering sigh, he turned about and faced Manual.

"You did well," said the prince, "but you did not kill an Arab. It was for that I made the promise."

"And if you kill an Arab," gasped Kanana, "that moment will I set your father free!" That was your promise, bound by all the powers of earth and heaven! You will keep it! You dare not defy those powers, for I have killed an Arab!"

As he spoke, Kanana tore open his coat and above a brilliant girdle they saw a dagger buried in his bleeding heart. He tottered, reeled backward and fell over the cliff.

Manual turned to the old sheikh and said: "A monstrous sacrifice has just been made to purchase your liberty. Go! You are free!" Then turned quickly and entered his tent.

"I think they are flying," an officer reported, coming from the cliff. "Let every soldier face them who has strength to stand!" commanded the Prince.

The Bedouins, with their constantly-thinning ranks, stood with grim determination where their feet rested, but they made no effort to advance. The wearied-out and starving Grecian phalanx simply held its ground.

An hour went by. Suddenly there was an uproar in the rear of the army of Heraclius. Ten thousand horse, and twenty thousand war camels poured in upon that defenceless rear, and even as Kanana had declared, in just one hour thirty thousand Arabs were wielding their savage swords in the army of Heraclius.

Another hour went by. Then the battle cry of Kahled ceased. The shout of victory rang from the throats of the Musselmans. The magnificent army of Heraclius was literally obliterated. Arabia was saved.

Quickly the soldiers erected a gorgeous throne, and summoned Kahled to sit upon it, while they feasted about him, and did honor to him as their victorious and invincible leader.

The veteran warrior came from his tent with his head bowed down, bearing in his arms a heavy burden. Slowly he mounted the platform, and on the sumptuous throne he laid his burden down. It was the lifeless body of Kanana.

With trembling hands the grim chieftain drew back the sheepskin coat, and all men beheld, bound about the Bedouin boy the sacred girdle.

"I gave it him," said Kahled, solemnly. "And upon the fragment you have returned to me he wrote the information by which we have conquered Jababal and Manual."

"You saw him throw this lance at me; you called him traitor, but about the hand-rest was wound this strip. See, in blood, in his own blood, these words are written: 'Do not retreat. The infidels are starving and dying. Strike them in the rear!' It was his only means of reaching me. It was not the act of a traitor. No! It was the lance of Kanana that saved Arabia."

# The Speaker

Volume I.

JUNE, 1906.

No. 3.



IN preparing this number of THE SPEAKER the editors believe they have met an urgent demand for selections suitable for children to recite. Teachers and parents complain that they have no more difficult task than to find such material, so that in gathering into a single volume so many things from the best writers we present a hand book for every home and school. Many people will not agree with our choice in such selections as "The Recessional," the "Concord Hymn," and some others, maintaining that these are beyond the comprehension of children, while other people, no doubt, will say that some of the numbers are too simple. Our standard in choosing is fixed by what seems to us sufficient reasons. It is not necessary that a child should understand what he recites, though there must be that in the selection which makes a definite appeal to his emotions. If there is a rhythm that suggests bravery, patriotism, joy, devotion, or other emotion, the selection is suitable. For this reason poetry is to be chosen rather than prose, especially for younger children. The literature of childhood, whether it be the childhood of a race or of an individual, is rhythmical—songs and ballads. Poetry has a stronger appeal than prose. The best prose is characterized by truth and wisdom, but poetry is more than these, it is the "rose upon truth's lips, the light in wisdom's eyes." "That is why," to quote from Kate Douglas Wiggin's splendid introduction to her anthology of child verse, "the thought in it finds its way to the very heart of one, and makes it glow and tremble, fills one with desire to do some splendid action, right some wrong, be something other than one is, more noble, more true, more patient, more courageous." Prose appeals to the understanding, poetry to the emotions. There are stories like those of Uncle Remus and Lamb's "Tales of Shakespeare," that interest children, but these are usually too difficult for them to recite.

Selections  
for Children

Prose or  
Poetry

## The Speaker

Poetry exalts the imagination and kindles the sympathies, and these are the qualities which mean most in any education—these develop soul culture.

"This is teaching literature," it may be objected. Certainly; but choosing selections for children must always be done with a definite purpose of teaching literature. "Speaking pieces" is to be condemned because it is an injustice to the child and a bore to those who listen. It is usually said that in learning to recite selections children acquire a confidence in themselves which helps them in other work and in their relation to other children and with grown people. Possibly, but it more often contributes to the vanity of those who are inclined to be "smart Alecks," and punishes the shy and awkward ones, whom it is supposed to help. Reciting what they have committed to memory should be an exercise, not an exhibition. When this distinction is clear in the minds of parents and teachers there are few more helpful drills in the child's life. Whether the selection is to be used as an exhibition or as an exercise has much to do with determining the class of literature chosen.

Children like to commit things to memory, and they are constantly doing it. Then what a pity not to store their minds with that which is worth while! Nursery rhymes are not to be tabooed, but we must recognize that if the child-mind is to grow, it must have something to take the place of Mother Goose. At first that which supplants these delightful jingles will have just as much rhythm and rhyme, but truth and wisdom will now begin to appeal in homœopathic form. That which is given must be a joy to the child, otherwise he may never learn to care for poetry or for literature in any form. But, with such a wide range of choice, it is not difficult to find that which will make a strong appeal. Even a very young child will enjoy a poem such as "The First Nowell," and will take a keen delight in making Nowell rhyme with Israel. We can't hope to have children enjoy good literature by giving them "Paradise Lost" to parse or to diagram; yet, by giving some of the most melodious passages to commit, they may learn to read it all with pleasure. Certainly some of the shorter poems, like "L'Allegro," with its delightful

**The Joy  
of Rhyme**

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity," etc.,

will give the child a taste of Milton which he will not forget.

The reason so few people read poetry with pleasure is that they do not bring to the reading a poet's sympathy and imagination. As has been said, "You will find poetry nowhere unless you bring some with you." In order that a child may learn to love poetry for something more than the rhythm the teacher must appeal to his imagination, so that it will kindle in response to the imagination of the verses. If the child is learning that beautiful "Summer Lullaby" by Eudora S. Bumstead, for instance, and comes to the line,

"The dandelions have closed their eyes,"

or the lines following,

"And the stars are lighting their lamps to see  
If the babies and birds and squirrels all three  
Are sound asleep as they ought to be,"

there are splendid opportunities for drawing out even the most feeble imagination. The figures of the dandelions and stars are within the experience of the child, and he readily responds to the new conception.

It must not be understood, however, that we urge poetry to the exclusion of prose in choosing selections. For older children there are many prose selections that may be used successfully. We print some of these, and indicate others.

\* \* \*

The editors have been actuated by a desire to furnish a valuable supplement to the reading matter used in the primary and grammar grades. There are two steps in learning to read. In the first the child is led from conscious thought to its correct oral expression, and then to its symbolic representation. If the child is first taught to speak well and then to recognize his own words and sentences by sight, he will be delighted to discover that reading is talking. If that happy state can be sustained, the natural, creative imagination of the child will be engaged, and the result will be a charming and spontaneous expression of child life and of childish attitude toward things that should be illuminating and of inestimable value to the teacher.

There are a number of poems and stories in this volume which may be told to the children who have not yet mastered the art of reading. There is no better antidote to the influ-

ence of the foreign element and to the uncouth and vulgar speech of the street and playground than a noble poem read in a cultivated, sympathetic voice. The children learn to repeat it from the teacher's lips, and to them it is illuminated by her imagination and glorified by her personality. In repeating the poems and telling the stories the wise teacher will soon perceive the dramatic advantage of being free from the book. Children always want to throw it aside when heart and soul are engaged. They should be stimulated and encouraged to visualize and memorize the picture and thought behind the words. This will require many repetitions, and it will be found that the author's words now suggest themselves as the natural clothing of the thought. When the stress is placed upon the memorizing of words alone, the child's reciting is likely to be "an effort to get something off his mind rather than to get something into the mind of the listener." The chief aim of primary reading is to prepare the child to read; to equip him with a key—"the sesame which opens doors not of robbers', but of kings', treasures."

From that time on reading becomes a process of thought-getting only, or of thought-getting and thought-giving. With the first, with silent reading, it is not in our present province to deal. Our intention is to find good literature which shall serve in a school-room exercise—an exercise in which the vocal interpretation shall be the test of the pupil's understanding of the text. There has been no thought or desire to cater to the demand for exhibition pieces; nor to offer encouragement to that pitiful victim of parental folly or ignorance, the Infant Prodigy. Judged by an absolute standard, any possible performance of a child must be pitiful enough. The whole interest centers in the fact that it is the work of a child, and not that it has signal artistic merit; and yet parents are so blind and vain as to inflict on an audience an immature exercise which has no place outside of the school-room or nursery. If a child have gifts which promise that he shall one day be a great interpreter of literature, of life, he of all others should be allowed to know life at its best, to know the meaning of a sane, happy, normal childhood. Life has no more blessed gift than a simple natural childhood. The memory of it makes one rich forever, and yet many a vain and ambitious parent has ruthlessly pushed the fairest into a hothouse, where "the golden gates of childhood have forever closed behind him."

The editors hope, too, that the book will have no mental association with the conventional rhetorical-day exercises, that "day of torment" which has for many "laid the foundation of a finished incapacity for public speaking." The place that the book hopes to fill in the school-room and in the home is as a supplement to the regular reading lesson. If the child still remembers that reading is talking, then this book will make to him the strongest appeal because the selections have all been made with the thought of the oral delivery. They are singularly incomplete without the voice. They belong to that class of literature of which Newell Dwight Hillis once said: "The printed page is to its proper vocal interpretation what Christopher Wren's plans are to St. Paul's Cathedral—a blue-print for the soul."

**Memorize**  
**Some Read-**  
**ing Lessons**

We recommend that the selections be memorized, for, besides the advantage of storing the mind with beautiful thoughts in beautiful English, they furnish many noble and stimulating ideals of conduct. Then, too, the memorizer argues that the lesson is well prepared, and the reader has the further advantage of being able to look into the faces of those whom he is addressing.

An attempt has been made to choose stories that are simple, direct, dramatic, that it may be easy for the child to fuse and hold the little audience.

We have tried to keep constantly before us the distinction between sentiment and sentimentality, a distinction that is not always regarded in preparing books for children. We believe that to a greater or less degree all the matter in this book deserves the high praise that Edward Everett Hale accords to the children's stories of Hans Christian Andersen, "There is a quiet use of language in which there is a nominative case for the thing that is described, and a good steadfast verb which describes that thing; in which there is no rushing north, south, east or west for an effect which is visible and at hand."



Many of our subscribers will change their addresses before the opening of the next school year, but not before the next number of THE SPEAKER is mailed. While we wish to be accommodating, we cannot send a second copy of the September number to those who fail to inform us in time to have that number mailed to the new address. We shall hold back the September number until a few days after the 1st so that all may have an opportunity to inform us where their copy is to be mailed. We are mailing the June number several days before the 1st so that the teachers whose schools close early may have the magazine before they leave for the summer, and that many may have these selections for closing exercises.



## Reading

BY ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

We get no good  
 By being ungenerous, even to a book,  
 And calculating profits . . . so much help  
 By so much reading. It is rather when  
 We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge  
 Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,  
 Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—  
 'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

*From "Aurora Leigh."*

## The Shave-Store\*

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

[No book of child verse in recent years has made so strong an appeal to critics and the reading public as "Chronicles of the Little Tot," from which this poem is reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers, the Dodge Publishing Company, New York. The book is filled with poems that lend themselves to recitation. To enumerate these would be to repeat most of the fifty-two titles, but "The Hen," "At the Concert," "The Papa-Dolly" should be mentioned.]

Yesterday papa said: "Will it behave,  
 If I should take it, while I get a shave?"  
 'N I said "Yes!" as loud as I could talk,  
 So me en he, we went out for a walk.  
*Clear* to the Shave-Store. En then I sat there  
 En papa clumb up in the dentist chair  
 En had a bib on. En the shave man took  
 En painted papa till he made him look  
 Like frostin' on a angel-cake. *Mm!* he looked nice!  
 'N I thought the man was goan to cut a slice!

He took a knife en wiped en wiped it, but  
 He didn't hurt my papa. He jus' cut  
 The frostin' off his face, en took another  
 Knife en wiped *it* on the piece of luther,  
 En painted papa more, 'n' cut, 'n' cut  
 En mussed his hair, 'n' slapped his face, 'n' shut  
 The ol' knife up, 'n' washed his face, he did,  
 Like papa washes me, sometimes, 'n' calls me "Kid."  
 En he put baby-powder on him, too,  
 En smelled him up. En when he was all through  
 The shave-store man says: "'Bye, young lady; when  
 You want *another* shave jus' call again."

\* Copyright, 1905, by Dodge Publishing Co.

## The Moo-Cow-Moo\*

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

My pa held me up to the moo-cow-moo  
So clost I could almost touch,  
En I fed him a couple of times, or two,  
En I wasn't a fraid-cat—*much*.

But ef my papa goes into the house,  
En mamma she goes in, too,  
I just keep still, like a little mouse,  
Fer the moo-cow-moo might moo!

The moo-cow-moo's got a tail like a rope  
En it's raveled down where it grows,  
En it's just like feeling a piece of soap  
All over the moo-cow's nose.

En the moo-cow-moo has lots of fun  
Just swinging his tail about;  
En he opens his mouth and then I run—  
'Cause that's where the moo comes out!

En the moo-cow-moo's got *deers* on his head  
En his eyes stick out of their place,  
En the nose of the moo-cow-moo is spread  
All over the end of his face.

En his feet is nothing but finger nails  
En his mamma don't keep 'em cut,  
En he gives folks milk in water-pails  
Ef he don't keep his handles shut.

'Cause ef you er me pulls the handles, why  
The moo-cow-moo says it hurts,  
But the hired man he sits down clost by  
En squirts en squirts en squirts!

## Brother Wolf and the Horned Cattle\*

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

[Like all the stories by Joel Chandler Harris, those in "Nights with Uncle Remus" are a delight to the children. Two boys who know the book intimately chose the following as the best stories in this volume. They had some difficulty in making a choice. Only five were to be mentioned; they finally succeeded in cutting the list to six, the one printed herewith being the favorite: "Brother Wolf Says Grace," "A Ghost Story," "Brother Rabbit and His Famous Fast," "The Origin of the Ocean," and "Why Mr. Dog Runs Brother Rabbit."]



IS TEMPY," said Uncle Remus, "I speck it's yo' time fer ter put in."

"I des bin rackin' my min'," said Aunt Tempy, thoughtfully. "I see you fixin' dat ar hawn, un terreckerly hit make me think 'bout a tale w'at I ain't year none un you tell yit."

Uncle Remus was polishing a long cow's-horn for the purpose of making a hunting-horn for his master.

"Hit come 'bout one time dat all de creeturs w'at got hawns tuck a notion dat dey got ter meet terge'er un have a confab fer ter see how dey gwine take keer deyse'f, kaze dem t'er creeturs w'at got tush un claw, dey uz des a snatchin' um fum 'roun' eve'y cornder."

"Tooby sho," said Uncle Remus, approvingly.

"Dey sont out wud, de hawn creeturs did, un dey tuck'n meet terge'er way off in de 'woods. Man—Sir,—dey wuz a big gang un um, un de muster dey had out dar 'twan't b'ar tellin' skacely. Mr. Bull, he 'uz dar, un Mr. Steer, un Miss Cow"—

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## The Speaker

"And Mr. Benjamin Ram, with his fiddle," suggested the little boy.

"Yes, 'n Mr. Billy Goat, un Mr. Unicorn"—

"En ole man Rinosshoss," said Uncle Remus.

"Yes, 'n lots mo' w'at I ain't know de names un. Man—Sir,—dey had a mighty muster out dar. Ole Brer Wolf, he tuck'n year 'bout de muster, un he sech a smarty dat nothin' ain't gwine do but he mus' go un see w'at dey doin'.

"He study 'bout it long time, un den he went out in de timber un cut 'im two crooked sticks, un tie um on his head, un start off to whar de hawn creeturs meet at. W'en he git dar Mr. Bull ax 'im who is he, w'at he want, whar he come from, un whar he gwine. Brer Wolf, he 'low:

"'Ba-a! I'm name little Sook Calf.'"

"Eh-eh! Look out, now," exclaimed 'Tildy, enthusiastically.

"Mr. Bull look at Brer Wolf mighty hard over his specks, but atter a w'ile he go off some'rs else, un Brer Wolf take his place in de muster.

"Well, den, bimeby, terreckerly, dey got ter talking' un tellin' der 'sperence des like de wite folks does at class-meetin'. W'iles dey 'us gwine on dis away, a great big hoss-fly come sailin' 'round, un Brer Wolf tuck'n fergit hisse'f, un snap at 'im.

"All dis time Brer Rabbit bin hidin' out in de bushes watchin' Brer Wolf, un w'en he see dis he tuck'n break out in a laugh. Brer Bull, he tuck'n holler out, he did:

"'Who dat laughin' un showin' der manners?'

"Nobody ain't make no answer, un terreckerly Brer Rabbit holler out:

"'O kittle-cattle, kittle-cattle, whar yo' eyes?

Who ever see a Sook Calf snappin' at flies?'

"De hawn creeturs dey all look 'roun' un wonder w'at dat mean, but bimeby dey go on wid dey confab. 'Twan't long 'fo' a flea tuck'n bite Brer Wolf 'way up on de back er de neck, un 'fo' he know what he doin' he tuck'n squat right down un scratch hisse'f wid his behine foot."

"Enty," exclaimed Daddy Jack. "Dar you is," said Tildy.

"Brer Rabbit, he tuck'n broke out in n'er big laugh un 'sturb um all, un den he holler out:

"'Scritchum-scratchum, lawsy, my laws!

Look at dat Sook Calf scratchin' wid claws.'

"Brer Wolf git mighty skeer'd, but none er de hawn creeturs ain't take no notice un 'im, un 'twan't long 'fo Brer Rabbit holler out ag'in:

"'Rinktum-tinktum, ride 'im on a rail!  
Dat Sook Calf got a long, bushy tail.'

"De hawn creeturs, dey go on wid der confab, but Brer Wolf git skeerder un skeerder, kaze he notice dat Mr. Bull got his eye on 'm. Brer Rabbit, he ain't gin 'im no rest. He holler out:

"'One un one never kin make six;  
Sticks ain't hawns, un hawns ain't sticks.'

"Wid dat Brer Wolf make ez ef he gwine way fum dar, un he wan't none too soon, needer, kaze ole Mr. Bull splunge at 'im, en little mo' un he'd er natally to' 'im in two."

"Did Brother Wolf get away?" the little boy asked.

"Yas, Lord," said Aunt Tempy, with unction; "he des scooted 'way fum dar, un he got so mad wid Brer Rabbit, dat he tuck'n play dead, un wud went 'roun' dat dey want all de creeturs fer ter go set up wid 'im. Brer Rabbit, he went down dar fer ter look at 'im, un time he see 'im, he ax:

"'Is he grin yit?"

"All de creeturs dey up'n say he ain't grin, not ez dey knows un. Den Brer Rabbit, he 'low, he did:

"'Well, den, gentermuns, all, ef he ain't grin, den he ain't dead good. In all my 'speunce folks ain't git dead good tell dey grins."

"W'en Brer Wolf year Brer Rabbit talk day away, he tuck'n grin fum year ter year, un Brer Rabbit, he picked up his hat un walking'-cane un put out fer home, un w'en he got way off in de woods he sot down un laugh fit ter kill hisse'f."

Uncle Remus had paid Aunt Tempy the extraordinary tribute of pausing in his work to listen to her story, and when she had concluded it, he looked at her in undisguised admiration, and exclaimed:

"I be bless, Sis Tempy, ef you ain't wuss'n w'at I is, en I'm bad nuff, de Lord knows I is."

## A Summer Lullaby

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

The sun has gone from the shining skies,  
Bye, baby, bye.

The dandelions have closed their eyes,  
Bye, baby, bye.

And the stars are lighting their lamps to see  
If the babies and birds and squirrels all three  
Are sound asleep as they ought to be,  
Bye, baby, bye.

The squirrel is dressed in a coat of gray;  
Bye, baby, bye.

He wears it by night as well as by day;  
Bye, baby, bye.

The robin sleeps in his feathers and down,  
With the warm red breast and the wings of brown,  
But the baby wears a little white gown;  
Bye, baby, bye.

The squirrel's nest is a hole in the tree;  
Bye, baby, bye.

There he sleeps as snug as can be;  
Bye, baby, bye.

The robin's nest is high o'erhead,  
Where the leafy boughs of the maples spread;  
But the baby's nest is a little white bed,  
Bye, baby, bye.

## The First Nowell

(Old Carol.)

[This selection is well adapted for a class of children, who may give the refrain in chorus, each reciting a stanza.]

The first Nowell the Angel did say,  
Was to three poor shepherds in fields as they lay;  
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep  
In a cold winter's night that was so deep.  
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star  
Shining in the East beyond them far,  
And to the earth it gave great light,  
And so it continued both day and night.  
Nowell, Nowell,—

And by the light of that same star,  
Three Wise Men came from country far.  
To seek for a King was their intent,  
And to follow the star wherever it went.  
Nowell, Nowell,—

The star drew nigh to the northwest,  
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,  
And there it did both stop and stay  
Right over the place where Jesus lay.  
Nowell, Nowell,—

Then did they know assuredly  
Within that house the King did lie;  
One entered in then for to see,  
And found the babe in poverty.  
Nowell, Nowell,—

Then entered in those Wise Men three  
Most reverently upon their knee,  
And offered there in His presence  
Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.  
Nowell, Nowell,—



## The Speaker

Between an ox stall and an ass,  
This child truly there born He was;  
For want of clothing they did Him lay  
In the manger, among the hay.

Nowell, Nowell,—

Then let us all with one accord  
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,  
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,  
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

Nowell, Nowell,—

If we in our time shall do well,  
We shall be free from death and Hell,  
For God hath prepared for us all  
A resting-place in general.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel.



## A Riddle

BY JONATHAN SWIFT.

(The Vowels.)

We are little airy creatures,  
All of different voice and features;  
One of us in glass is set,  
One of us you'll find in jet.  
T'other you may see in tin,  
And the fourth a box within.  
If the fifth you should pursue,  
It can never fly from you.

## Tiny Tim

(From "A Christmas Carol.")

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

"And a little child shall lead them."



THE door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle, in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will, Scrooge, dismounting from his stool, tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?"

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient, and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself mightily ill-used, I'll be bound?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you don't think me ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

"It's only once a year, sir."

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December. But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning."

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of

its being Christmas eve, and then ran home as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's buff.

On Christmas Day Bob took Tiny Tim and the two little Cratchits to church while Mrs. Cratchit and Peter and Belinda stayed at home to prepare the wonderful Christmas dinner.

Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence, laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother Tiny Tim? And Martha war'n't as late last Christmas day by half an hour."

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother," cried the two young Cratchits.

"Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother."

"Well, never mind, so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye."

"No, no. There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide."

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father,

with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim! he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming," said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant,—“not coming upon Christmas day!”

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs,—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby,—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim

beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said, with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last. Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone,—too nervous to bear witnesses,—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose,—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam. The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day. That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that. That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered,—flushed, but smiling proudly,—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

O, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had

something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire.

Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass,—two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five and sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song, about the lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it so well that when it was ended there were tears in every eye. Mrs. Cratchit got up and kissed him, and Martha kissed him, and the little Cratchits kissed him, and the father put his arm around him and said:

"My little child! My little child! God bless you! God bless you!"

"God bless you, father! (God bless us! God bless us every one.)"

## The American Flag

(Extract.)

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

When Freedom from her mountain height  
 Unfurled her standard to the air,  
 She tore the azure robe of night,  
 And set the stars of glory there.  
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
 The milky baldrick of the skies,  
 And striped its pure, celestial white,  
 With streakings of the morning light;  
 Then from his mansion in the sun  
 She called her eagle bearer down,  
 And gave into his mighty hand  
 The symbol of her chosen land.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,  
 By angel hands to valor given;  
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
 And all thy hues are born in heaven.  
 Forever float that standard sheet!  
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!



## A Grace for a Child

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

Here a little child I stand,  
 Heaving up my either hand;  
 Cold as Paddocks though they be,  
 Here I lift them up to Thee,  
 For a Benizon to fall  
 On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

## The Fairies

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together:  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home,  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain-lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
The old King sits;  
He is now so old and gray  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columkill he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosses;  
Or going up with music  
On cold starry nights,  
To sup with the Queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long;  
When she came down again  
Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly back,  
Between the night and morrow,



## The Speaker

They thought she was fast asleep,  
 But she was dead with sorrow.  
 They have kept her ever since  
 Deep within the lake,  
 On a bed of flag-leaves,  
 Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,  
 Through the mosses bare,  
 They have planted thorn-trees  
 For pleasure here and there.  
 Is any man so daring  
 As dig them up in spite,  
 He shall find their sharpest thorns  
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
 Down the rushy glen,  
 We daren't go a-hunting  
 For fear of little men;  
 Wee folk, good folk,  
 Trooping all together;  
 Green jacket, red cap,  
 And white owl's feather.



## The Rule for Birds' Nesters

(Old Rhyme.)

The robin and the red-breast,  
 The robin and the wren;  
 If ye take out o' their nest,  
 Ye'll never thrive agen.

The robin and the red-breast,  
 The marten and the swallow;  
 If ye touch one o' their eggs,  
 Bad luck will surely follow!

## Queen Mab

BY THOMAS HOOD.

A little fairy comes at night,  
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,  
With silver spots upon her wings,  
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,  
And when a good child goes to bed  
She waves her wand from right to left,  
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,  
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,  
And trees that bear delicious fruit,  
And bow their branches at a wish:

Of arbors filled with dainty scents  
From lovely flowers that never fade;  
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,  
And glow-worms shining in the shade.

And talking birds with gifted tongues,  
For singing songs and telling tales,  
And pretty dwarfs to show the way  
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,  
From left to right she weaves her rings,  
And then it dreams all through the night  
Of only ugly, horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,  
And tigers growl, a dreadful noise,  
And ogres draw their cruel knives,  
To shed the blood of girls and boys.

## The Speaker

Then stormy waves rush on to drown,  
 Or raging flames come scorching round,  
 Fierce dragons hover in the air,  
 And serpents crawl along the ground.

Then wicked children wake and weep,  
 And wish the long, black gloom away;  
 But good ones love the dark, and find  
 The night as pleasant as the day.



## The Star Song

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

Tell us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,  
 Where is the Babe but lately sprung?  
 Lies He the lily-banks among?

Or say, if this new Birth of ours  
 Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,  
 Spangled with dew-light; thou canst clear  
 All doubts, and manifest the where.

Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek  
 Him in the morning's blushing cheek,  
 Or search the beds of spices through,  
 To find Him out?

Star—no, this ye need not do;  
 But only come and see Him rest,  
 A princely babe, in's mother's breast.

# O Little Town of Bethlehem

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

O little town of Bethlehem,  
 How still we see thee lie!  
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
 The silent stars go by;  
 Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
 The everlasting Light;  
 The hopes and fears of all the years  
 Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,  
 And, gathered all above,  
 While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
 Their watch of wondering love.  
 O morning stars, together  
 Proclaim the holy birth!  
 And praises sing to God the King,  
 And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,  
 The wondrous gift is given!  
 So God imparts to human hearts  
 The blessings of His heaven.  
 No ear may hear His coming,  
 But in this world of sin,  
 Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
 The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!  
 Descend to us, we pray;  
 Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
 Be born in us to-day.  
 We hear the Christmas angels  
 The great glad tidings tell;  
 Oh, come to us, abide with us,  
 Our Lord Emmanuel!

## Santa Claus

(Anonymous.)

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!  
He softly, silently comes;  
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white  
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.  
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,  
While the white flakes around him whirl;  
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home  
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;  
It will carry a host of things,  
While dozens of drums hang over the side,  
With the sticks sticking under the strings.  
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,  
Not a bugle blast is blown,  
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,  
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,  
Till the stockings will hold no more;  
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills  
Are quickly set down on the floor.  
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,  
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;  
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard  
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,  
Of his goodies he touches not one;  
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast  
When the dear little folks are done.  
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;  
This beautiful mission is his;  
Then, children, be good to the little old man,  
When you find who the little man is.

# Recessional

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

God of our fathers, known of old—  
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line—  
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
 The captains and the kings depart—  
 Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

Far-called our navies melt away—  
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.  
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use  
 Or lesser breeds without the law—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
 In reeking tube and iron shard—  
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard—  
 For frantic boast and foolish word,  
 Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord. Amen.

# The Bonniest Bairn in a' the Warl'

BY ROBERT FORD.

The bonniest bairn in a' the warl'  
 Has skin like the drifted snaw,  
 An' rosy wee cheeks sae saft an' sleek—  
 There never was ither sic twa;  
 Its een are just bonnie wee wander'd stars,  
 Its leggies are plump like a farl,  
 An' ilk ane maun see't, an' a' maun declar't  
     The cleverest bairn,  
     The daintiest bairn,  
     The rosiest, cosiest, cantiest bairn,  
     The dearest, queerest,  
     Rarest, fairest,  
 Bonniest bairn in a' the warl'.

The bonniest bairn in a' the warl'  
 Ye ken whaur the ferlie lives?  
 It's doon in yon howe, it's owre yon knowe—  
 In the laps o' a thousand wives;  
 It's up an' ayont in yon castle brent,  
 The heir o' the belted earl;  
 It's sookin its thoomb in yon gipsy tent—  
     The cleverest bairn,  
     The daintiest bairn,  
     The rosiest, cosiest, cantiest bairn,  
     The dearest, queerest,  
     Rarest, fairest,  
 Bonniest bairn in a' the warl'.

## The Flag Goes By

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

Hats off!  
 Along the street there comes  
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
 A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!  
 The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
 Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!  
 The colors before us fly;  
 But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,  
 Fought to make and to save the State:  
 Weary marches and sinking ships;  
 Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;  
 March of a strong land's swift increase;  
 Equal justice, right and law,  
 Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong  
 To ward her people from foreign wrong:  
 Pride and glory and honor,—all  
 Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!  
 Along the street there comes  
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;  
 And loyal hearts are beating high:  
 Hats off!  
 The flag is passing by!



## Pocahontas

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Wearied arm and broken sword  
 Wage in vain the desperate fight;  
 Round him press a countless horde,  
 He is but a single knight.  
 Hark! a cry of triumph shrill  
 Through the wilderness resounds,  
 As, with twenty bleeding wounds,  
 Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre,  
 And the torch of death they light;  
 Ah! 'tis hard to die by fire!  
 Who will shield the captive knight?  
 Round the stake with fiendish cry  
 Wheel and dance the savage crowd,  
 Cold the victim's mien and proud,  
 And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?  
 Who avert the murderous blade?  
 From the throng with sudden start  
 See, there springs an Indian maid.  
 Quick she stands before the knight:  
 "Loose the chain, unbind the ring.  
 I am daughter of the king,  
 And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings  
 Lifted axe and thirsty knife,  
 Fondly to his heart she clings,  
 And her bosom guards his life.  
 In the woods of Powhatan  
 Still 'tis told by Indian fires  
 How a daughter of their sires  
 Saved a captive Englishman.

## A Farewell

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;  
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray ;  
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you  
 For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;  
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;  
 And so make life, death, and that vast forever  
 One grand, sweet song.



## The Shepherd Boy Sings

(*"In the Valley of Humiliation."*)

BY JOHN BUNYAN.

He that is down needs fear no fall,  
 He that is low, no pride ;  
 He that is humble ever shall  
 Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,  
 Little be it or much :  
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave,  
 Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is  
 That go on pilgrimage :  
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,  
 Is best from age to age.

## Two Apple-Howling Songs

(Old Rhymes.)

## I. SURREY.

Here stands a good apple tree.  
 Stand fast at root,  
 Bear well at top;  
 Every little twig  
 Bear an apple big;  
 Every little bough  
 Bear an apple now;  
 Hats full! caps full!  
 Threescore sacks full!  
 Hullo, boys! hullo!

## II. DEVONSHIRE.

Here's to thee, old apple tree,  
 Whence thou may'st bud, and whence thou may'st blow,  
 And whence thou may'st bear apples enow!  
 Hats full! Caps full!  
 Bushel—bushel—sacks full,  
 Old parson's breeches full,  
 And my pockets full, too!  
 Huzza!



## A Boy's Prayer

BY HENRY CHARLES BEECHING.

God who created me  
 Nimble and light of limb,  
 In three elements free,  
 To run, to ride, to swim:  
 Not when the sense is dim,  
 But now from the heart of joy,  
 I would remember Him:  
 Take the thanks of a boy.

## To-Day

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

So here hath been dawning  
 Another blue day:  
 Think, wilt thou let it  
 Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity  
 This new day was born;  
 Into Eternity,  
 At night, will return.

Behold it aforeside  
 No eye ever did;  
 So soon it for ever  
 From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning  
 Another blue day:  
 Think, wilt thou let it  
 Slip useless away?



## Be True

BY HORATIO BONAR.

Thou must be true thyself,  
 If thou the truth wouldst teach;  
 Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
 Another's soul wouldst reach;  
 It needs the overflow of heart  
 To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
 Shall the world's famine feed;  
 Speak truly, and each word of thine  
 Shall be a fruitful seed;  
 Live truly, and thy life shall be  
 A great and noble creed.

## My Native Land

(From "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.")

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
     "This is my own, my native land"?  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
     From wandering on a foreign strand?  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well.  
 For him no minstrel's raptures swell.  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch concentrated all in self,  
 Living shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.



## Green Things Growing

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing,  
 The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!  
 I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,  
 Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things  
 growing.

How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing;  
 In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight  
 Or the dim, dreary dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so,—my green things growing;  
 And I think that they love me, without false showing;  
 For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,  
 With the soft mute comfort of green things growing.

# The Wonderful Country of Good-Boy-Land

BY MARY E. BLAKE.

Did you ever hear of Good-Boy-Land,  
The wonderful country of Good-Boy-Land?  
Where houses of taffy, on every hand,  
And mountains of plum-cake and gingerbread stand;  
Where the streets are all paved with doughnuts brown,  
And a wall of sweet almonds surrounds each town;  
Where a lemonade sea meets a white sugar strand—  
Oh, believe me! 'tis jolly in Good-Boy-Land.

Marbles, both agates and snappers, are there,  
Common as dust in the streets and the square;  
Peg-tops, in place of green leaves on the trees,  
Whiz in the sunshine and hum in the breeze;  
Bicycles roll in a very queer way  
Over the meadows and hide in the hay;  
While for velocipedes, running so quick,  
You'd hit half a dozen in throwing a stick—  
Never before was a country so grand  
As the wonderful kingdom of Good-Boy-Land!

Wait till I tell you the very strange rules  
Followed in all their most flourishing schools!  
Out in the gardens their class-rooms are set  
(They never have rain, so they cannot get wet),  
And there upon bushes the lessons all grow;  
Plums of arithmetic hang in a row,  
Apples of history, grapes of fine writing,  
Drooping in clusters so sweet and inviting.  
Luscious ripe pears, tumbling into their laps,  
Full of geography questions and maps;  
Nuts full of spelling, and oranges sweet,  
With algebra problems all ready to eat;  
Believe me or not, this is certainly so,  
And the more that you swallow the more you will know.

Then in the winter 'tis like to a dream,  
With frozen pudding and fine ice cream,  
But no more cold than a summer day,  
And the garden of lessons in bloom always!

## The Speaker

Merry, sweet girls and bonny, brown boys  
Devouring their studies and picking their toys,  
Filling their lives in the jolliest way  
With dates and statistics, with sums and croquet,  
For a dunce was a thing that they never could stand  
In that wonderful country of Good-Boy-Land!

Never a quarrel, and never a scold,  
Never a cough there, and never a cold,  
Nobody dirty, and nobody bold,  
No one too hot there, and no one too cold;  
Nobody ever comes walking down stair,  
But slides on the banister, feet in the air;  
Everyone knows how to swim and to row,  
Everyone owns both a gun and a bow,  
A baseball, a football, a jackknife, a watch,  
A great pocket full of the best butter-scotch,  
And this is the pleasantest part of the frolic—  
You can eat it all day without getting the colic!  
Oh, where is the government ever was planned  
With such law and such order as Good-Boy-Land?

Dolls there are thicker than crows in the corn.  
Beautiful French ones as ever were born;  
Story books splendid in colors and gold,  
Full of such stories as never were told;  
There's nothing to tear there, and nothing to mend,  
And everyone's everyone else's best friend;  
Late you get up there, and late you lie down,  
And always you wear a Kate Greenaway gown;  
The wee-est wee girl both dances and sings  
(You see it's like heaven, but no one has wings),  
And four-button gloves hang in pairs on each hand,  
In that wonderful country of Good-Boy-Land!

Where is the country? and how do you go?  
Well, that's just the thing I am dying to know!  
Somewhere, I judge, in the moon or the stars,  
Perhaps it is Venus, perhaps it is Mars;  
And you travel—who knows? by the boat or the train,  
Which leads one direct to the Castles-in-Spain,  
Or some roundabout way that's not easy to learn,  
In a kind of balloon that is made by Jules Verne,  
Or a telegraph wire, or the wings of a bird—  
But I'll find the way first, and then send you back word.

## The Fir-Tree

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

[Edward Everett Hale says: "Hans Christian Andersen is the Dane spoken of most often in the literary circles of the world. I do not venture to describe the indescribable, and so I will not try to analyze the charm of Andersen's children's stories. They can speak for themselves. They do speak for themselves in the memories of all those young people who, if I may say so, were brought up on them. There is sentiment in them, because there is sentiment in all life; but it is not a morbid or manufactured sentiment. It is the sentiment which belongs to the occasion." "The Fir-Tree" is a favorite with children in every land.]



ONCE upon a time there stood in the depths of a forest a pretty little fir-tree. It was placed very nicely, for it could get as much sunshine and air as it wanted, and it was surrounded by a number of taller companions, both firs and pines. But the little fir-tree did so long to grow taller! When it was winter, and the white snow lay in dazzling sheets upon the ground, a hare would frequently jump right over the little tree, and that vexed it sorely!

"O! could I but grow and grow, and become tall and old! That is the only thing worth caring for in this world."

"Enjoy your youth," said the sunbeams; "enjoy your fresh growth, and your young existence, while it lasts."

And the wind kissed the tree, and the deer shed tears over it; but the fir-tree could not understand either of them. When Christmas was drawing near, some very young trees were felled; several trees, indeed, that were neither so tall nor so old as this particular fir-tree, which could not rest for longing to get away from its native place.

"Whither can they be going?" asked our fir-tree. "They are not taller than I am; on the contrary, there was one much smaller than myself. What is to be done with them?"

"We know—we know," twittered the sparrows, "for we have looked in at the windows in yonder town! We saw



## The Speaker

through the windows, how they were stuck up in a warm room and ornamented with a host of fine things, such as gilt apples, ginger-bread, and playthings, besides hundreds of tapers."

"I wonder whether I am destined to so brilliant a career!" exclaimed the fir-tree in ecstasy. "How I do long for Christmas to come round again!"

And when Christmas came he was felled before any of the others. The axe clove right through his pith, and down he fell with a groan; it was like a pang, or a fainting-fit. When he recovered, he found himself in a fine large room. He was placed in a large barrel filled with sand; but nobody could perceive it was a barrel, as it was covered round with green baize, and stood on a handsome carpet. Oh! how the tree quaked! What was going to be done? Two well-dressed servants and some beautiful young ladies helped to adorn it. Gilt apples and walnuts hung down from the branches as if they had grown there; and above a hundred tapers—white, blue and red—were fastened to the branches, and on the top-most summit was fastened a star, all over spangles, that was right royally splendid to behold.

"This evening it will shine most gloriously," they all said.

"Oh!" thought the tree, "if it were but evening! If the tapers could but be lighted! And then what is to be done next? I wonder whether the trees from our forest will come and admire me! And whether the sparrows will peep in through the window-panes."

These reflections were all very well, only the tree's longings were so intense that his bark ached again through impatience; and *barkache* is just as bad for a tree as headache is with us.

At length the tapers were lit; and a grand sight it was, to be sure. And now the folding doors were thrown open, and in rushed a whole troop of children, as though they would overturn the tree, while their elders followed in a more leisurely manner. The little ones stood dumb-struck for a moment, and then directly after set up such shouts of joy that the room rang with the sound. They danced round the tree, and one present after another was plucked off from its branches, till not one was left; only the gold star was still shining at the top.

"A story! Let's have a story!" cried the children, pulling

a thick-set man towards the tree under which he took his seat. "Now we are in the shade, and of course the tree will reap great advantage by listening to what we say. Shall it be 'Ivede-Avede' or 'Humpty-Dumpty'?"

"'Ivede-Avede'!" cried some; "'Humpty-Dumpty'!" cried others. And a fine screaming and squalling there was! The fir-tree alone was silent, though he said to himself, "Am I not to have a finger in the pie?" For he had played his part as well as anybody else that evening. And the man told the story of "Humpty-Dumpty," who fell downstairs, and yet was raised to high honors, and obtained the princess's hand. The fir-tree stood in pensive silence. The birds in the wood had never told him anything of the kind.

"Humpty-Dumpty fell downstairs, and yet obtained a princess! So who knows but what I may fall downstairs and obtain a princess?" And he rejoiced to think that next day he would again be decked out with tapers, playthings, gold, and fruit.

"To-morrow I will not tremble," thought the tree. "I will enjoy my grandeur. To-morrow I shall hear the story of Humpty-Dumpty again, and perhaps that of Ivede-Avede." And the tree remained silent and thoughtful throughout the whole night.

Next morning the man-servant and the maid came in. "Now I'm going to be tricked out again in all my finery!" thought the tree. But they dragged him out of the rooms, and upstairs, and then flung him on the floor in a dark corner, where daylight never shone. "What's the meaning of all this?" thought the tree. "What shall I do here? How nice it was to be in the forest where the snow was lying on the ground, and the hare used to jump past me—or even when he leaped over me, though I was not well pleased at the time, I remember. It is so dreadfully lonely here!" "Peep! peep!" squeaked a little mouse, stealing forth, followed by another. They sniffed at the fir-tree.

"Where do you come from?" inquired the mice, "and what's your name?"

"I come from our forest where the sun shines, and the birds sing." And then he related the story of his youth, and the mice, who had never heard the like before, listened very attentively, and then observed: "How much you have seen, and how happy you have been!"

"I happy!" exclaimed the fir-tree, and then he thought

over all he had told. "Well, those were, to be sure, rather pleasant times." And then he related all about Christmas eve, and how he was decked out with cakes and tapers.

"What pretty things you do relate!" said the little mice. And the following night they returned with four other little mice, that they might hear the tree tell his story; and the oftener he told it, the more distinctly he remembered everything; and he could not help thinking, "Those were right pleasant times, but they will not come over again."

The fir-tree then related the whole story of Humpty-Dumpty, every word of which he remembered; and the little mice were fit to jump to the top of the tree with delight.

But the fir-tree knew only this one story, and the little mice finished by staying away, and then the tree said, with a sigh, "It was very nice when those sympathizing little mice used to sit all round me, and listen to my story. Now that is over, too. But I shall think of those times, and enjoy the recollections of them, when I shall be removed once more from this place."

But what, think you, happened? Why, one morning there came some people, and the tree was drawn forth, and taken down to a garden, where everything was in full bloom. Two of the lively children who had danced round the tree and taken such delight in it at Christmas, ran and tore off the gold star.

"It's all gone and past," said the old tree. "Would I had known my own happiness while it lasted! It's past—past forever!"

A lad now came and chopped the tree into small fagots, which were then made into a bundle. It now burned up briskly under a large brewing-copper, and the tree sighed so deeply that every sigh was like a little pistol-shot. The tree was thinking of some summer's day in the forest, or of some winter's night when the stars shone brightly; he thought, too, of Christmas, and of Humpty-Dumpty, the only story he had ever heard, or knew how to tell; and then the tree was burned to ashes. The boys played in the garden, and the youngest wore upon his breast the gilt star that the tree had worn on its happiest evening, which was long since over, as all was over with the tree, and must now be with the story; for all stories must finish at last.

## From a Railway Carriage

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[Stevenson had a real childhood. As Professor W. P. Trent says in his delightful introduction to "Stevenson's Poems" (Crowell), "Indeed he never throughout his life ceased to be a child. Hence, when he laid out his 'Garden,' he actually took walks in it, swung in its trees, peeped over its walls. He made a wonderfully successful book because he based it on real experience. He put himself into it, as he was still half a child, and as all children, whether British or French, or Samoan, delighted him and he them, he was sure to please every juvenile reader, while being his whimsical, clever, lovable self, he was sure to please adult readers just as much or more."]

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,  
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;  
And charging along like troops in a battle,  
And through the meadows the horses and cattle:  
All of the sights of the hill and the plain  
Fly as thick as driving rain;  
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,  
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,  
All by himself and gathering brambles;  
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;  
And there is the green for stringing the daisies.  
Here is a cart run away in the road  
Lumping along with man and load;  
And here is a mill and there is a river:  
Each a glimpse and gone for ever.

## The Land of Nod

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From breakfast on through all the day  
At home among my friends I stay ;  
But every night I go abroad  
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,  
With none to tell me what to do—  
All alone beside the streams  
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,  
Both things to eat and things to see,  
And many frightening sights abroad  
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,  
I never can get back by day,  
Nor can remember plain and clear  
The curious music that I hear.



## Whole Duty of Children

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A child should always say what's true  
And speak when he is spoken to,  
And behave mannerly at table ;  
At least as far as he is able.

## The Story of Joseph

*(Arranged from Genesis, chapters thirty-seven to forty-five.)*

[If we traced our literature to its source, we would be surprised to find how much of it has been suggested by the Bible. It is the universal testimony of the creators of literature that has lived that the Bible has influenced them more than any book that ever was written. Many of the Bible stories are as absorbing in interest as this story of Joseph, which has been tested and found to be most satisfying and fascinating to children. You cannot feed a child on adulterated sweetmeats and then expect in the adult a taste for the substantial in literature.]

**J**ACOB dwelt in the land of Canaan, and Joseph, being seventeen years old, was feeding the flock with his brethren. Jacob now loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age; and he made him a coat of many colors. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him. And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed: For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf. And his brethren said to him, Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words.

And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. And Joseph went after his brethren. And when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. And they said one to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, Some evil beast devoured him; and we shall see what will become of his dreams. And it came to pass, when

Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colors, that was on him; And they took him, and cast him into a pit, and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh: and his brethren were content, and they lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold him to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver; and they brought Joseph into Egypt. And his brethren took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood; And they took the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father; and said, This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no. And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces. And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days.

And Joseph was brought down to Egypt; and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard, an Egyptian, bought him of the hands of the Ishmaelites, which had brought him down thither. And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian. And Joseph found grace in his sight, and he served him: and he made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put into his hand, and he knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat. And Joseph was a goodly person, and well favored.

And it came to pass at the end of two full years, that Pharaoh dreamed. And it came to pass in the morning that his spirit was troubled; and he sent and called for all the magicians of Egypt, and all the wise men thereof: and Pharaoh told them his dream; but there was none that could interpret them unto Pharaoh. Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it: and I have heard said of thee, that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it. And Joseph answered Pharaoh, saying, It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, In my dream, behold, I stood upon

the bank of a river: And, behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, fattished and well favored; and they fed in a meadow: And, behold, seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill favored and leanfleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness: And the lean and the ill favored kine did eat up the first seven fat kine: And I saw in my dream, and, behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good: And, behold, seven ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them: And the thin ears devoured the seven good ears: and I told this unto the magicians; but there was none that could declare it to me. And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, The dream of Pharaoh is one: God hath showed Pharaoh what he is about to do. The seven good kine are seven years; and the seven good ears are seven years; the dream is one. And the seven thin and ill favored kine that came up after them are seven years; and the seven empty ears blasted with the east wind shall be seven years of famine.

Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt: And there shall arise after them seven years of famine. Now therefore let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise and let him take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And that food shall be for store to the land against the seven years of famine. And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art: Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou. And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh king of Egypt. And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. And he gathered up all the food of the seven years, which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities: And the seven years of plenteousness that was in the land of Egypt, were ended. And the seven years of dearth began to come, according as Joseph had said: and the dearth was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread. And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn: because that the famine was so sore in all lands.

And Joseph's brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt. And Joseph was the governor over the land, and he it was that sold to all the people of the land: and his brethren came,



and bowed down themselves before him with their faces to the earth. And Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him. And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the ruler of his house, Bring these men home, and slay, and make ready; for these men shall dine with me at noon. And the man did as Joseph bade; and the man brought the men into Joseph's house. And he asked them of their welfare, and said, Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive? And they answered, Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive. And they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance. And he lifted up his eyes and saw Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son. And Joseph made haste; for his heart did yearn upon his brother; and he sought where to weep; and entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself, and said, Set on bread. And they sat before him. And he took and sent messes unto them from before him: but Benjamin's mess was five times as much as any of theirs. And they drank, and were merry with him.

And he commanded the steward of his house, saying, Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest, and his corn money. And he did according to the word that Joseph had spoken. And when they were gone out of the city, and not yet far off, Joseph said unto his steward, Up, follow after the men; and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this the cup in which my lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he divineth? ye have done evil in so doing. And he overtook them, and he spake unto them these same words. And they said unto him, Wherefore saith my lord these words? God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing: With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, both let him die, and we also will be my lord's bondmen. Then they speedily took down every man his sack to the ground, and opened every man his sack. And he searched, and began at the eldest, and left at the youngest; and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass, and returned to the city.

And Judah and his brethren came to Joseph's house; and

they fell before him on the ground. And Joseph said unto them, What deed is this that ye have done? wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine? And Judah said, What shall we say unto my lord? What shall we speak? or how shall we clear ourselves? behold, we are my lord's servants, both we, and he also with whom the cup is found. And he said, God forbid that I should do so: but the man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be my servant; and as for you, get you up in peace unto your father. Then Judah came near unto him, and said, O my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant: for thou art even as Pharaoh. We have a father an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him. Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us; seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life; It will come to pass when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die. Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren.

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he wept aloud. And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am Joseph. And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land: and yet there are five years, in which there shall neither be earing nor harvest. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and ye shall tell him of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither. And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept.

## Auld Daddy Darkness

BY JAMES FERGUSON.

Auld Daddy Darkness creeps frae his hole,  
Black as a blackamoor, blin' as a mole:  
Stir the fire till it lowes, let the bairnie sit,  
Auld Daddy Darkness is no wantit yet.

See him in the corners hidin' frae the licht,  
See him at the window gloomin' at the night;  
Turn up the gas licht, close the shutters a',  
An' Auld Daddy Darkness will flee far awa'.

Awa' to hide the birdie within its cosy nest,  
Awa' to lap the wee flooers on their mither's breast,  
Awa' to loosen Gaffer Toil frae his daily ca',  
For Auld Daddy Darkness is kindly to a'.

He comes when we're weary to wean's frae oor waes,  
He comes when the bairnies are getting aff their claes;  
To cover them sae cosy, an' bring bonnie dreams,  
So Auld Daddy Darkness is better than he seems.

Steek yer een, my wee tot, ye'll see Daddy then;  
He's in below the bed claes, to cuddle ye he's fain;  
Noo nestle in his bosie, sleep and dream yer fill,  
Till Wee Davie Daylicht comes keekin' owre the hill.

# The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

BY EDWARD LEAR.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea  
 In a beautiful pea-green boat;  
 They took some honey, and plenty of money  
 Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
 The Owl looked up to the moon above,  
 And sang to a small guitar,  
 "O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!  
 What a beautiful Pussy you are,—  
     You are,  
 What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!  
 How wonderful sweet you sing!  
 O let us be married,—too long we have tarried,—  
 But what shall we do for a ring?"  
 They sailed away for a year and a day  
 To the land where the Bong tree grows,  
 And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood,  
 With a ring at the end of his nose,—  
     His nose,  
 With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
 Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."  
 So they took it away, and were married next day  
 By the turkey, who lives on the hill.  
 They dined upon mince and slices of quince,  
 Which they ate with a runcible spoon,  
 And hand in hand on the edge of the sand  
 They danced by the light of the moon,—  
     The moon,  
 They danced by the light of the moon.

## The Angel's Whisper

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

A baby was sleeping;  
Its mother was weeping;  
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;  
And the tempest was swelling  
Round the fisherman's dwelling,  
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, Oh, come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered  
The baby still slumbered,  
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee.  
"Oh, blest be that warning,  
Thy sweet sleep adorning,  
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

"And while they are keeping  
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,  
And say thou wouldst rather  
They'd watch o'er thy father,  
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning  
Saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;  
And closely caressing  
Her child with a blessing,  
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering to thee."

## Going Into Breeches

BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

Joy to Philip! he this day  
Has his long coat cast away,  
And (the childish season gone)  
Put the manly breeches on.  
Officer on gay parade,  
Red-coat in his first cockade,  
Bridegroom in his wedding-trim,  
Birthday beau surpassing him,  
Never did with conscious gait  
Strut about in half the state  
Or the pride (yet free from sin)  
Of my little MANIKIN:  
Never was there pride or bliss  
Half so rational as his.  
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em,  
Philip's limbs have got their freedom—  
He can run, or he can ride,  
And do twenty things beside,  
Which his petticoats forbade;  
Is he not a happy lad?  
Now he's under other banners  
He must leave his former manners;  
Bid adieu to female games  
And forget their very names;  
Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,  
Sports for girls and punies weak.  
Baste-the-bear he now may play at;  
Leap-frog, foot-ball sport away at;  
Show his skill and strength at cricket,  
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket;  
Run about in winter's snow  
Till his cheeks and fingers glow;  
Climb a tree or scale a wall  
Without any fear to fall.  
If he get hurt or bruise,  
To complain he must refuse,  
Though the anguish and the smart  
Go unto his little heart;

## The Speaker

He must have his courage ready,  
 Keep his voice and visage steady;  
 Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,  
 That the tear may never come;  
 And his grief must only speak  
 From the color in his cheek.  
 This and more he must endure,  
 Hero he in miniature.  
 This and more must now be done,  
 Now the breeches are put on.



## The Lost Doll

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,  
 The prettiest doll in the world;  
 Her cheeks were so red and white, dears,  
 And her hair was so charmingly curled.  
 But I lost my poor little doll, dears,  
 As I played on the heath one day;  
 And I cried for her more than a week, dears,  
 But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,  
 As I played on the heath one day;  
 Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,  
 For her paint is all washed away,  
 And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,  
 And her hair not the least bit curled;  
 Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,  
 The prettiest doll in the world.

## Baby Corn

(Unknown.)

A happy mother stalk of corn  
Held close a baby ear,  
And whispered: "Cuddle up to me,  
I'll keep you warm, my dear.  
I'll give you petticoats of green,  
With many a tuck and fold  
To let out daily as you grow;  
For you will soon be old."

A funny little baby that,  
For though it had no eye,  
It had a hundred mouths; 'twas well  
It did not want to cry.  
The mother put in each small mouth  
A hollow thread of silk,  
Through which the sun and rain and air  
Provided baby's milk.

The petticoats were gathered close  
Where all the threadlets hung.  
And still as summer days went on  
To mother-stalk it clung;  
And all the time it grew and grew—  
Each kernel drank the milk  
By day, by night, in shade, in sun,  
From its own thread of silk.

And each grew strong and full and round,  
And each was shining white;  
The gores and seams were all let out,  
The green skirts fitted tight,  
The ear stood straight and large and tall,  
And when it saw the sun,  
Held up its emerald satin gown  
To say, "Your work is done."

"You're large enough," said Mother Stalk,  
"And now there's no more room  
For you to grow." She tied the threads  
Into a soft, brown plume—  
It floated out upon the breeze  
To greet the dewy morn,  
And then the baby said: "Now I'm  
A full-grown ear of corn."



## Who Stole the Bird's Nest?

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!  
Such a thing I'd never do.  
I gave you a wisp of hay,  
But I didn't take your nest away.  
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!  
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!  
Now what do you think?  
Who stole a nest away  
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!  
I wouldn't be so mean anyhow.  
I gave hairs the nest to make,  
But the nest I did not take.  
Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!  
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!  
Now what do you think?  
Who stole a nest away  
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!  
Let me speak a word, too.  
Who stole that pretty nest  
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "Oh, no.  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.  
I gave wool the nest to line,  
But the nest was none of mine.  
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep. "Oh, no,  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!  
Now what do you think?  
Who stole a nest away  
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!  
Let me speak a word, too.  
Who stole that pretty nest  
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;  
"I should like to know  
What thief took away  
A bird's nest, to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;  
"Don't ask me again.  
Why I haven't a chick  
Would do such a trick.  
We all gave her a feather,  
And she wove them together.  
I'd scorn to intrude  
On her and her brood.  
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,  
"Don't ask me again."

## The Speaker

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!  
All the birds make a stir.  
Let us find out his name,  
And all cry, 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"  
Said little Mary Green;  
"I think I never heard  
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"  
Said little Alice Neal;  
"I wonder if he knew  
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,  
And went and hid behind the bed,  
For he stole that pretty nest  
From poor little yellow-breast;  
And he felt so full of shame  
He didn't like to tell his name.



## Po' Little Lamb\*

(*From "Lyrics of Lowly Life."*)

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Bed-time's come fu' little boys,  
Po' little lamb!  
Too tiahed out to mak' a noise,  
Po' little lamb!  
Yo' gwine to 'have to-morrer sho'?  
Yes, yo' tole me dat befo'.  
Doan' yo' fool me, chile, no mo'—  
Po' little lamb!

Yo' been bad de lib-long day—  
Po' little lamb!  
Throwin' stones and runnin' 'way—  
Po' little lamb!

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## The Speaker

My, but yo's runnin' wile;  
Look jes' lak sum po' fo'k chile.  
Mam gwine whip yo' after while—  
Po' little lamb!

Come hyeah, yo's mos' tiahed to def—  
Po' little lamb!  
Played yo'se'f clear out of bref—  
Po' little lamb!  
See dem han's now, sich a sight,  
Would yo' evah b'lieve dey's white!  
Stan' still, wile I wash 'em right,—  
Po' little lamb!

Des' cain't hol' yo' head up straight—  
Po' little lamb!  
Hadn't oughter played so late—  
Po' little lamb!  
Mammy doano what she'd do,  
Ef all de chilluns all lak' yo'.  
Yo'r a caution now fu' true—  
Po' little lamb!

Lay yo' haid down in my lap—  
Po' little lamb!  
Y'ought ter have a right good slap—  
Po' little lamb!  
Yo' been runnin' roun' a heap;  
Shet dem eyes an' don't yo' peep.  
Dah, now, dah, now, go to sleep—  
Po' little lamb!

good

# Little Brown Baby\*

(From "Lyrics of Lowly Life.")

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,  
 Come to yo' pappy an' set on his knee.  
 What you been doin', suh—makin' san' pies?  
 Look at dat bib—you's ez du'ty ez me.  
 Look at dat mouf—dat's merlasses, I bet;  
 Come hyeah, Maria, an' wipe off his han's.  
 Bees gwine to ketch you an' eat you up yit,  
 Bein' so sticky an' sweet—goodness lan's!

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,  
 Who's pappy's darlin' an' who's pappy's chile?  
 Who is it all de day nevah once tries  
 Fu' to be cross, er once loses dat smile?  
 Whah did you git dem teef? My, you's a scamp!  
 Whah did dat dimple come f'om in yo' chin?  
 Pappy do' know yo'—I b'lieves you's a tramp;  
 Mammy, dis hyeah's some ol' straggler got in!

Let's th'ow him outen de do' in de san',  
 We do' want stragglers a-layin' 'roun' hyeah;  
 Let's gin him 'way to de big buggah-man;  
 I know he's hidin' erroun' hyeah right neah.  
 Buggah-man, buggah-man, come in de do'.  
 Hyeah's a bad boy you kin have fu' to eat.  
 Mammy an' pappy do' want him no mo'.  
 Swaller him down f'om his haid to his feet!

Dah, now, I t'ought dat you'd hug me up close.  
 Go back, ol' buggah, you shan't have dis boy.  
 He ain't no tramp, nor no straggler, of co'se;  
 He's pappy's pa'dner, an' playmate, an' joy.  
 Come to you' pallet now—go to yo' res';  
 Wisht you could allus know ease an' cleah skies;  
 Wisht you could stay jes' a chile on my breas'—  
 Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes!

# An Incident of the French Camp

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

## I.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon :  
 A mile or so away,  
 On a little mound, Napoleon  
 Stood on our storming-day ;  
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
 As if to balance the prone brow  
 Oppressive with its mind.

## II.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans  
 That soar, to earth may fall,  
 Let once my army-leader Lannes  
 Waver at yonder wall,"—  
 Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew  
 A rider, bound on bound  
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew  
 Until he reached the mound.

## III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
 And held himself erect  
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :  
 You hardly could suspect—  
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
 Scarce any blood came through)  
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
 Was all but shot in two.

## IV.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace  
 We've got you Ratisbon !  
 The Marshall's in the market-place,  
 And you'll be there anon  
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
 Where I, to heart's desire,  
 Perched him !" The chief's eye flashed ; his plans  
 Soared up again like fire.

## The Speaker

### V.

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently  
Softened itself, as sheathes  
A film the mother-eagle's eye  
When her bruised eaglet breathes.  
"You're wounded !" "Nay," the soldier's pride  
Touched to the quick, he said.  
"I'm killed, Sire !" And his chief beside,  
Smiling, the boy fell dead.



## Lullaby of an Infant Chief

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Oh, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,  
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;  
The woods and the glens from the tower which we see,  
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,  
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;  
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,  
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my babie, the time will soon come,  
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum ;  
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,  
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

## Old Ironsides

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[This was the first important poem which Dr. Holmes wrote. The day after the public announcement of the Secretary of the Navy to dismantle the old frigate "Constitution" these stirring lines appeared in the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. The verses were everywhere copied and quoted, with the happy result that the order was changed, and to-day the old hulk is to be seen in the Charlestown (Mass.) Navy Yard.]

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar;—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquered knee;  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!



## Concord Hymn

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[Critics generally cite this poem as one of the best which Emerson has written. The hymn was sung at the dedication of the battle monument at Concord in 1836. It was fitting that Emerson, the most distinguished citizen of the village, and one of the most distinguished men of the nation, should write the dedicatory hymn. His grandfather at the seventh remove had organized the twelfth church in the colony and founded the village of Concord in 1635. Here the pulpit in each generation had been filled by descendants of the devout Cambridge graduate who founded the town. Here William Emerson, grandfather of the poet, had built the Old Manse, which is commemorated by Hawthorne in his "Mosses from an Old Manse," and in which the patriotic minister was detained by his parishioners while the memorable conflict between the British soldiers and the "embattled farmers" was fought at the bridge, within shouting distance of the "Old Manse."]

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On the green bank, by this soft stream,  
We set to-day a votive stone;  
That memory may her dead redeem,  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
To die, and leave their children free,  
Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

## His College Examination\*

(From the Autobiography of Booker T. Washington.)

["Up from Slavery," by special permission of the publishers,  
Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.]



FROM the time that I can remember having any thoughts about anything, I recall that I had an intense longing to learn to read. I determined, when quite a small child, that, if I accomplished nothing else in life, I would in some way get enough education to enable me to read common books and newspapers. Soon after we were free and settled in our new cabin in West Virginia, I induced my mother to get hold of a book for me. How or where she got it I do not know, but in some way she procured an old copy of Webster's "blue-back" spelling-book, which contained the alphabet. I began at once to devour this book, and I think that it was the first one I ever had in my hands. I had learned from somebody that the way to begin to read was to learn the alphabet, so I tried in all the ways I could think of to learn it,—all, of course, without a teacher, for I could find no one to teach me. At that time there was not a single member of my race anywhere near us who could read, and I was too timid to approach any of the white people. In some way, within a few weeks, I mastered the greater portion of the alphabet.

In the midst of my struggles and longing for an education, a young colored boy who had learned to read in the State of Ohio came to Malden. How I used to envy this man! He seemed to me to be the one young man in all the world who ought to be satisfied with his attainments. The opening of a school for negro children in the Kanawha Valley brought to me one of the keenest disappointments that I ever experienced. I had been working in a salt-furnace for several months, and my stepfather had discovered that I had a financial value, and so, when the school opened, he decided that he could not spare me from my work. My mother sympathized with me in my disappointment, and sought to comfort me in all the ways she could, and to help me find a way to learn.

## The Speaker

After a while I succeeded in making arrangements with the teacher to give me some lessons at night, after the day's work was done. These night lessons were so welcome that I think I learned more at night than the other children did during the day. But my boyish heart was still set upon going to the day-school, and I let no opportunity slip to push my case. Finally I won, and was permitted to go to the school in the day for a few months, with the understanding that I was to rise early in the morning and work in the furnace until nine o'clock, and return immediately after school closed in the afternoon for at least two more hours of work.

When I found myself at the schoolhouse for the first time, I also found myself confronted with difficulties. In the first place, I found that all the other children wore hats or caps on their heads, and I had neither hat nor cap. In fact, I do not remember that up to the time of going to school, I had ever worn any kind of covering upon my head, nor do I recall that either I or anybody else had even thought anything about the need of covering for my head. But, of course, when I saw how all the other boys were dressed, I began to feel quite uncomfortable. As usual, I put the case before my mother, and she explained to me that she had no money with which to buy a "store hat." But she got two pieces of "homespun" (jeans) and sewed them together, and I was soon the proud possessor of my first cap.

The lesson that my mother taught me in this has always remained with me, and I have tried as best I could to teach it to others. I have always felt proud whenever I think of the incident, that my mother had strength of character enough not to be led into the temptation of seeming to be that which she was not—of trying to impress my schoolmates and others with the fact that she was able to buy me a "store hat" when she was not. I have always felt proud that she refused to go into debt for that which she did not have the money to pay for. Since that time I have owned many kinds of caps and hats, but never one of which I have felt so proud as of the cap made of the two pieces of cloth sewed together by my mother.

The time that I was permitted to attend school during the day was short, and my attendance was irregular. It was not long before I had to stop attending day-school altogether, and devote all my time again to work. After I had worked in the salt furnace for some time, work was secured for me in

a coal mine which was operated mainly for the purpose of securing fuel for the salt furnace.

One day, while at work in the coal mine, I happened to overhear two miners talking about a great school for colored people somewhere in Virginia. This was the first time that I had ever heard anything about any kind of school or college that was more pretentious than the little colored school in our town.

In the darkness of the mine I noiselessly crept as close as I could to the two men who were talking. I heard one tell the other that not only was the school established for the members of my race, but that opportunities were provided by which poor, but worthy students could work out all or a part of the cost of board, and at the same time be taught some trade or industry.

As they went on describing the school, it seemed to me that it must be the greatest place on earth, and not even heaven presented more attractions to me at that time than did the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in Virginia, about which these men were talking. I resolved at once to go to that school, although I had no idea where it was, or how many miles away, or how I was going to reach it; I remembered only that I was on fire constantly with one ambition, and that was to go to Hampton. This thought was with me day and night.

About this time my mother applied at the house of General Lewis Ruffner, owner of the salt furnace and coal mine, for a vacant position. Few of the boys who had tried to serve Mrs. Ruffner had remained with her more than two or three weeks. They all left with the same excuse: she was too strict. I was hired at a salary of \$5.00 per month, but had heard so much about Mrs. Ruffner's severity that I was almost afraid to see her, and trembled when I went into her presence. I had not lived with her many weeks, however, before I began to understand her. I soon began to learn that, first of all, she wanted everything kept clean about her; that she wanted things done promptly and systematically, and that at the bottom of everything she wanted absolute honesty and frankness. Nothing must be sloven or slipshod; every door, every fence, must be kept in repair.

Even to this day I never see bits of paper scattered around a house or in the street that I do not want to pick them up. I never see a filthy yard that I do not want to clean it, a pal-

ing off a fence that I do not want to put it on, an unpainted or unwhitewashed house that I do not want to paint or whitewash it, or a button off one's clothes, or a grease-spot on them or on the floor, that I do not want to call attention to it. From fearing Mrs. Ruffner I soon learned to look upon her as one of my best friends. She always encouraged and sympathized with me in all my efforts to get an education. It was while living with her that I began to get together my first library. I secured a dry-goods box, knocked out one side of it, put some shelves in it, and began putting into it every kind of book that I could get my hands upon, and called it my "library."

Notwithstanding my success at Mrs. Ruffner's, I did not give up the idea of going to the Hampton Institute. In the fall of 1872 I determined to make an effort to get there, although, as I have stated, I had no definite idea of the direction in which Hampton was, or of what it would cost to go there. I had only a cheap, small satchel, that contained what few articles of clothing I could get. Trains ran only a portion of the way, and the remainder of the distance was traveled by stage-coaches.

The distance from Malden to Hampton is about five hundred miles. I had not been away from home many hours before it began to grow painfully evident that I did not have enough money to pay my fare to Hampton. However, by walking, begging rides both in wagons and in the cars, in some way, after a number of days, I reached the city of Richmond, Va., about eighty-two miles from Hampton. When I reached there, tired, hungry, and dirty, it was late in the night. I had never been in a large city, and this rather added to my misery. When I reached Richmond I was completely out of money. Knowing nothing else better to do, I walked the streets until after midnight. At last I became so exhausted that I could walk no longer. I was tired, I was hungry, I was everything but discouraged. Just about the time when I reached extreme physical exhaustion, I came upon a portion of the street where the board sidewalk was considerably elevated. I waited for a few minutes, till I was sure that no passers-by could see me, and then crept under the sidewalk, and lay for the night upon the ground, with my satchel of clothing for a pillow. Nearly all night I could hear the tramp of feet over my head. The next morning I found myself somewhat refreshed; but I was extremely hun-

gry because it had been a long time since I had sufficient food. As soon as it became light enough for me to see my surroundings, I noticed that I was near a large ship, and that this ship seemed to be unloading a cargo of pig iron. I went at once to the vessel and asked the captain to permit me to help unload the vessel in order to get money for food. The captain, a white man, who seemed to be kind-hearted, consented. I worked long enough to earn money for my breakfast, and it seems to me, as I remember it now, to have been about the best breakfast that I have ever eaten.

My work pleased the captain so well that he told me if I desired I could continue working for a small amount per day. This I was very glad to do. I continued working on this vessel for a number of days. After buying food with the small wages I received, there was not much left to add to the amount I must get to pay my way to Hampton. In order to economize in every way possible so as to be sure to reach Hampton in a reasonable time, I continued to sleep under the same sidewalk that gave me shelter the first night I was in Richmond.

When I had saved what I considered enough money with which to reach Hampton, I thanked the captain of the vessel for his kindness, and started again. Without any unusual occurrence, I reached Hampton with a surplus of exactly fifty cents with which to begin my education. To me it had been a long, eventful journey; but the first sight of the large three-story brick school building seemed to have rewarded me for all that I had undergone in order to reach the place. It seemed to me to be the largest and most beautiful building I had ever seen. The sight of it seemed to give me new life. I felt that a new kind of existence had now begun—that life would now have a new meaning.

As soon as possible after reaching the grounds of the Hampton Institute, I presented myself before the head teacher for assignment to a class. Having been so long without proper food, a bath, and change of clothing, I did not, of course, make a very favorable impression upon her, and I could see at once that there were doubts in her mind about the wisdom of admitting me as a student. I felt that I could hardly blame her if she got the idea that I was a worthless loafer or tramp. For some time she did not refuse to admit me, neither did she decide in my favor, and I continued to linger about her, and to impress her in all the ways I could

## The Speaker

with my worthiness. In the meantime, I saw her admitting other students, and that added greatly to my discomfort, for I felt, deep down in my heart, that I could do as well as they, if I could only get a chance to show what was in me.

After some hours had passed, the head teacher said to me: "The adjoining recitation-room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it."

It occurred to me at once that here was my chance. Never did I receive an order with more delight. I knew that I could sweep, for Mrs. Ruffner had thoroughly taught me how to do that when I lived with her.

I swept the recitation-room three times. Then I got a dusting-cloth, and I dusted it four times. All the woodwork around the walls, every bench, table and desk, I went over four times with my dusting-cloth. Besides, every piece of furniture had been moved and every closet and corner in the room had been thoroughly cleansed. I had the feeling that in a large measure my future depended upon the impression I made upon the teacher in the cleaning of that room. When I was through I reported to the head teacher. She was a "Yankee" woman who knew just where to look for dirt. She went into the room and inspected the floor and closets; then she took her handkerchief and rubbed it on the woodwork about the walls, and over the table and benches. When she was unable to find one bit of dirt on the floor, or a particle of dust on any of the furniture, she quietly remarked: "I guess you will do to enter this institution."

I was one of the happiest souls on earth. The sweeping of that room was my college examination, and never did any youth pass an examination for entrance into Harvard or Yale that gave him more genuine satisfaction. I have passed several examinations since then, but I have always felt that this was the best one I ever passed.



## A Child's Grace

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Some hae meat and canna eat,  
And some wad eat that want it;  
But we hae meat and we can eat,  
And sae the Lord be thankit.

## A Howdy Song

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

[The latest volume of Uncle Remus stories is in verse, "The Tar Baby and Other Rhymes of Uncle Remus," published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, \$2.00. All of these are excellent readings; especially good are "Tar Baby," "How Br'er Tarrypin Learned to Fly," and "Br'er Rabbit's Giglin Place." The following lines are from the division of the rhyme which Mr. Harris calls "Transcriptions."]

It's howdy, honey, when you laugh,  
An' howdy, when you cry,  
An' all day long it's howdy—  
I never shall say good-bye!

I'm monst'us peart myself, suh,  
An' hopin' de same fer you,  
An' when I ketch my breff, suh,  
I'll ax you howdy-do!

It's howdy, honey, when you sleep,  
It's howdy, when you cry;  
Keep up, keep up de howdyin';  
Don't never say good-bye!

I'm middlin' well myse'f, suh,  
Which de same I hope fer you;  
Ef you'll le' me ketch my breff, suh,  
I'll ax you howdy-do!



## Duty

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man;  
When Duty whispers low "Thou must,"  
The youth replies, "I can."



## Bud's Fairy Tale\*

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

[Almost every teacher is familiar with the delightful child-poems of Riley's in "Rhymes from Childhood," but, strangely enough, few know the incomparable stories in "The Child World." In this volume are "Alex's Bear-Story" and a half-dozen more of the best verses of child life which Riley has written. We call special attention to the "Bear-Story," "Maymie's Story of Red Riding Hood," and the following arrangement of "Bud's Fairy-Tale," which is reprinted by permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, "The Child-World," \$1.25.]

Some people thinks they ain't no Fairies now  
 No more yet. But they is, I bet! 'Cause ef  
 They wuzn't Fairies, nen I'd like to know  
 Who'd wite 'bout Fairies in the books, an' tell  
 What Fairies does, an' how their picture looks,  
 An' all an' ever'thing. W'y ef they don't  
 Be Fairies any more, nen little boys  
 'U'd ist sleep when they go to sleep an' won't  
 Have ist no dweams at all,—'Cause Fairies—good  
 Fairies—they're a-purpose to make dweams.  
 But they is Fairies—an' I know they is.  
 'Cause one time wunst, when it's all Summertime,  
 An' don't haf to be no fires in the stove  
 Er fireplace to keep warm wiv—ner don't haf  
 To wear old scratchy flannen shirts at all,  
 An' ain't no freeze—ner cold—ner snow.—An'—an'  
 Old skwecky twees got all the green leaves on  
 An' ist keeps noddin', noddin' all the time,  
 Like they 'uz lazy an' a-twyin' to go  
 To sleep an' couldn't, 'cause the wind won't quit  
 A-blowin' in 'em, an' the birds won't stop  
 A-singin', so's they kin.—But twees don't sleep,  
 I guess. But little boys sleeps—an' dweams, too.—  
 An' that's a sign they's Fairies.

\* Copyright, 1896, by James Whitcomb Riley.

So one time,  
 When I ben playin' "Store" wunst over in  
 The shed of their old stable, an' Ed Howard  
 He made me quit a-bein' pardners, 'cause  
 I dranked the 'tend-like sody-water up  
 An' et the shore-nuff crackers.—W'y, nen I  
 Clumbed over in our garden where the gwapes  
 Wuz purt'-nigh ripe: An' I wuz ist a-layin'  
 There on th' old cwoked seat 'at Pa maked in  
 Our arbor,—an' so I 'uz layin' there  
 A-whittlin' beets wiv my new dog-knife, an'  
 A-lookin' wite up through the twimblly leaves—  
 An' wuzn't sleep at all,—An'—sir,—first thing  
 You know, a little Fairy hopped out there.—  
 A little-teenty Fairy—hope-may-die!  
 An' he look' down at me, he did,—an' he  
 Ain't bigger'n a yellerbird;—an' he  
 Say "Howdy-do?" he did,—an' I could hear  
 Him—ist as plain.

Nen I say "Howdy-do?"  
 An' he say, "I'm all hunkey, Nibsey; how  
 Is your folks comin' on?"

An' nen I say,  
 "My name ain't 'Nibsey,' neever—my name's Bud.—  
 An' what's your name?" I says to him.

An' he  
 Ist laugh an' say "Bud's awful funny name."  
 An' he ist laid back on a big bunch o' gwapes  
 An' laugh, an' laugh, he did—like somebody  
 'Uz tick-eel-un his feet.

An' nen I say—  
 "What's your name?" nen I say, "afore you bust  
 Yo'-se'f a-laughin' 'bout my name?" I says.  
 An' nen he dwy up laughin'—kind o' mad—  
 An' say, "W'y, my name's 'Squidjicum,'" he says.  
 An' nen I laugh an' say—"Gee! what a name!"  
 An' when I make fun of his name, like that,  
 He ist git awful mad an' spunky, an'  
 'Fore you know, he gwabbed holt of a vine—  
 A big long vine 'at's danglin' up there, an'  
 He ist helt on wite tight to that, an' down  
 He swung quick past my face, he did, an' ist  
 Kicked at me hard's he could.

## The Speaker

But I'm too quick

Fer Mr. Squidjicum. I ist weached out  
 An' ketched him, in my hand—an' helt him, too,  
 An' squeezed him, ist like little wobins when  
 They can't fly yet an' git flopped out their nest.  
 An' nen I turn him all wound over, an'  
 Look at him clos't, you know—wite clos't,—'cause *uh*  
 He is a Fairy, w'y, I want to see  
 The wings he's got. But he's dwessed up so fine  
 'At I can't see no wings. An' all the time  
 He's twyin' to kick me yet: An' so I take  
 F'esh holt an' squeeze agin—an' harder, too;  
 An' I says, "Hold up, Mr. Squidjicum,—  
 You're kickin' the wrong man," I says; an' nen  
 I ist squeeze' him, purt'-nigh my best, I did—  
 An' I heerd somepin' bust. An' nen he cwied  
 An' says, "You better look out what you're doin'—  
 You' bust' my spiderweb-suspenners, an'  
 You' got my roseleaf-coat all cwinkled up  
 So's I can't go to old Miss Hoodjicum's  
 Tea-party, 's afternoon."

An' nen I says—

"Who's 'old Miss Hoodjicum'?" I says.

An' he

Says, "Ef you lemme loose, I'll tell you."

So

I helt the little skeezics 'way fur out  
 In one hand—so's he can't jump down t' th' ground  
 Wivout a-gittin' all stove up; an' nen  
 I says, "You're loose now. Go ahead an' tell  
 'Bout the tea-party, where you're goin' at  
 So awful fast," I says.

An' nen he say,—

"No use to tell you 'bout it, 'cause you won't  
 Believe it, 'less you go there your own se'f  
 An' see it wiv your own two eyes," he says.  
 An' he says: "Ef you lemme shore-nuff loose,  
 An' promise 'at you'll keep wite still, an' won't  
 Tetch nothin' 'at you see—an' never tell  
 Nobody in the world—an' lemme loose—  
 W'y, nen I'll take you there!"

But I says, "Yes,

An' ef I let you loose, you'll run," I says.

An' he says, "No, I won't. I hope may die!"  
Nen I says, "Cross your heart you won't."

An' he  
Ist cross his heart; an' nen I reach an' set  
The little feller up on a long vine—  
An' he 'uz so tickled to git loose agin,  
He gwab' the vine wiv bofe his little hands  
An' ist take an' turn in, he did, an' skin  
'Bout forty-'leven cats.

Nen when he git  
Through whirlin' wound the vine, an' set on top  
Of it agin, w'y nen his "woseleaf-coat"  
He bwag so much about, it's ist all tore  
Up, an' ist hangin' strips an' rags—so he  
Look like his Pa's a dwunkard. An' so nen  
When he see what he's done—a-actin' up  
So smart,—he's awful mad, I guess; an' ist  
Pout out his lips an' twis' his little face  
Ist ugly as he kin, an' set an' tear  
His whole coat off—an' sleeves an' all. An' nen  
He wad it all togevver an' ist throw  
It at me ist as hard as he kin drive.  
An' when I weach to ketch him, an' 'uz goin'  
To give him 'nuvver squeezin', he ist flewed  
Clean up on top the arbor.—'Cause you know,  
They wuz wings on him—when he tore his coat  
Clean off—they wuz wings under there. But they  
Wuz purty wobbly-like an' wouldn't work  
Hardly at all. 'Cause purty soon, when I  
Throwed clods at him, an' sticks, an' got him shooed  
Down off o' there, he came a-floppin' down  
An' lit k-bang on our old chicken-coop,  
An' ist laid there a-whimper'n' like a child.  
An' I tiptoed up wite clos't, an' I says, "What's  
The matter wiv ye, Squidjicum?"

An' he  
Says: "Dog-gone! When my wings gits stwaight agin,  
Where you all crumpled 'em," he says, "I bet  
I'll ist fly clean away an' won't take you  
To old Miss Hoodjicum's at all," he says.  
An' nen I ist weach out wite quick, I did,  
An' gwab the sassy little snipe agin—  
Nen tooked my topstwing an' tie down his wings

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So's he can't fly, 'less'n I want him to.  
 An' nen I says: "Now, Mr. Squidjicum,  
 You better ist light out," I says, "to old  
 Miss Hoodjicum's, an' show me how to git  
 There, too," I says; "er ef you don't," I says,  
 "I'll climb up wiv you on our buggy-shed  
 An' push you off," I says.

An' nen he say

All wight, he'll show me there; an' tell me nen  
 To set him down wite easy on his feet,  
 An' loosen up the stwing a little where  
 It cut him under th' arms. An' nen he says,  
 "Come on," he says; an' went a-limpin' 'long  
 The garden-path—an' limpin' 'long an' 'long  
 Tell—purty soon he come on 'long to where's  
 A grea'-big cabbage-leaf. An' he stoop down  
 An' say, "Come on inunder here wiv me."  
 So I stooped down an' crawl inunder there,  
 Like he say.

An' inunder there's a grea'

Big clod, they is—a awful grea' big clod.  
 An' nen he says, "Roll this here clod away."  
 An' so I roll' the clod away. An' nen  
 It's all wet, where the dew'z inunder where  
 The old clod wuz,—an' nen the Fairy he  
 Git on the wet-place. Nen he says to me,  
 "Git on the wet-place, too." An' nen he say,  
 "Now hold yer breff an' shet yer eyes," he says,  
 "Tell I say Squinchy-winchy." Nen he say—  
 Somepin in Dutch, I guess. An' nen I felt  
 Like we 'uz sinkin' down—an' sinkin' down.—  
 Tell purty soon the little Fairy weach  
 An' pinch my nose an' yell at me an' say,  
 "Squinchy-winchy! Look wherever you please."  
 Nen when I looked—Oh! they 'uz purtyest place  
 Down there you ever saw in all the World.—  
 They 'uz ist flowers an' woses—yes, an' twees  
 Wiv blossoms on an' big ripe apples bofe.  
 An' butterflies, they wuz—an' hummin'-birds—  
 An' yellerbirds, an' bluebirds—yes, an' red.—  
 An' ever'wheres an' all aaround 'uz vines  
 Wiv ripe p'serve-pears on 'em. Yes, an' all  
 An' ever'thing 'at's ever growin' in

A garden—or canned up—all ripe at wunst.—  
 It wuz ist like a garden—only it  
 'Uz ist a little bit o' garden—'bout big wound  
 As ist our twun'el-bed is. An' all wound  
 An' wound the little garden's a gold fence—  
 An' little gold gate, too—an' ash-hopper  
 'At's all gold, too—an' ist full o' gold ashes.  
 An' wite in th' middle o' the garden wuz  
 A little gold house, 'at's ist 'bout as big  
 As ist a bird-cage is: An' in the house  
 They 'uz whole-lots more Fairies there—'cause I  
 Picked up the little house, an' peeked in at  
 The winders, an' I see 'em all in there  
 Ist buggin' round. An' Mr. Squidjicum  
 He twy to make me quit, but I gwab him,  
 An' poke him down the chimbly, too.—I did.  
 An' y'ort to see him hop out 'mongst 'em there,—  
 Ist like he 'uz the boss an' ist got back.  
 "Hain't ye got on them-air dew-dumplin's yet?"  
 He says.

An' they says no.

An' nen he says—

"Better git at 'em," he says, "wite quick—  
 'Cause old Miss Hoodjicum's a-comin'."

Nen

They all set wound a little gold tub—an'  
 All 'menced a-peelin' dewdrops, ist like they  
 'Uz peaches. An', it looked so funny, I  
 Ist laugh' out loud, an' dropped the little house,—  
 An' 't busted like a soap-bubble. An't skeered  
 Me so, I—I—I—I,—it skeered me so,—  
 I—ist waked up. No, I ain't ben asleep  
 An' dweam it all, like you think,—but it's shore  
 Fer—certain fact an' cross my heart it is.

## The Boy That Was Scaret o' Dyin'\*

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

[This little story is valuable because of the opportunity it offers of presenting to children the subject of death in the right, the beautiful way.]



ONCE there was a boy that was dreadful scaret o' dyin'. Some folks is that way, you know; they ain't never done it to know how it feels, and they're scaret. And this boy was that way. He wa'n't very rugged, his health was sort o' slim, and mebbe that made him think about sech things more. 'T any rate, he was terr'ble scaret o' dyin'. 'Twas a long time ago, this was—the times when posies and creaturs could talk so's folks could know what they was sayin'.

And one day, as this boy, his name was Reuben—I forgot his other name—as Reuben was settin' under a tree, an ellow tree, cryin', he heerd a little, little bit of a voice—not squeaky, you know, but small and thin and soft like—and he see 'twas a posy talkin'. 'Twas one o' them posies they call Benjamins, with three-cornered whitey blowths with a mite o' pink on 'em, and it talked in a kind o' pinky-white voice, and it says, "What you cryin' for, Reuben?" And he says, "'Cause I'm scaret o' dyin'," says he; "I'm dreadful scaret o' dyin'." Well, what do you think? That posy jest laughed—the most cur'us little pinky-white laugh 'twas—and it says, the Benjamin says: "Dyin'! Scaret o' dyin'? Why, I die myself every single year o' my life." "Die yourself!" says Reuben. "You're foolin'; you're alive this minute." "Course I be," said the Benjamin; "but that's neither here nor there—I've died every year sence I can remember." "Don't it hurt?" says the boy. "No, it don't," says the posy: "It's real nice. You see, you get

\*The republication of this tale is kindly permitted by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, 155-157 Fifth Avenue, New York City, the publishers of "Story-Tell Lib," the volume from which it is taken.

kind o' tired a-holdin' up your head straight an' lookin' peart and wide-awake, and tired o' the sun shinin' so hot, and the winds blowin' you to pieces, and the bees a-takin' your honey. So it's nice to feel sleepy and kind o' hang your head down, and get sleepier and sleepier, and then find you're droppin' off. Then you wake up jest 't the nicest time o' year, and come up and look 'round, and—why, I like to die, I do." But someways that didn't help Reuben much as you'd think. "I ain't a posy," he thinks to himself, "and mebbe I wouldn't come up."

Well, another time he was settin' on a stone in the lower pastur', cryin' again, and he heerd another cur'us little voice. 'Twa'n't like the posy's voice, but 'twas a little, woolly, soft, fuzzy voice, and he see 'twas a caterpillar a-talkin' to him. And the caterpillar says, in his fuzzy little voice, he says, "What you cryin' for, Reuben?" And the boy, he says, "I'm powerful scaret o' dyin', that's why," he says. And the fuzzy caterpillar he laughed. "Dyin'!" he says. "I'm 'lottin' on dyin' myself. All my fam'ly," he says, "die every once in awhile, and when they wake up they're jest splendid—got wings, and fly about, and live on honey and things. Why, I wouldn't miss it for anything!" he says, "I'm 'lottin' on it." But somehow that didn't chirk up Reuben much. "I ain't a caterpillar," he says, "and maybe I wouldn't wake up at all."

Well, there was lots o' other things talked to that boy, and tried to help him—trees and posies and grass and crawlin' things, that was allers a-dyin' and livin', and livin' and dyin'. Reuben thought it didn't help him any, but I guess it did a little mite, for he couldn't help thinkin' o' what they every one on 'em said. But he was scaret all the same.

And one summer he begun to fail up faster and faster, and he got so tired he couldn't hardly hold his head up, but he was scaret all the same. And one day he was layin' on the bed, and lookin' out o' the east winder, and the sun kep' a-shinin' in his eyes till he shet 'em up, and he fell fast asleep. He had a real good nap; and when he woke up he went out to take a walk.

And he begun to think o' what the posies and trees and creatures had said about dyin', and how they laughed at his bein' scaret at it, and he says to himself, "Why, someways I don't feel so scaret to-day, but I s'pose I be." And jest



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then what do you think he done? Why, he met a Angel. He'd never seed one afore, but he knowed it right off. And the Angel says, "Ain't you happy, little boy?" And Reuben says, "Well, I would be, only I'm so dreadful scaret o' dyin'. It must be terr'ble cur'us," he says, "to be dead." And the Angel says, "Why, you be dead." And he was.



## What Does Little Birdie Say?

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

What does little birdie say,  
In her nest at peep of day?  
"Let me fly," says little birdie,  
"Mother, let me fly away."

Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger.  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
"Let me rise and fly away."

Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger;  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby, too, shall fly away.

## Laetus Sorte Mea\*

("Happy in My Lot")

BY JULIANA H. EWING.

[From "The Story of a Short Life." Used by special permission  
of the publishers, Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.]



LEONARD was a spoiled child. His grace and beauty and high spirits had been strong temptations to his friends to indulge him in every whim. From his soldier ancestors he had inherited an intense love of all things military, and the exhibitions at the post near his house had stimulated his ambition to become a soldier. One field day he was standing on the seat of the carriage cheering his favorite regiment, when the horses suddenly started forward. He was thrown from the carriage and made a cripple for life.

The child had never learned to govern his imperious nature, and when his young limbs bounded no more, and his boyish hopes were cut off, he rebelled against any attempt at control, and furiously refused to obey.

He had been irritable all day, and his troubled mother stood by the window looking down where the elm-trees made long shadows on the grass. Had she failed to teach him the fortitude and patience under his pains that was not only his highest duty, but his best chance of happiness? The pride of her heart had been stirred by Leonard's love for soldiers, his brave ambitions, the high spirit and heroic instincts which he inherited from a long line of gallant men and noble women. Had her pride been a sham? Did she care only for the courage of the battle-field? Was she willing that her son should be a coward, because it was not the trumpet's sound that summoned him to fortitude? She had strung her heart to the thought that, like many a mother of her race, she might live to gird on his sword; should she fail to help him to carry his cross?

At this point a cry came from below the window, and, looking out, she saw Leonard, beside himself with passion,

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raining blows like hail with his crutch upon poor Jemima, his nurse. She felt that her conscience had not roused her an hour too soon.

That evening Leonard had tea with his mother in her very own room; and his little black dog, the Sweep, had tea there, too.

And when the old elms looked black against the primrose-colored sky, and it had been Leonard's bed-time for half an hour past, the three were together still.

. . . . .

"I beg your pardon, Jemima. I am very sorry, and I'll never do so any more. I didn't want to beg your pardon before, because I was naughty, and because you trod on my Sweep's foot. But I beg your pardon now, because I am good—at least I am better, and I am going to try to be good."

"My lamb! my pretty! You're always good—"

"Don't tell stories, Jemima; and please don't contradict me, for it makes me cross; and if I am cross I can't be good; and if I am not good all to-morrow, I am not to be allowed to go downstairs after dinner. And there's a V. C. coming to dinner, and I do want to see him more than I want anything else in all the world."

When Leonard was wheeled into the drawing-room the next evening his mother went to meet him, and the V. C. followed her. He had been prepared to pity and be good-natured to a lame child who had a whim to see him; but not for this vision of rare beauty, beautifully dressed, with crippled limbs lapped in Eastern embroideries, and whose wan face and wonderful eyes were lambent with eager and wistful intelligence.

"How do you do, V. C.? I am very glad to see you. I wanted to see you more than anything in the world. I hope you don't mind seeing me because I have been a coward, for I mean to be brave now; and that is why I wanted to see you so much, because you are such a very brave man. The reason I was a coward was partly with being so cross when my back hurts, but particularly with hitting Jemima with my crutches, for no one but a coward strikes a woman. She trod on my dog's toes. This is my dog. Please pat him; he would like to be patted by a V. C. He is called the Sweep because he is black. You know what the motto of our house is, don't you? See, it's there on Uncle Rupert's picture—*Laetus Sorte Mea*—"Happy in My Lot." I wanted to grow up into a brave soldier, but I don't think, perhaps, that I ever can now; but

mother says I can be a brave cripple, and that would make me happy in my lot. Please show me your Victoria Cross."

"It's on my tunic, and that's in my quarters in camp. I'm so sorry."

"So am I. I knew you lived in camp. I like the camp, and oh!—those ladies are coming after us! They want to take you away. Mother! Mother, dear! Don't let them take him away. You did promise me, you know you did, that if I was good all to-day I should talk to the V. C. I can't talk to him if I can't have him all to myself. Do let us go into the library, and be all to ourselves. Oh, I hope I shan't be naughty! I do feel so impatient! Why doesn't James come and carry me out of my chair?"

"Let me carry you, little friend."

"But *can* you carry me? Did you ever carry anybody that had been hurt?"

"Yes; several people—much bigger than you."

"Men hurt like me, or wounded in battle?"

"Wounded in battle."

"Should you think that if I am very good, and not cross about a lot of pain in my back and my head—really a good lot—that that would count up to be as brave as having one wound if I'd been a soldier? *Do you?* Oh, do answer me; don't stroke my head! I get so impatient. You've been in battle—do you?"

"I do; I do. My little friend, *that* would count for lying out all night on the field when the battle is over. Soldiers are not always fighting."

"Did you ever lie out for a night on a battle-field? Oh, dear! There's Jemima."

"But you are going to be good?"

"I know I am. And I'm going to do lessons again. I did a little French this morning—a story. Mother did most of it; but I know what the French officer called the poor old French soldier when he went to see him in a hospital."

"What?"

"*Mon brave*. That means 'my brave fellow.' A nice name, wasn't it? Thank you so much. You have put me in beautifully. Kiss me, please. Good-night, V. C."

"Good-night, *mon brave*."

Although but a little, weak, suffering child, Leonard lived long enough to do a great work in the world, for has it not

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been said that "he who conquers himself is greater than he that taketh a city"?

In the barrack master's hut the little hero lay dying. His mind had wandered during the night. He had believed himself to be a soldier on active service, bearing the brunt of battle and the pain of wounds; and he called again and again in noble raving to imaginary comrades to keep up heart and press forward.

About four o'clock he sank into a stupor, but at gun-fire he opened his eyes. The nine hundred men in the little barrack church were singing "The Son of God Goes Forth to War." It was the brave little soldier's last Sunday, and he had particularly asked that the men might sing his favorite hymn, and that his beloved V. C. would stand outside the officers' door and sing so that he could hear the words.

He stood there now upon the steps, bareheaded in the sunshine, with his face lifted toward the barrack master's hut, and sang:—

"Who best can drink His cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears His cross below,  
He follows in His train."

On either side of Leonard's bed, like guardian angels, knelt his father and mother, and at his feet lay the Sweep.

"There! There it is! Mother, dear, please go to the window and see if V. C. is there, and wave your hand to him. Father, dear, lift me up a little, please. Ah, now I hear him! Good V. C. You know I am not impatient, mother, dear; but I do hope, please God, I shan't die till I've heard them sing that verse once more!"

. . . . .

Clear and sweet above the voices behind him rose the voice of the V. C. still singing to his little friend:—

"They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain"—

The men sang on; but the V. C. stopped, as if he had been shot. For a man's hand had come to the barrack master's window and pulled the white blind down.

## The Victor of Marengo

BY JOEL T. HEADLEY.



NAPOLEON was sitting in his tent; before him lay a map of Italy. He took four pins and stuck them up; measured, moved the pins, and measured again. "Now," said he, "that is right; I will capture him there."

"Who, sir?" said an officer.

"Milas, the old fox of Austria. He will retire from Genoa, pass Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I shall cross the Po, meet him on the plains of Laconia, and conquer him there," and the finger of the child of destiny pointed to Marengo.

Two months later the memorable campaign of 1800 began. The 20th of May saw Napoleon on the heights of St. Bernard. The 22d, Lannes, with the army of Genoa, held Padua. So far all had been well with Napoleon. He had compelled the Austrians to take the position he desired; reduced the army from one hundred and twenty thousand to forty thousand men; despatched Murat to the right, and June 14th moved forward to consummate his masterly plan.

But God threatened to overthrow his scheme! A little rain had fallen in the Alps, and the Po could not be crossed in time. The battle was begun. Milas, pushed to the wall, resolved to cut his way out, and Napoleon reached the field to see Lannes beaten, Champeaux dead, Desaix still charging old Milas, with his Austrian phalanx at Marengo, till the consular guard gave way, and the well-planned victory was a terrible defeat. Just as the day was lost, Desaix, the boy General, sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry, halted on the eminence where stood Napoleon. There was in the corps a drummer-boy, a gamin whom Desaix had picked up in the streets of Paris. He had followed the victorious eagle of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Germany. As the columns halted, Napoleon shouted to him: "Beat a retreat!"

The boy did not stir.

"Gamin, beat a retreat!"

The boy stopped, grasped the drumsticks, and said: "Sire, I do not know how to beat a retreat; Desaix never taught me that; but I can beat a charge,—oh, I can beat a charge that

will make the dead fall into line. I beat that charge at the Pyramids; I beat that charge at Mount Tabor; I beat it again at the bridge of Lodi. May I beat it here?"

Napoleon turned to Desaix and said: "We are beaten; what shall we do?"

"Do? Beat them! It is only three o'clock, and there is time enough to win a victory yet. Up! the charge! beat the old charge of Mount Tabor and Lodi!"

A moment later the corps, following the sword-gleam of Desaix, and keeping step with the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept down on the host of Austrians. They drove the first line back on the second—both on the third, and there they died. Desaix fell at the first volley, but the line never faltered, and as the smoke cleared away the gamin was seen in front of his line marching right on, and still beating the furious charge. Over the dead and wounded, over breast-works and fallen foe, over cannon belching forth their fire of death, he led the way to victory, and the fifteen days in Italy were ended. To-day men point to Marengo in wonder. They admire the power and foresight that so skillfully handled the battle, but they forget that a general only thirty years of age made a victory of a defeat. They forget that a gamin of Paris put to shame "the child of destiny."



## Good Morning

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

The year's at the Spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world.

## Miranda and Her Friend Kroof

(From "*The Heart of the Ancient Wood.*")

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

[This story was published in *Lippincott's Magazine*, April, 1900. It is one of the most charming out-of-door stories ever written, and should be in every child's collection of books.]



KIRSTIE CRAIG lived with her five-year-old daughter, Miranda, in a settlement near the edge of the great Canadian woods. People were so unkind and unloving to her that she resolved to live her life aloof from them. Gathering together her earthly possessions, she went to a spacious clearing in the heart of the wood, and, taking possession of a deserted cabin there, began to farm the clearing for a living for herself and child. From the very first day of her new life on the clearing Miranda had found it to her taste. For her the place was not solitary. Her wide eyes saw when her mother could not see, and to her the forest edges—which she was not allowed to pass—were full of most satisfying playmates just waiting for her to invite their confidence. One afternoon her mother was ill and fell into a deep sleep. Miranda had gone out to feed the hens. She did not go straight back to her mother. Instead she wandered off toward the edge of the dark firwood, where it came down close behind the cabin. The broad light of the open field, now green with buckwheat, threw a living illumination far in among the cool arcades.

Between the straight gray trunks Miranda's clear eyes saw something move. She liked it very much, indeed. It looked to her extremely like a cat, only larger than any cat she had seen at the settlement, taller on its legs, and with a queer, thick stump of a tail. In fact, it was a cat, the brown cat, or lesser lynx. Its coat was a red brown, finely mottled with a paler shade, and the expression on the moonlike round of its face was both fierce and shy. But it was a cat, plainly



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enough, and Miranda's heart went out to it, as it sat up there in the shadows, watching her steadily with wide, pale eyes.

"Oh, pretty pussy! pretty pussy!" called Miranda, stretching out her hands to it coaxingly, and running into the wood.

The brown cat waited unwinking until she was about ten paces off, then turned and darted deeper into the shadows. When it was all but out of sight it stopped, turned again, and sat up to watch the eager child. Miranda was now absorbed in the pursuit and sanguine of catching the beautiful pussy. This time she was suffered to come almost within grasping distance before the animal again wheeled with an angry *pfuff* and darted away. Disappointed, but not discouraged, Miranda followed again; and the little play was repeated, with slight variation, till her great eyes were full of blinding tears, and she was ready to drop with weariness. Then the malicious cat, tired of the game, and no longer curious, vanished altogether, and Miranda sat down to cry.

But she was not the child to make much fuss over a small disappointment. In a very few minutes she jumped up, dried her eyes with the backs of her tiny fists, and started, as she thought, straight for home. At first she ran, thinking her mother might be troubled by her absence. But, not coming to the open as she expected, she stopped, looked about her very carefully, and then walked forward with continual circumspection. She walked on and on, till she knew she had gone far enough to reach home five times over. Her feet faltered, and then she stood quite still, helplessly. She knew that she was lost. All at once the ancient wood, the wood she had longed for, the wood whose darkness she had never feared, became lonely, menacing, terrible. She broke into loud wailing. The cries came to the ears of Kroof, a large, black bear who had often gone near to the clearing to watch the little girl in whom she was greatly interested. She started in the direction of the cry, but other ears had heard it, too.

A tawny form, many times larger than the perfidious brown cat, but not altogether unlike it in shape, crept stealthily towards the sound. Though his limbs looked heavy, his paws large, in comparison with his lank body and small, flat, cruel head, his movements, nevertheless, were noiseless as light. At each low-stooping, sinuous step, his tail twitched nervously. When he caught sight of the crying child he

stopped, and then crept up more stealthily than before, crouching so low that his belly almost touched the ground, his neck stretched out in a line with his tail.

He made absolutely no sound, yet something in Miranda's sensitive brain heard him before he was quite within springing distance. She stopped her crying, glanced suddenly around, and fixed a darkly clear glance upon his glaring green eyes. Poor little frightened and lonely child though she was, there was yet something subtly disturbing to the beast in that steady gaze of hers. It was the empty gloom, the state of being lost, which had made Miranda's fear. Of an animal, however fierce, she had no instinctive terror, and now, though she knew that the cruel-eyed beast before her was the panther, it was a sort of indignant curiosity that was uppermost in her mind.

The beast shifted his eyes uneasily under her unwavering look. He experienced a moment's indecision as to whether or not it was well, after all, to meddle with this untterrified, clear-gazing creature. Then an anger grew within him. He fixed his hypnotizing stare more resolutely, and lashed his tail with angry jerks. He was working himself up to the final and fatal spring, while Miranda watched him.

Just then a strange thing happened. Out from behind a boulder, whence she had been eying the situation, shambled the huge, black form of Kroof. She was at Miranda's side in an instant; and, rising upon her hindquarters, a towering, indomitable bulk, she squealed defiance to the panther. As soon as Miranda saw her "great big dog" (which she knew quite well, however, to be a bear), she seemed to realize how frightened she had been of the panther, and she recognized that strong defence had come. With convulsive sobs, she sprang forward and hid her tear-stained little face in the bear's shaggy flank, clutching at the soft fur with both hands. To this impetuous embrace Kroof paid no attention, but continued to glower menacingly at the panther.

As for the panther, he was unaffectedly astonished. He lost his stealthy, crouching, concentrated attitude, and rose to his full height, lifted his head, dropped his tail, and stared at the phenomenon. If this child was a protégé of Kroof's, he wanted none of her, for it would be a day of famine, indeed, when he would wish to force conclusions with the giant she-bear. He wheeled about and walked off indifferently,

moving with head erect and a casual air. One would hardly have known him for the stealthy monster of ten minutes ago.

When he was gone Kroof lay down on her side and gently coaxed Miranda against her body. Her heart went out to the child. And Miranda showed herself most appreciative of Kroof's attentions, stroking her with light little hands, and murmuring to her much musical endearment, to which Kroof lent earnest ear. Then, laying her head on the fur of the bear, she suddenly went fast asleep, being wearied by her wanderings and her emotions.

Late in the afternoon, towards milking time, Kirstie aroused herself. She felt troubled at having been so long asleep. And where could Miranda be? She arose, tottering for a moment, but soon found herself steady; and then she realized that she had slept off a sickness. But Miranda was nowhere to be seen.

"Miranda!" she called. And then louder,—and yet louder,—and at last with a piercing wail of anguish, as it burst upon her that Miranda was gone. The sunlit clearing, the gray cabin, the dark forest edges, all seemed to whirl and swim about her for an instant. It was only for an instant. Then she snatched up the axe from the chopping-log, and with a sure instinct darted into that tongue of fir-woods just behind the house.

All at once, over the mossy crest of a rock, she saw a sight which brought her to a standstill. Her eyes and her mouth opened wide in sheer amazement. Then the terrible tension relaxed. A strong shudder passed through her, and she was her steadfast self again. A smile broke up the sober lines of her face.

And this was what she saw. Through the hoary arcades of the fir-wood walked a huge black bear, with none other than Miranda trotting by its side, and playfully stroking its rich coat. The great animal would pause from time to time, merely to nuzzle at the child with its snout, or lick her hand with its narrow red tongue, but the course it was making was straight for the cabin. Kirstie stood motionless for some minutes watching the strange scene, then stepping out from her shelter, she hastened after them. So engrossed were they with each other that she came up undiscovered to within twenty paces of them. Then she called out,—

"Miranda, where *have* you been?"

The child stopped, looked around, but still clung to Kroof's fur.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, eager and breathless, and trying to tell everything at once; "I was all lost,—and I was just going to be eaten up,—and the dear, good big bear came and frightened the panther away;—and we were just going home;—and *do* come and speak to the dear, lovely, big bear! Oh, *don't* let it go away, *don't* let it!"

But on this point Kroof had her own views. It was Miranda she had adopted, not Kirstie, and she felt a kind of jealousy of Miranda's mother. Even while Miranda was speaking, the bear swung aside and briskly shambled off, leaving the child half in tears.

It was a thrilling story which Miranda had to tell her mother that evening. It made a profound impression on Kirstie's quick and tolerant mind; she saw in Kroof's affection only a strong shield for Miranda against the gravest perils of the wood.



## A Riddle

BY HANNAH MORE.

(A Book.)

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old,  
I'm often in tatters, and oft decked with gold;  
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found;  
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound.  
I'm always in black, and I'm always in white;  
I'm grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light—  
In form, too, I differ,—I'm thick and I'm thin,  
I've no flesh and no bones, yet I'm covered with skin;  
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute;  
I sing without voice, without speaking confute.  
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch;  
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much;  
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,  
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

## Little Nell

BY CHARLES DICKENS.



LITTLE NELL was an orphan child, left to the care of her grandfather, a dear old man, who obtained a scanty living from trading in old pictures and curios.

The old man loved the little girl with a passionate devotion. For her sake he dreaded poverty and want so much that he began to gamble, in the childish hope that he might earn a vast sum of money. Of course he was an easy victim for the shrewd gamesters. At last he staked everything he had in the world and lost it, and, instead of surrounding Nell with his tender care and the advantages of luxury, the old man, shattered in mind and body, became as a little child. Henceforth Nell was to be his guide and leader. She had only a child's knowledge of the world, but she felt that her grandfather was in great danger, and she resolved to take him away from all this troubled life to the pleasant country, to walk barefoot through the world, if need be, rather than linger where they could no longer be happy.

For many months they wandered about the country, meeting with strange adventures that were alarming to the delicate child, falling into the hands of unprincipled people, suffering hunger and thirst, having no shelter, and yet they were happy because they were together and because the grandfather was free from this passion that had changed him so strangely.

At last they met a friend in Mrs. Jarley, who was traveling about the country exhibiting a collection of wax-works. She gave them both employment, and here they rested from their long wanderings and once more found a home. Nell's sunny disposition and gentle patience won many friends for them, and they were happier than they had been for many months.

One evening, when Nell and her grandfather went to walk, a deafening thunderstorm drove them to seek refuge in a roadside tavern, where some evil-looking men were playing cards. At sight of the silver money piled upon the table, all the old man's passion for gambling returned, and, in spite of Nell's earnest entreaties, he took the purse which contained all their earnings, and when the play came to an end the little purse was exhausted.

It was too late to return to Mrs. Jarley's. For a moment Nell was troubled, then remembered a piece of gold that she had sewed into her dress against such an emergency. As they would leave the house very early in the morning, the child was anxious to pay for their entertainment before they retired to bed. Following the landlord when he went out of the room, she took the money secretly from its place of concealment, but her grandfather heard the clinking of the change, and his face at once became flushed and eager, and his breath came short and thick.

Although Nell felt a vague sense of uneasiness, a broken, fitful sleep gradually stole upon her—and then—what! A figure in the room! A figure was there, and it crouched and shrunk along, stealing round the bed. She had no voice to cry for help, no power to move, but lay still watching it. On it came—on, silently and stealthily, to the bed's head. At length it busied its hands in something, and she heard the chink of money.

Then it dropped upon its hands and knees and crawled away. The first impulse of the child was to fly from the terror of being by herself. With no consciousness of having moved, she gained the door. The figure crept along the passage until it came to her grandfather's door. The idea flashed suddenly upon her—what if it entered there, and had a design upon the old man's life! She turned faint and sick. It went in. Not knowing what she meant to do, but meaning to preserve him or be killed herself, she staggered forward and looked in.

What sight was that which met her view! At a table sat the old man himself, the only living creature there; his white face pinched and sharpened by the greediness which made his eyes unnaturally bright—counting the money of which his hands had robbed her.

After this incident at the public-house, poor little Nell knew no peace. She realized how broken and irresponsible her dear grandfather had become, and her one thought now was to get him away—to save him from disgrace and crime; and once more they were wanderers through the world.

For weeks they walked, travel-stained and weary, begging from door to door. The agony she had been enduring for the past weeks told upon her strength. Her shoes were worn quite through, and her little feet were swollen so that every step caused her pain. She walked just a little behind her grandfather that he might not see how she limped.

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They were dragging themselves along through the last street of a little village, and the child felt that the time was close at hand when her enfeebled powers would bear no more. There appeared before them, at this juncture, a traveler on foot, who read from a book which he held in his hand. Animated with a ray of hope, the child shot on before her grandfather, and began in a few faint words to implore the stranger's help. He turned his head. The child clapped her hands together, uttered a wild shriek, and fell senseless at his feet. It was a poor school-master at whose house they had stopped in the first days of their journeying.

Scarcely less moved and surprised by the sight of the child than she had been on recognizing him, he stood for a moment, silent and confounded by this unexpected apparition, but quickly recovering his self-possession, he endeavored to restore her, while her grandfather, standing idly by, wrung his hands and implored her with many endearing expressions to speak to him, were it only a word.

"She is quite exhausted," said the schoolmaster, glancing upward into his face. "You have taxed her powers too far, friend."

"She is perishing of want," rejoined the old man. "I never thought how weak and ill she was till now."

Casting a look upon him, half-reproachful, half-compassionate, the school-master took the child in his arms, and bore her away to his home at his utmost speed. Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, Nell begged that her grandfather would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to him with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead at first. There, upon her bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now. She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

They had dressed her couch here and there with some winter berries and green leaves. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light and had the sky above it always." These were her words. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead.

## Parsifal the Pure

(From "Stories from Wagner.")

BY J. WALKER McSPADDEN.

[The book from which this story is taken is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. All the tales will be found to be delightful supplementary reading and especially adapted to the home story-hour.]



YOU remember that in the Bible account of the Last Supper, Christ took a cup and blessed the wine in it and gave it to His disciples to drink. A legend says that Joseph of Arimathea obtained the blessed cup of the sacrament, and that at the crucifixion he caught in it a few drops of blood from Christ's bleeding side. Henceforth the cup possessed the miraculous power of healing all wounds and sickness. It brought perfect peace to its possessor; and the mere sight of it was esteemed the greatest privilege on earth. But it was rarely seen of men. Spirited away by divine power, the Holy Grail—as it was called—was shown only on rare occasions, and to the noblest and most self-sacrificing among its seekers. And so its quest came to be the highest task a man could set himself, for it meant the conquering of his own baser nature first of all, and the putting aside of every selfish interest. A brave knight, Titurel by name, decided to devote his whole life to seeking the sacred cup. With a small body of chosen knights, he set forth, and they prayed unceasingly and aided every one who crossed their path. At last God rewarded them by a sight of the Holy Grail, and they built a beautiful temple, and vowed eternal service to their sacred charge. For many years they kept their vows with zealous faith. Titurel, their head, became an old man, and Amfortas, his son, was appointed chief guardian of the Grail in his stead. Meanwhile, as you may suppose, many other knights were desirous of being admitted into the temple; but none save those who led pure and sincere lives were ever accepted. Among those who were rejected because they were unworthy was a powerful magician named Klingsor. When he failed to win entrance in the usual way, he tried to bribe the keepers of the gates, and to make use of other base methods, but with-



out success. In his rage Klingsor swore vengeance, and devoted all his wicked arts to overthrowing the Temple of the Grail. He made a beautiful garden on the other side of the mountain, which he filled with flowers, fruits, music and dancing girls. By this means he deluded many knights who had come from afar earnestly seeking the Holy Grail, so that almost at the goal they forgot their quest and tarried idly in the gardens.

Hearing of Klingsor's wicked arts, Amfortas was filled with righteous anger. He determined to go forth and strike down the magician with his sacred Spear, which was his high badge of office. This Spear was second only to the Grail itself in sanctity. It was the same that had pierced the Saviour's side while He was on the cross. It gave to its bearer the power of overcoming all his enemies, so long as he was true to the faith. Amfortas, though zealous, fell into temptation. The wicked Klingsor obtained possession of the Spear, and with it he wounded Amfortas in the side. In shame and sorrow, Amfortas returned to do penance and to confess his fault, but the wound in his side never healed. It gave him daily torment, and the sight of the Grail, which had once brought healing, seemed only to increase the pain. At length, one day, an added radiance glowed about the Grail, and he heard a voice saying:

"By pity enlightened,  
My guileless one.—  
Wait thou for him  
Till my will is done!"

Amfortas could not understand these words, but somehow his heart was lightened, and he thanked God that one day, be it near or far, he should find relief.

One day, as the aged keeper of the gate was sitting, as was his wont, with his face toward the little lake that nestled in the valley, his eye was attracted by a wild swan, which soared peacefully above the lake. Suddenly it turned sidewise with a wild flutter of pinions, and began to fall toward the water. The keeper saw that it was wounded by an arrow, and he hastened down to the lake to see who had done the deed; for it was forbidden to harm any creature, great or small, within the sight of the temple. Just as he reached the bank the swan fell at his feet and expired, while at the same moment a youth ran up to claim his prize. He was clothed in motley animal skins, but he was strong and well knit, and with that

frank look about the eye which denotes both fearlessness and innocence. The old man reproached him bitterly, and the youth stood with downcast eyes and troubled face. "Indeed, I never thought evil." And, seized by a sudden impulse, he broke his bow across his knee and flung his arrows away.

They cast the dead swan into the lake and went together up the hill to the temple. Service of the sacrament was just being begun in the temple as they entered its doors. Long did Amfortas pray in his pain, for he felt he was unworthy to uncover the Grail; but all the knights and the aged Titurel urged him to do it, kneeling with solemn upturned faces, until at last Amfortas unveiled the Cup and poured wine therefrom so that all might partake. Then he fell to the floor with a shudder of pain. The old wound had broken open afresh.

The boy, Parsifal, stood spellbound behind a pillar, and could make no meaning of what he saw. His heart was filled with a great pity for the suffering Amfortas. He resolved to set forth at once to find the Spear that would heal the king.

No sooner was Parsifal on his way in search of the Sacred Spear than Klingsor was on the alert. He summoned Kundry, a poor, sinful woman, over whom he had cast a spell, and bade her prepare the same kind of a trap for Parsifal as had lured the knights aside.

When Parsifal drew near, walking over the crest of the hill, the palace of Klingsor suddenly sank into the earth and vanished, leaving in its stead a lovely flower garden. Presently Parsifal stood still and listened, for he heard strains of entrancing music, and then girls' voices in chorus. Then he paused spellbound. The flowers themselves were singing to him! Out of the center of each blossom peeped the bright eyes and laughing face of a bewitching maiden. They began to weave in and out in a wonderful dance, and they sang a bewitching invitation to him to tarry. Parsifal shook his head, "I like you all, and I would gladly listen to you sing, but I must away on my errand."

He turned to go, when another voice, softer than the rest, called his name. A leafy bower opened wide, and in it sat a maiden fairer than ever heart could dream. It was the witch, Kundry, transformed by the power of the magician into this glorious vision.

Pretending that she brought it to him from his mother, she gave him a kiss, intending to enchant him; but for once

it failed of its effect. Parsifal sprang up as if stung by an asp.

"Amfortas! O Amfortas! I know it now! The spear-wound in your side! Ah, the anguish of it has come upon me also!"

"Thou art wrong," said the woman, softly. "I have harmed thee not. Only stay!"

"Not another moment! Your garden is evil and brings death to men's souls."

He turned to go, but the witch called aloud to the magician. She knew her power was gone, and as she called, Parsifal saw a dark, dreadful figure before her that blocked the way.

"Stay!" commanded Klingsor, waving the Sacred Spear aloft. "Those who enter my garden cannot leave it so easily!"

"Stand aside!" said Parsifal. "I fear ye not!"

"Thou wilt fear me when thou dost feel the spear-point! 'Tis the same that undid Amfortas." And he threw the weapon straight at Parsifal, with terrific force. But, miracle of miracles! It stopped of itself midway, and floated gently about Parsifal's head. He grasped it reverently and made the sign of the cross. As he did so there was a tremendous crash, followed by an earthquake. The garden, its flowers and music and running streams were swallowed up in an instant, with all its inmates. Parsifal alone remained on solid ground. He looked about him, but could see only a trackless forest, with close spreading trees that shut out the blue sky. He did not know which way to turn or where stood the Temple of the Grail. He set forth asking God to guide him, and the Sacred Spear to protect him. Thus it was that Parsifal began his pilgrimage. Long and hard it was, yet he did not falter or complain. And always his hand was ready to help the poor or the suffering. Thus years passed and at last Parsifal, for true and heroic service, was made a knight. Never was there a comelier. His face glowed with an inner light; his eye was the very mirror of truth; and always he sought the deed that was most valorous and the duty that was most severe, hoping that his steps might be directed again to the Temple of the Grail.

At last his time of trial was over. God brought him to the temple, where he healed the wound of the suffering Amfortas, and was proclaimed the stainless Guardian of the Grail.

# The Speaker

Volume I

No. 4



HE modern student seeks the shortest way to earn his bread and butter. He is impatient to be at something that will bring financial returns. Some of his companions quit school for business years ago, and but for parental persuasion he would have joined them. Since he must stay in school a while longer he is busily hunting those studies that will contribute immediately to some practical end that will enable him to get on. He spurns Greek, Latin, Philosophy, Ethics, Evidences of Christianity, and the other subjects that constituted a college curriculum of a generation or so past, and eagerly turns to German, Spanish, the latest sciences, and technical subjects of all kinds. No time is given to general culture, if the student can help it. Whether it is wise is not our purpose to discuss; certainly the extreme has been reached. Only last June, President Hadley, of Yale, declared in his address to the Alumni of that institution that it would be better to abolish half the courses offered at Yale; which half he did not say. Changes will come, though they can only be made gradually.

In the meantime teachers of Public Speaking should not allow students to overlook the fact that this subject is both for general culture and for practical purposes. That it is practical the average student does not realize. He sees in it nothing but voice exercises and gestures, which will enable one to "speak pieces" with a degree of skill—only something that gives one an accomplishment. He should understand, however, that in Public Speaking, or even in the more limited study of Declamation, there is much which will contribute to his equipment for getting on in the world—for making a living, and compelling recognition from one's fellows.

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The engineer who can present clearly, and in a pleasing manner, the plans which he hopes to have the executive

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board adopt is much more likely to get the contract than a man with an equally good plan who lacks the training to present that plan. The clerk who has a cultivated voice will make his way faster than an equally good salesman who has a strident, irritating voice. One of the questions which teachers' agencies ask is, has the applicant a well-modulated voice? A trained voice is effective in securing discipline in the school room, or anywhere that authority

**An Important Requisite** is asserted. Men who are trained to speak well easily forge ahead of their fellows who in other things are as capable as they. The intimate knowledge of literature which comes through courses in Public Speaking gives a soul culture such as no other course in the school gives, and soul culture, after all, is the end of education.

A business man relates that when he once advertised for a secretary, there came to him a competent young woman, skilled in stenography and typewriting, and who seemed in every way satisfactory, but at the first word she spoke he felt that it was impossible to engage her. The voice was irritating.

In every school attention should be given to voice culture. It is a very practical subject. By it students learn to control themselves, and become welcome in any group of business, or society people where they have something to say.

Teachers of Public Speaking often make the subject unattractive to those students who have regard for only practical subjects. Queer voice effects, fantastic and impracticable, are dwelt upon with an insistence that repels all except those who wish to make public speaking a profession. The teacher is not entirely to blame for the present conditions of oratory, but he can do much to mend them. Above everything else he must insist that oratory is not a trick of speech. It is something more than talking well.

The secret of effective eloquence is conviction.

In discussing oratory in America, Rev. William Rader, of San Francisco, recently wrote:

"More than a quarter of a century ago the Hon. Daniel H. Dougherty, of Philadelphia, the silver-tongued orator, said: 'The grand days of oratory are gone forever.' It would be difficult to name a really great orator who has spoken in the United States Congress since Mr. Dougherty made that statement.

**Is It True?**

"There is no great speaker in the English Parliament. Winston Churchill is a good talker, but not long since he broke down utterly and was unable to proceed.

"We are a nation of talkers; but parrots talk, though they are not orators. The American pulpit has few eloquent preachers. The life of a city preacher is so busy these days that it is almost impossible for him to create pulpit masterpieces. In the rush of life this art is neglected. Violets do not grow on Market Street.

"America has produced great orators. Webster was probably more eloquent than Demosthenes, and Beecher than Cicero. The war recovered the eloquent voice. Business hushes it. War always leaves fresh paintings, great orations, and majestic poems in its pathway. Art is born out of stress and struggle.

"If we look over our country, we search in vain for great orators. The South still has some good speakers. Here and there we find a preacher of the old school; but there was but one Grady. Henry Watterson has caught the fire, and Booker Washington is a good talker, but never rises to the greatness of Fred Douglass.

"New England was once prolific in eloquent men, but since the Winthrops have passed away there is little eloquence. There is no successor to Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner. The Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was the last of the great orators of the Sumner or Webster school, unless we except Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, of Chicago, who is the genius of the American pulpit and platform. Of the younger men he stands almost alone as the representative of the older school of popular speakers.

"San Francisco had at least one real orator in Starr King. Whittier wrote of 'his lip of gold.' Starr King's printed words do not always indicate the greatness of the speaker, since eloquence cannot be put into type; but the young Unitarian, chaining California to the Union with links of verbal gold, measured up to George Herbert's definition of eloquence, which he defined as 'that which informs and inflames.'

"It is a strange fact that college presidents, professors, and so-called men of learning are poor speakers. They are usually prosy, and speak with a poor delivery. They are not very inspirational, and do not catch fire. A college man doesn't often blaze. On the other hand, the ordinary

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'spellbinder' on the stump blazes too much. He burns like a bag of shavings, and often his ideas are shavings—taken from other men's speeches.

"Oratory has given place to talking. The college men have crushed eloquence. The John the Baptists who live on locusts and wild honey, and who come from the wilderness, often speak with power, but the scholar puts his hands in his pockets, and talks in a low, confidential voice.

"In public speech, power is of more value than polish. 'How many errors did you find in this sermon of mine?' asked Henry Ward Beecher of his stenogra-

**Beecher and  
the English  
Language** pher.

"'Just two hundred and sixteen.'

"'Young man,' said the great orator, 'when the English language gets in my way it doesn't stand a chance.'

"Orators are scarce, while good talkers are numerous. The men who move men and charm them, who bend their wills by the force of their words, as one bends a bow, are few. Colonel Ingersoll was a unique speaker. His words, regarded from a literary viewpoint, were musical, and his delivery was superb; but he has left no successor.

"Now and then one hears a good speech, but more often a poor one. Occasionally there is an exceptional lecture or address, but there are comparatively few of our public men who can really move an audience. Mr. Bryan is an orator, and one of his speeches made him a Presidential candidate.

"I believe our schools and colleges should aim to cultivate the gifts of public speech, in order that Mr. Dougherty's declaration may never become a fact."

While we do not entirely agree with this gloomy view of the present conditions, there is certainly much in the article that must make us think. We never heard Fred Douglass, but he could hardly have spoken with more eloquence or with greater conviction than does Booker T. Washington. Moreover, there are a number of men who should be added to Dr. Rader's brief list of orators—Bishop Fowler and Senator La Follette are certainly as affective as Henry Watterson. We are not concerned with the names, however. The responsibility on every teacher and student is to make sure that emphasis is not laid on the tricks of public speaking, but upon the message.

# Eulogy on Charles Sumner

(An Extract.)

BY CARL SCHURZ



At the opening of the session in the fall of 1872 Mr. Sumner introduced two measures which, as he thought, should complete the record of his political life. One was his Civil Rights bill and the other a resolution providing that the names of the battles won over fellow-citizens in the war of the Rebellion should be removed from the regimental colors of the army and from the army register. This resolution called forth a new storm against him. It was denounced as an insult to the heroic soldiers of the Union and a degradation of their victories and well-earned laurels. It was condemned as an unpatriotic act.

Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood in a war for human rights! Charles Sumner degrade victories and depreciate laurels won for the cause of universal freedom! How strange an imputation!

Let the dead man have a hearing. This was his thought: No civilized nation, from the republics of antiquity down to our days ever thought it wise or patriotic to preserve in conspicuous and durable form the mementoes of victories won over fellow-citizens in civil war. Why not?

Because every citizen should feel himself with all others as the child of a common country, and not as a defeated foe. All civilized governments of our days have instinctively followed the same dictate of wisdom and patriotism. The Irishman, when fighting for old England at Waterloo, was not to behold on the red cross floating above him the name of the Boyne. The Scotch Highlander, when standing in the trenches of Sebastopol, was not by the colors of his regiment to be reminded of Culloden. Should the son of South Carolina, when at some future day, defending the Republic against some foreign foe, be reminded by an inscription on the colors floating over him, that under this flag the gun was fired that killed his father at Gettysburg? Should this great and enlightened Republic, proud of standing in the front of human progress, be less wise, less large-hearted than the ancients were two thousands years



ago, and the kingly governments of Europe are to-day? Let the battle-flags of the brave volunteers, which they brought home from the war with the glorious record of their victories, be preserved intact as a proud ornament of our state-houses and armories. But let the colors of the army under which the sons of all the States are to meet and mingle in common patriotism, speak of nothing but union,—not a union of conquerors and conquered, but a union which is the mother of all, equally tender to all, knowing of nothing but equality, peace and love among her children.

Such were the sentiments which inspired that resolution. Such were the sentiments which called forth a storm of obloquy. Such were the sentiments for which the legislature of Massachusetts passed a solemn resolution of censure upon Charles Sumner,—Massachusetts, his own Massachusetts, whom he loved so ardently with a filial love,—of whom he was so proud, who had honored him so much in days gone by, and whom he had so long and so faithfully labored to serve and to honor!

How thankful I am, how thankful every human soul in Massachusetts, how thankful every American must be, that he did not die then! How thankful that he was spared to see the day when the heart of Massachusetts came back to him full of the old love and confidence, assuring him that he would again be her chosen son for her representative seat in the House of States:—when the lawgivers of the old Commonwealth, obeying an irresistible impulse of justice, wiped away from the records of the legislature, and from the fair name of the State, that resolution of censure which had stung him so deeply.

Now we have laid him into his grave, in the motherly soil of Massachusetts, which was so dear to him. He is at rest now, the stalwart, brave old champion, whose face and bearing were so austere, and whose heart was so full of tenderness; who began his career with a pathetic plea for universal peace and charity, and whose whole life was an arduous, incessant, never-resting struggle, which left him all covered with scars. And we can do nothing for him but commemorate his lofty ideals of liberty, and equality, and justice, and reconciliation, and purity, and the earnestness and courage and touching fidelity with which he fought for them; so genuine in his sincerity, so single-minded in his zeal, so heroic in his devotion.

# How the Elephant Got His Trunk\*

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

[The twelve stories which make up the "Just So Stories," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, are all delightful reading for children. The book is illustrated by the author, with many full-page drawings that are as delightful as the stories themselves. This cutting is a part of the story, "The Elephant's Child." It is reprinted by special permission of the author and the publishers.]



IN the High and Far-Off Times, the Elephant, O Best Beloved, had no trunk. He had only a blackish, bulgy nose, as big as a boot, that he could wriggle about from side to side; but he couldn't pick up things with it. But there was one Elephant—a new Elephant—an Elephant's Child—who was full of 'satiableness', and that means he asked ever so many questions. *And*, he lived in Africa, and he filled all Africa with his 'satiableness'. He asked his tall aunt the Ostrich, why her tail feathers grew just so, and his tall aunt the Ostrich spanked him with her hard, hard claw. He asked his tall uncle, the Giraffe, what made his skin spotty, and his tall uncle, the Giraffe, spanked him with his hard, hard hoof. And still he was full of 'satiableness'! He asked his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, why her eyes were red, and his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, spanked him with her broad, broad hoof; and he asked his hairy uncle, the Baboon, why melons tasted just so, and his hairy uncle, the Baboon, spanked him with his hairy, hairy paw. And *still* he was full of 'satiableness'! He asked questions about everything that he saw, or heard, or felt, or smelt, or touched, and all his uncles and his aunts spanked him. And still he was full of 'satiableness'!

One fine morning in the middle of the Precession of the Equinoxes this 'satiableness' Elephant's Child asked a few fine

questions that he had never asked before. He asked "What does the Crocodile have for dinner?" Then everybody said "Hush!" in a loud and dretful tone, and they spanked him immediately and directly, without stopping, for a long time.

By and by, when that was finished, he came upon Kolokolo Bird sitting in the middle of a wait-a-bit thorn-bush, and he said, "My father has spanked me, and my mother has spanked me; all my aunts and uncles have spanked me for my 'satiabie curtiosity; and *still* I want to know what the Crocodile has for dinner!"

Then Kolokolo Bird said, with a mournful cry, "Go to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, and find out."

That very next morning this 'satiabie Elephant's Child took a hundred pounds of bananas (the little short red kind), and a hundred pounds of sugar-cane (the long, purple kind), and seventeen melons (the greeny-crackly kind), and said to all his dear families, "Good-bye. I am going to the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to find out what the Crocodile has for dinner." And they all spanked him once more for luck, though he asked them most politely to stop.

Then he went away, a little warm, but not at all astonished.

Now you must know and understand, O Best Beloved, that till that very week, and day, and hour, and minute, this 'satiabie Elephant's Child had never seen a Crocodile, and did not know what one was like. It was all his 'satiabie curtiosity.

The first thing that he found was a Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, curled round a rock.

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, most politely, "but have you seen such a thing as a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?"

"*Have* I seen a Crocodile?" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, in a voice of dretful scorn. "What will you ask me next?"

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but could you kindly tell me what he has for dinner?"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake uncoiled himself very quickly from the rock and spanked the Elephant's Child with his scalesome, flailsome tail.

"That is odd," said the Elephant's Child, "because my father and my mother, and my uncle and my aunt, not to

mention my other aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my other uncle, the Baboon, have all spanked me for my 'satisfiable curiosity—and I suppose this is the same thing."

So he said good-bye very politely to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, and helped to coil him up on the rock again and went on, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up, till he trod on what he thought was a log of wood, at the very edge of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees.

But it was really the Crocodile, O Best Beloved, and the Crocodile winked one eye—like this!

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, most politely, "but do you happen to have seen a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?"

Then the Crocodile winked the other eye and lifted half his tail out of the mud; and the Elephant's Child stepped back most politely, because he did not wish to be spanked again.

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile. "Why do you ask such things?"

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, most politely, "but my father has spanked me, my mother has spanked me, not to mention my tall aunt, the Ostrich, and my tall uncle, the Giraffe, who can kick ever so hard, as well as my broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my hairy uncle, the Baboon, *and* including the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, with the scalesome, flailsome tail, just up the bank, who spansks harder than any of them; and *so*, if it's quite all the same to you, I don't want to be spanked any more."

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile, "for I am the Crocodile," and he wept crocodile-tears to show it was quite true.

Then the Elephant's Child grew all breathless, and panted, and kneeled down on the bank and said, "You are the very person I have been looking for all these long days. Will you please tell me what you have for dinner?"

"Come hither, Little one," said the Crocodile, "and I'll whisper."

Then the Elephant's Child put his head down close to the Crocodile's musky, tusky mouth, and the Crocodile caught him by his little nose, which up to that very week, day, hour, and minute, had been no bigger than a boot, though much more useful.

"I think," said the Crocodile—and he said it between his teeth, like this—"I think to-day I will begin with the Elephant's Child."

At this, O Best Beloved, the Elephant's Child was much annoyed, and he said, speaking through his nose, like this, "Led go! You are hurtig be!"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake scuffled down from the bank and said, "My young friend, if you do not now, immediately and instantly, pull as hard as ever you can, it is my opinion that your acquaintance in the large-pattern leather ulster" (and by this he meant the Crocodile) "will jerk you into yonder limpid stream before you can say Jack Robinson." Then the Elephant's Child sat back on his little haunches, and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose began to stretch. And the Crocodile floundered into the water, making it all creamy with great sweeps of his tail, and *he* pulled, and pulled, and pulled.

And the Elephant's Child's nose kept on stretching; and the Elephant's Child spread all his little four legs and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose kept on stretching; and the Crocodile threshed his tail like an oar, and *he* pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and at each pull the Elephant's Child's nose grew longer and longer—and it hurt him hijjus!

Then the Elephant's Child felt his legs slipping, and he said through his nose, which was now nearly five feet long, "This is too buch for be!"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake came down from the bank, and knotted himself in a double-clove-hitch round the Elephant's Child's hind legs, and said, "Rash and inexperienced traveler, we will now seriously devote ourselves to a little high tension, because if we do not, it is my impression that yonder self-propelling man-of-war, with his armour-plated upper deck" (and by this, O Best Beloved, he meant the Crocodile), "will permanently viti-ate your future career."

This is the way all Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

So he pulled, and the Elephant's Child pulled, and the Crocodile pulled; but the Elephant's Child and the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake pulled hardest; and at last the Crocodile let go of the Elephant's Child's nose with a plop that you could hear all up and down the Limpopo.

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Then the Elephant's Child sat down most hard and sudden; but first he was careful to say "Thank you" to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake; and next he was kind to his poor pulled nose, and wrapped it all up in cool banana leaves, and hung it in the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo to cool.

"What are you doing that for?" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but my nose is badly out of shape, and I am waiting for it to shrink."

"Then you will have to wait a long time," said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "Some people do not know what is good for them."

The Elephant's Child sat there for three days waiting for his nose to shrink. But it never grew any shorter, and, besides, it made him squint. For, O Best Beloved, you will see and understand that the Crocodile had pulled it out into a really truly trunk, same as all Elephants have to-day.



## The Owl

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

When cats run home and light is come,  
And dew is cold upon the ground,  
And the far-off stream is dumb,  
And the whirring sail goes round;  
And the whirring sail goes round;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,  
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,  
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch  
Twice or thrice his roundelay;  
Twice or thrice his roundelay;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

## The Courting of T'nowhead's Bell

BY J. M. BARRIE.



FOR two years it had been notorious in the square that Sam'l Dickie was thinking of courting T'nowhead's Bell, and that if little Sanders Elshioner (which is the Thrums pronunciation of Alexander Alexander), went in for her, he might prove a formidable rival. He only went courting once a week, and he could never take up the running at the place where he left off the Saturday before. Thus he had not, so far, made great headway. His method of making up to Bell had been to drop in at T'nowhead on Saturday nights and talk with the farmer about the rinder-pest.

The courting of T'nowhead's Bell reached its crisis one Sabbath about a month after the events above recorded.

The first half of the service had been gone through on this particular Sunday without anything remarkable happening. It was at the end of the psalm which preceded the sermon that Sanders Elshioner, who sat near the door, lowered his head until it was no higher than the pews, and in that attitude, looking almost like a four-footed animal, slipped out of the church. In their eagerness to be at the sermon many of the congregation did not notice him, and those who did put the matter by in their minds for future investigation. Sam'l, however, could not take it so coolly. From his seat in the gallery he saw Sanders disappear, and his mind misgave him. With the true lover's instinct, he understood it all. Sanders had been struck by the fine turnout in the T'nowhead pew. Bell was alone at the farm. What an opportunity to work one's way up to a proposal! T'nowhead was so overrun with children that such a chance seldom occurred, except on a Sabbath. Sanders, doubtless was off to propose, and he, Sam'l, was left behind.

The suspense was terrible. Sam'l and Sanders had both known all along that Bell would take the first of the two who asked her. Even those who thought her proud admitted that she was modest. Bitterly the weaver repented

having waited so long. Now it was too late. In ten minutes Sanders would be at T'nowhead; in an hour all would be over. Sam'l rose to his feet in a daze. His mother pulled him down by the coat-tail, and his father shook him, thinking he was walking in his sleep. He tottered past them, however, hurried up the aisle, which was so narrow that Dan'l Ross could only reach his seat by walking sideways, and was gone before the minister could do more than stop in the middle of a whirl and gape in horror after him.

A number of the congregation felt that day the advantage of sitting in the laft. What was a mystery to those down-stairs was revealed to them. From the gallery windows they had a fine open view to the south; and as Sam'l took the common, which was a short cut through a steep ascent, to T'nowhead, he was never out of their line of vision. Sanders was not to be seen, but they guessed rightly the reason why. Thinking he had ample time, he had gone round by the main road to save his boots—perhaps, a little scared by what was coming. Sam'l's design was to forestall him by taking the shorter path over the burn and up the commonty.

It was a race for a wife, and several onlookers in the gallery braved the minister's displeasure to see who won. Those who favored Sam'l's suit exultantly saw him leap the stream, while the friends of Sanders fixed their eyes on the top of the common where it ran into the road. Sanders must come into sight there, and the one who reached this point first would get Bell.

Had it been any other day in the week Sam'l might have run. So some of the congregation in the gallery were thinking, when suddenly they saw him bend low and then take to his heels. He had caught sight of Sanders' head bobbing over the hedge that separated the road from the common, and feared that Sanders might see him. The congregation who could crane their necks sufficiently saw a black object, which they guessed to be Sanders' hat, crawling along the hedge-top. For a moment it was motionless, and then it shot ahead. The rivals had seen each other. It was now a hot race. Sam'l, dissembling no longer, clattered up the common, becoming smaller and smaller to the on-lookers as he neared the top. More than one person in the gallery almost rose to their feet in their excitement. Sam'l had it. No. Sanders was in front. Then the two



figures disappeared from view. They seemed to run into each other at the top of the brae, and no one could say who was first. The congregation looked at one another. Some of them perspired. But the minister held on his course.

Sam'l had just been in time to cut Sanders out. It was the weaver's saving that Sanders saw this when his rival turned the corner; for Sam'l was sadly blown. Sanders took in the situation and gave in at once. The last hundred yards of the distance he covered at his leisure, and when he arrived at his destination he did not go in. It was a fine afternoon for the time of year, and he went round to have a look at the pig, about which T'nowhead was a little sinfully puffed up.

"Ay," said Sanders, digging his fingers critically into the grunting animal; "quite so."

"Grumph," said the pig, getting reluctantly to his feet.

"Ou, ay, yes," said Sanders, thoughtfully.

Then he sat down on the edge of the sty, and looked long and silently at an empty bucket. But whether his thoughts were of T'nowhead's Bell, whom he had lost forever, or of the food the farmer fed his pig on, is not known.

"Lord preserve's! Are ye no at the kirk?" cried Bell, nearly dropping the baby as Sam'l broke into the room.

"Bell!" cried Sam'l.

Then T'nowhead's Bell knew that her hour had come.

"Sam'l," she faltered.

"Will you hae's, Bell?" demanded Sam'l glaring at her sheepishly.

"Ay," answered Bell.

Sam'l fell into a chair.

"Bring's a drink o' water, Bell," he said. But Bell thought the occasion required milk, and there was none in the kitchen. She went out to the byre, still with the baby in her arms, and saw Sanders Elshioner sitting gloomily on the pig-sty.

"Weel, Bell," said Sanders.

"I thocht ye'd been at the kirk, Sanders," said Bell.

Then there was silence between them.

"Has Sam'l spired ye, Bell?" asked Sanders, stolidly.

"Ay," said Bell again, and this time there was a tear in her eye. Sanders was little better than an "orra man," and Sam'l was a weaver, and yet—But it was too late now. Sanders gave the pig a vicious poke with a stick, and when

it had ceased to grunt, Bell was back in the kitchen. She had forgotten about the milk, however, and Sam'l only got water after all.

Sanders remained at the pig-sty until Sam'l left the farm, when he joined him at the top of the brae, and they went home together.

"It's yersel, Sanders," said Sam'l.

"It is so, Sam'l," said Sanders.

"Very cauld," said Sam'l.

"Blawy," assented Sanders.

After a pause—

"Sam'l," said Sanders.

"Ay."

"I'm hearin' ye're to be marrit."

"Ay."

"Weel, Sam'l, she's a snod bit lassie."

"Thank ye," said Sam'l.

"I had ance a kin' o' notion o' Bell mysel," continued Sanders.

"Ye had?"

"Yes, Sam'l; but I thocht better o't."

"Hoo d'ye mean?" asked Sam'l, a little anxiously.

"Weel, Sam'l, mairitch is a terrible responsibeelity."

"It is so," said Sam'l, wincing.

"An' no the thing to tak' up without conseederation."

"But it's a blessed and honorable state, Sanders; ye've heard the minister on't."

"They say," continued the relentless Sanders, "'at the minister doesna get on sair wi' the wife himsel'."

"So they do," cried Sam'l, with a sinking at the heart.

"I've been telt," Sanders went on, "'at gin you can get the upper han' o' the wife for a while at first, there's the mair chance o' a harmonious exeestence."

"Bell's no the lassie," said Sam'l appealingly, "to thwart her man."

Sanders smiled.

"D'ye think she is, Sanders?"

"Weel, Sam'l, I d'na want to fluster ye, but she's been ower lang wi' Lisbeth Fargus no to hae learnt her ways. An' a'boddy kens what a life T'nowhead has wi' her."

"Guidsake, Sanders, hoo did ye no speak o' this afore?"

"I thocht ye kent o't, Sam'l."

"But, Sanders," said Sam'l, brightening up, "ye was on yer way to speir her yersel'."

"I was, Sam'l," said Sanders, "and I canna but be thankfu' ye was ower quick for's."

"Gin't hadna been you," said Sam'l, "I wid never hae thocht o't."

"I'm sayin' naething agin Bell," pursued the other, "but, man, Sam'l, a body should be mair deleeberate in a thing o' the kind."

"It was michty hurried," said Sam'l, woefully.

"It's a serious thing to speir a lassie," said Sanders.

"It's an awfu' thing," said Sam'l.

"But we'll hope for the best," added Sanders in a hopeless voice.

They were close to the Tenements now, and Sam'l looked as if he were on his way to be hanged.

"Sam'l!"

"Ay, Sanders."

"Did ye—did ye kiss her, Sam'l?"

"Na."

"Hoo?"

"There was verra little time, Sanders."

"Half an 'oor," said Sanders.

"Was there? Man, Sanders, to tell ye the truth, I never thocht o't."

Then the soul of Sanders Elshioner was filled with contempt for Sam'l Dickie.

The scandal blew over. At first it was expected that the minister would interfere to prevent the union, but beyond intimating from the pulpit that the souls of Sabbath-breakers were beyond praying for, and then praying for Sam'l and Sanders at great length, with a word thrown in for Bell, he let things take their course. Some said it was because he was always frightened lest his young men should intermarry with other denominations, but Sanders explained it differently to Sam'l.

"I hav'na a word to say agin the minister," he said; "they're gran' prayers, but, Sam'l, he's a mairit man himsel'."

"He's a' the better for that, Sanders, isna he?"

"Do ye no see," asked Sanders compassionately, "at he's tryin' to mak' the best o't?"

"Oh, Sanders, man!" said Sam'l.

"Cheer up, Sam'l," said Sanders, "it'll sune be ower."

Their having been rival suitors had not interfered with their friendship. On the contrary, while they had hitherto been mere acquaintances, they became inseparables as the wedding-day drew near. It was noticed that they had much to say to each other, and that when they could not get a room to themselves they wandered about together in the churchyard. When Sam'l had anything to tell Bell he sent Sanders to tell it, and Sanders did as he was bid. There was nothing that he would not have done for Sam'l.

The more obliging Sanders was, however, the sadder Sam'l grew. He never laughed now on Saturdays, and sometimes his loom was silent half the day. Sam'l felt that Sanders's was the kindness of a friend for a dying man.

It was to be a penny-wedding, and Lisbeth Fergus said it was delicacy that made Sam'l superintend the fitting-up of the barn by deputy. Once he came to see it in person, but he looked so ill that Sanders had to see him home. This was on the Thursday afternoon, and the wedding was fixed for Friday.

"Sanders, Sanders," said Sam'l, in a voice strangely unlike his own, "it'll a' be ower by this time the morn."

"It will," said Sanders.

"If I had only kent her langer," continued Sam'l.

"It wid hae been safer," said Sanders.

"Did ye see the yallow floor in Bell's bonnet?" asked the accepted swain.

"Ay," said Sanders reluctantly.

"I'm dootin'—I'm sair dootin' she's but a flichty, light-hearted crittur after a'."

"I had ay my suspsecions o't," said Sanders.

"Ye hae kent her langer than me," said Sam'l.

"Yes," said Sanders, "but there's nae gettin' at the heart o' women. Man, Sam'l, they're desperate cunnin'."

"I'm dootin't; I'm sair dootin't."

"It'll be a warnin' to ye. Sam'l, no to be in sic a hurry i' the futur," said Sanders.

Sam'l groaned.

"Ye'll be gaein up to the manse to arrange wi' the minister the morn's mornin'," continued Sanders, in a subdued voice.

Sam'l looked wistfully at his friend.

"I canna do't, Sanders," he said, "I canna do't."

"Ye maun," said Sanders.

"It's easy to speak," retorted Sam'l bitterly.

"We have a' oor troubles, Sam'l," said Sanders soothingly, "an' every man maun bear his ain burdens. Johnny Davie's wife's dead, an' he's no repinin'."

"Ay," said Sam'l, "but a death's no a mairitch. We hae haen deaths in our family, too."

"It may a' be for the best," added Sanders, "an' there wid be a mighty talk i' the hale country-side gin ye didna ging to the minister like a man."

"I maun hae langer to think o't," said Sam'l.

"Bell's mairitch is the morn," said Sanders decisively.

Sam'l glanced up with a wild look in his eyes.

"Sanders!" he cried.

"Sam'l!"

"Ye have been a guid friend to me, Sanders, in this sair affliction."

"Nothing ava," said Sanders; "dount mention'd."

"But, Sanders, ye canna deny but what your rinnin' oot o' the kirk that awfu' day was at the bottom o'd a'."

"It was so," said Sanders bravely.

"An' ye used to be fond o' Bell, Sanders."

"I dinna deny't."

"Sanders, laddie," said Sam'l bending forward and speaking in a wheedling voice, "I aye thocht t' was you she likit."

"I had some sic idea mysel'," said Sanders.

"Sanders, I canna think to pairt twa fowk sae weel suited to ane anither as you an' Bell."

"Canna ye, Sam'l!"

"She wid mak' ye a guid wife, Sanders. I hae studied her weel, and she's a thrifty, douce, clever lassie. Sanders, there's no the like o' her. Mony a time, Sanders, I hae said to mysel', 'There's a lass ony man micht be proud to tak'.' A'boddy says the same, Sanders. There's nae risk ava, man: nane to speak o'. Tak' her, laddie, tak' her, Sanders; it's a grand chance, Sanders. She's yours for the speirin'. I'll gie her up, Sanders."

"Will ye, though?" said Sanders.

"What d'ye think?" asked Sam'l.

"If ye wid rayther," said Sanders, politely.

"There's my han' on't," said Samuel. "Bless ye, Sanders; ye've been a true frien' to me."

Then they shook hands for the first time in their lives; and soon afterward Sanders struck up the brae to T'now-head.

Next morning Sanders Elshioner, who had been very busy the night before, put on his Sabbath clothes and strolled up to the manse.

"But— but where is Sam'l?" asked the minister; "I must see himself."

"It's a new arrangement," said Sanders.

"What do you mean, Sanders?"

"Bell's to marry me," explained Sanders.

"But—but what does Sam'l say?"

"He's willin'," said Sanders.

"And Bell?"

"She's willin', too. She prefers't."

"It is unusual," said the minister.

"It's a' richt," said Sanders.

"Well, you know best," said the minister.

"You see the hoose was taen, at ony rate," continued Sanders. "An' I'll juist ging in till't instead o' Sam'l."

"Quite so."

"An' I cudna think to disappoint the lassie."

"Your sentiments do you credit, Sanders," said the minister; "but I hope you do not enter upon the blessed state of matrimony without full consideration of its responsibilities. It is a serious business, marriage."

"It's a' that," said Sanders, "but I'm willin' to stan' the risk."

So, as soon as it could be done, Sanders Elshioner took to wife T'nowhead's Bell, and I remember seeing Sam'l Dickie trying to dance at the penny wedding.

## John Storm's Resolution\*

BY HALL CAINE

[This dramatic and intensely interesting story is well suited to recitation. Indeed, the story made one of the best plays Viola Allen has had. Several scenes may be arranged for readings. More than one reader has made a success of the entire book as a monologue. This cutting from "The Christian" (\$1.50) is reprinted by permission of D. Appleton & Co., New York.]



JOHN STORM and Glory Quayle as children had been fond of each other. At about the same time they went to London, John to become a minister, and Glory a nurse. John remained, as in their childhood days, her friend and counsellor. When she took to the stage, and found her companions among those who cared nothing for the work John was doing, he thought her selling her soul for success as an actress. Finally, in a fit of jealous love and fanaticism, he conceives it to be his duty to kill her. With that awful purpose in his heart, he awaits her return from the races, where she has spent the day and most of the night with a gay crowd. He is in her apartments.

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After a moment there was the sound of a key in the lock of the door below; the rustle of a woman's dress coming up the stairs, an odor of perfume in the air, an atmosphere of freshness and health, and then the door of the room, which had been ajar, was swung open, and there on the threshold, with her languid and tired, but graceful movements, was she herself, Glory. Then his head turned giddy, and he could neither hear nor see.

When Glory saw him standing by the lamp, with his deadly pale face, she stood a moment in speechless astonishment, and passed her hand across her eyes as if to wipe out a vision. After that she clutched a chair and made a faint cry.

"Oh, is it you?" she said in a voice which she strove to

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control. "How you frightened me! Whoever would have thought of seeing you here?"

He was trying to answer, but his tongue would not obey him, and his silence alarmed her.

"I suppose Liza let you in—where *is* Liza?"

"Gone to bed," he said in a thick voice.

"So you see we are quite alone!"

She did not know why she said that, and, in spite of the voice which she tried to render cheerful, her lip trembled. Then she laughed, though there was nothing to laugh at, and down at the bottom of her heart she was afraid. But she began moving about, trying to make herself easy and pretending not to be alarmed.

"Well, won't you help me off with my cloak? No? Then I must do it for myself, I suppose."

Throwing off her outer things, she walked across the room and sat down on the sofa near to where he stood.

"How tired I am! It's been such a day! Once is enough for that sort of thing, though! Now where do you think I've been?"

"I know where you've been, Glory,—I saw you there."

"You? Really? Then perhaps it *was* you who— Was it you in the hollow?"

"Yes."

He had moved to avoid contact with her, but now, standing by the mantelpiece, looking into her face, he could not help recognizing in the fashionable woman at his feet the features of the girl once so dear to him, the brilliant eyes, the long lashes, the twitching of the eyelids, and the restless movement of the mouth. Then the wave of tenderness came sweeping over him again, and he felt as if the ground were slipping beneath his feet.

"Will you say your prayers to-night, Glory?" he said.

"Why not?" she answered, trying to laugh.

"Then why not say them now, my child?"

"But why?"

He had made her tremble all over, but she got up, walked straight across to him, looked intently into his face for a moment, and then said: "What is the matter? Why are you so pale? You are not well, John!"

"No, I'm not well, either," he answered.

"John, John, what does it all mean? What are you thinking of? Why have you come here to-night?"

"To save your soul, my child. It is in great, great peril."



At first she took this for the common, everyday language of the devotee, but another look into his face banished that interpretation, and her fear rose to terror. Nevertheless, she talked lightly, hardly knowing what she said. "Am I, then, so very wicked? Surely heaven doesn't want me yet, John. Some day I trust—I hope—"

"To-night, to-night—*now!*"

Then her cheeks turned pale, and her lips became white and bloodless. She had returned to the sofa, and half rose from it, then sat back, stretching out one hand as if to ward off a blow, but still keeping her eyes riveted on his face. Once she looked round to the door and tried to cry out, but her voice would not answer her.

This speechless fright lasted only a moment. Then she was herself again, and looked fearlessly up at him. She had the full use of her intellect, and her quick instinct went to the root of things. "This is the madness of Jealousy," she thought. "There is only one way to deal with it. If I cry out—if I show that I am afraid—if I irritate him, it will soon be over." She told herself in a moment that she must try gentleness, tenderness, reason, affection, love.

Trembling from head to foot, she stepped up to him again, and began softly and sweetly trying to explain herself.

"John, dear John, if you see me with certain people and in certain places, you must not think from that—"

But he broke in upon her with a torrent of words. "I can't think of it at all, Glory. When I look ahead I see nothing but shame and misery and degradation for you in the future. That man is destroying you, body and soul. He is leading you on to the devil and hell and damnation, and I cannot stand by and see it done!"

"Believe me, John, you are mistaken, quite mistaken." But with a look of sombre fury, he cried, "Can you deny it?"

"I can protect and care for myself, John."

"With that man's words in your ears still, can you deny it? You can't! It is the truth! The man is following you to ruin you, and you know it. You've known it from the first, therefore you deserve all that can ever come to you. Do you know what you are guilty of? You are guilty of soul-suicide. What is the suicide of the body to the suicide of the soul?"

She was crying behind her hands, and in spite of the

fury into which he had lashed himself, a great pity took hold of him. He felt as if everything were slipping away from him, and he was trying to stand on an avalanche. But he told himself that he would not waver, that he would hold to his purpose, that he would stand firm as a rock. Heaving a deep sigh, he walked to and fro across the room.

"O, Glory, Glory! Can't you understand what it is to me to be the messenger of God's judgment?"

She gasped for breath, and what had been a vague surmise became a certainty—thinking he was God's avenger, yet with nothing but a poor spasm of jealousy in his heart, he had come with a fearful purpose to perform.

"I did what I could in other ways, and it was all in vain. Time after time I tried to save you from these dangers, but you would not listen. I was ready for any change, any sacrifice. Once I would have given up all the world for you, Glory—you know that quite well—friends, kinsmen, country, everything, even my work and my duty, and, but for the grace of God, God Himself!"

But his tenderness broke again into a headlong torrent of reproach. "You failed me, didn't you? At the last moment, too—the very last! Not content with the suicide of your own soul, you must attempt to murder the soul of another. Do you know what that is? That is the unpardonable sin! You are crying, aren't you? Why are you crying? But that is all over now. It was a blunder, and the breach between us is irreparable. I am better as I am—far, far better. Without friends or kin or country, consecrated for life, cut off from the world, separate, alone!"

She knew that her moment had come, and that she must vanquish this man and turn him from his purpose, whatever it was, by the only weapon a woman could use—his love for her. "I do not deny that you have a right to be angry with me," she said, "but don't you think that I have given up something, too. At the time you speak of, when I chose this life and refused to go with you to the South Seas, I sacrificed a good deal—I sacrificed love. Do you think I didn't realize what that meant? That whatever the pleasure and delight my art might bring me, and the flattery, and the fame, and the applause, there were joys I was never to know—the happiness that every poor woman may feel, though she isn't clever at all, and the world knows nothing about her—the happiness of being a wife and a mother, and of holding her place in life; however

humble she is and simple and unknown, and of linking the generations each to each. And, though the world has been so good to me, do you think I have ever ceased to regret that? Do you think I don't remember it sometimes when the house rises at me, or when I am coming home, or perhaps when I awake in the middle of the night? And, notwithstanding all this success with which the world has crowned me, do you think I don't hunger sometimes for what success can never buy—the love of a good man who would love me with all his soul and his strength and everything that is his?"

Out of a dry and husky throat John Storm answered: "I would rather die a thousand, thousand deaths than touch a hair of your head, Glory . . . But God's will is His will," he added, quivering and trembling. The compulsion of a great passion was drawing him, but he struggled hard against it. "And then this success—you cling to it, nevertheless!" he cried, with a forced laugh.

"Yes, I cling to it," she said, wiping away the tears that had begun to fall. "I cannot give it up, I cannot, I cannot!"

"Then what is the worth of your repentance?"

"It is not repentance—it is what you said it was—in this room—long ago. . . . We are of different natures,—John—that is the real trouble between us, now and always has been. But whether we like it or not, our lives are wrapped up together for all that. We can't do without each other. God makes men and women like that sometimes."

There was a piteous smile on his face. "I never doubted your feeling for me, Glory. No, not even when you hurt me most."

"And if God made us so—"

"I shall never forgive myself, Glory, though heaven itself forgives me!"

"If God makes us love each other in spite of every barrier that divides us—"

"I shall never know another happy hour in this life, Glory—never!"

"Then why should we struggle? It is our fate, and we cannot conquer it. You can't give up your life, John, and I can't give up mine; but our hearts are one. You are wrong, dear, if you think I care for the man you speak of. He has been very good to me and helped me in my career, but he is nothing to me—nothing whatever. But we are

such old friends, John? It seems impossible to remember a time when we were not old chums, you and I! Sometimes I dream of those dear old days in the 'lil oilan'! Aw, they were ter'ble—just ter'ble! Do you remember the boat—the *Gloria*—do you remember her? What times they were! Coming round the castle of a summer evening when the bay and the sky were like two sheets of silvered glass looking into each other, and you and I singing 'John Peel' (in a quavering voice she sang a bar or two): "'D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay? D'ye ken John Peel'—Do you remember it, John?"

She was sobbing and laughing by turns. It was her old self, and the cruel years seemed to roll back. But still he struggled. "What is the love of the body to the love of the soul?" he told himself.

"You wore flannels then, and I was in a white jersey—like this, see," and she snatched up from the mantelpiece the photograph he had been looking at. "I got up my first act in imitation of it, and sometimes in the middle of a scene—such a jolly scene, too—my mind goes back to that sweet old time, and I burst out crying."

He pushed the photograph away. "Why do you remind me of those days?" he said. "Is it only to make me realize the change in you?"

"Am I so much changed, John? Am I? No, no, dear! It is only my hair done differently. See, see!" and with trembling fingers she tore her hair from its knot. It fell in clusters over her shoulders and about her face.

"Or, is it this old rag of lace that is so unlike my jersey? There—there!" she cried, tearing the lace from her neck, and throwing it on the floor and trampling upon it. "Look at me now,—John—look at me! Am I not the same as ever? Why don't you look?"

She was fighting for her life. He started to his feet and came to her with his teeth set and his pupils fixed. "This is only the devil tempting me. Say your prayers, child! Say them, say them!" he cried. "God sent me to kill you, Glory!"

A sensation of terror and triumph came over her at once. She half closed her eyes and threw her arm around his neck. "No, but to love me!—Kiss me, John!"

Then a cry came from him like a man flinging himself over a precipice. He threw his arms about her, and her disordered hair fell over his face.

## The Flood of the Floss

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

[This scene from "The Mill on the Floss" follows soon after the quarrel between Tom and Maggie Tulliver. As Tom would neither condone nor forgive her folly with Stephen Guest, Maggie, driven from home, lived with the family of Bob Jakin.]

**I**T was past midnight in the second week of September, and the rain was beating heavily against the window, driven with fitful force by the rushing, loud-moaning wind. In the counties higher up the Floss, the rains had been continuous, and the completion of the harvest had been arrested. And now, for the the last two days, the rains on this lower course of the river had been incessant, so that the old men had shaken their heads and talked of sixty years ago, when the same sort of weather, happening about the equinox, brought on the great floods, which swept the bridge away, and reduced the town to great misery. But the younger generation, who had seen several small floods, thought lightly of these sombre recollections and forebodings; and the careless and the fearful were alike sleeping in their beds now. There was hope that the rain would abate by the morrow. All were in their beds now, for it was past midnight; all except some solitary watchers, such as Maggie Tulliver. She was seated in her little parlor toward the river, with one candle burning dimly, helplessly watching the flood creep slowly up to the house. At last she fell on her knees against the table and buried her sorrow-stricken face, and her soul went out to the Unseen Pity that would be with her to the end. But at that moment Maggie felt a startling sensation of sudden cold about her knees and feet: it was water flowing under her. She started up; the stream was flowing under the door that led into the passage. She was not bewildered for an instant—she knew it was the flood! She hurried with the candle up-stairs to Bob Jakin's bedroom. The door was ajar; she went in and shook him by the shoulder.

"Bob, the flood is come! it is in the house! Let us see if we can make the boats safe."

She lighted his candle, while the poor wife, snatching up her baby, burst into screams; and then she hurried down again to see if the waters were rising fast. While she was looking, something came with a tremendous crash against the window, and sent the leaded panes and the old wooden framework inwards in shivers—the water pouring in after it.

"It is the boat," cried Maggie.

And without a moment's shudder of fear, she plunged through the water, which was rising fast to her knees, and by the glimmering light of the candle she had left on the stairs, she mounted on the window-sill, and crept into the boat, which was left with the prow lodging and protruding through the window. Bob was not long after her.

"Why, they're both here—both the boats," said Bob, as he got into the one where Maggie was. In the excitement of getting into the other boat, unfastening it and mastering an oar, Bob was not struck with the danger Maggie incurred. She had got possession of an oar and had pushed off, so as to release the boat from the over-hanging window-frame.

"The water's rising fast," said Bob. "I doubt it'll be in at the chambers before long—th' house is so low." But Maggie had no time to answer, for a new tidal current swept along the line of the houses and drove both the boats out on to the wide water with a force that carried them far past the meeting current of the river.

In the first moments Maggie felt nothing, thought of nothing, but that she had suddenly passed away from that life which she had been dreading; it was the transition of death, without its agony—and she was alone in the darkness with God.

The whole thing had been so rapid—so dream-like—that the threads of ordinary association were broken; she sank down on the seat clutching the oar mechanically, and for a long while had no distinct conception of her position. The first thing that waked her to fuller consciousness was the cessation of the rain. She was driven out upon the flood—that awful visitation of God which her father used to talk of—which had made the nightmare of her childish dreams.

And with that thought there rushed in the vision of the old home—and Tom—and her mother.

"O God, where am I? Which is the way home?" she cried out, in the dim loneliness.

What was happening to them at the Mill? They might be in danger—in distress; her mother and her brother, alone there, beyond reach of help! Her whole soul was strained now on that thought; and she saw the long-loved faces looking for help into the darkness, and finding none.

She was floating in smooth water now—perhaps far on the over-flooded fields. Yes—she must be out on the fields—those were the tops of hedgerow trees. Which way did the river lie? Looking behind her, she saw the lines of black trees: looking before her, there were none; then, the river lay before her. She seized an oar and began to paddle the boat forward with the energy of awakening hope; the dawning seemed to advance more swiftly now she was in action; and she could soon see the poor dumb beasts crowding piteously on a mound where they had taken refuge. Onward she paddled and rowed by turns in the growing twilight; her wet clothes clung round her, and her streaming hair was dashed about by the wind, but she was hardly conscious of any bodily sensation, except a sensation of strength inspired by mighty emotion.

But now there was a large, dark mass in the distance, and near to her Maggie could discern the current of the river. The dark mass must be—yes, it was—St. Ogg's. Ah, now she knew which way to look for the first glimpse of the well-known trees—the gray willows, the now yellowing chestnuts—and above them the old roof! But there was no color, no shape, yet: all was faint and dim.

She must get her boat into the current of the Floss, else she would never be able to pass the Ripple and approach the house. But then she might be carried very far down, and be unable to guide her boat out of the current again. For the first time distinct ideas of danger began to press upon her; but there was no choice of courses, no room for hesitation, and she floated into the current. Swiftly she went now, without effort; more and more clearly in the lessening distance and the growing light she began to discern the objects that she knew must be the well-known trees and roofs; nay, she was not far from a rushing muddy current that must be the strangely altered Ripple.

Great God! there were floating masses in it, that might dash against her boat as she passed, and cause her to perish too soon. What were those masses?

For the first time Maggie's heart began to beat in an agony of dread. She sat helpless—dimly conscious that she was being floated along—more intensely conscious of the anticipated crash. But the horror was transient; it passed away before the oncoming warehouses of St. Ogg's; she had passed the mouth of the Ripple, then; *now*, she must use all her skill and power to manage the boat and get it, if possible, out of the current.

With new resolution, Maggie seized her oar, and stood up again to paddle; but the now ebbing tide added to the swiftness of the river, and she was carried along beyond the bridge. She took both her oars and rowed with all her might across the watery field, back toward the Mill. Color was beginning to awake now, and as she approached the Dorlcote fields, she could discern the tints of the trees—could see the old Scotch firs far to the right, and the home chestnuts—oh, how deep they lay in the water! deeper than the trees on this side the hill. And the roof of the Mill—where was it? Those heavy fragments hurrying down the Ripple—what had they meant? But it was not the house—the house stood firm; drowned up to the first story, but still firm—or was it broken in at the end toward the Mill?

With panting joy that she was there at last—joy that overcame all distress—Maggie neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound; she saw no object moving. Her boat was on a level with the up-stairs window. She called out in a loud, piercing voice:

"Tom, where are you? Mother, where are you? Here is Maggie!"

Soon, from the window of the attic in the central gable, she heard Tom's voice:

"Who is it? Have you brought a boat?"

"It is I, Tom—Maggie. Where is mother?"

"She is not here; she went to Garum the day before yesterday. I'll come down to the lower window."

"Alone, Maggie?" said Tom, in a voice of deep astonishment, as he opened the middle window on a level with the boat.

"Yes, Tom; God has taken care of me to bring me to you. Get in quickly. Is there no one else?"



"No," said Tom, stepping into the boat. "Give me the oars, Maggie."

It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water—he face to face with Maggie—that the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon his mind. It came with so overpowering a force—that he was unable to ask a question. They sat mutely gazing at each other: Maggie with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary beaten face; Tom pale with a certain awe and humiliation. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-gray eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter: the old, childish—"Magsie!"

Maggie could make no answer but a long, deep sob of that mysterious, wondrous happiness that is one with pain.

Tom rowed with untired vigor, and with a different speed from poor Maggie's. The boat was soon in the current of the river again, and soon they would be at Tofton.

But a new danger was being carried toward them by the river. Some wooded machinery had just given away on one of the wharves, and huge fragments were being floated along. The sun was rising now, and the wide area of watery desolation was spread out in dreadful clearness around them—in dreadful clearness floated onward the hurrying, threatening masses. A large company in a boat that was working its way along under the Tofton houses, observed their danger and shouted, "Get out of the current!"

But that could not be done at once, and Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments, clinging together in fatal fellowship, made one wide mass across the stream.

"It is coming, Maggie!" Tom said, in a deep, hoarse voice, loosing the oars and clasping her.

The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water—and the huge mass was hurrying on in hideous triumph.

But soon the keel of the boat reappeared, a black speck on the golden water.

The boat reappeared—but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted, living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together.

# The Real Muck-Rake Man

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

[Extract from the baccalaureate sermon delivered at Princeton University.]

*If there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.*—PHIL. 4: 8.



HERE are a hundred sermons in this text, out of which I choose a short one, on the "Contagion of Virtue." The reason for this choice lies in the fact that at present the minds of men are largely preoccupied with the epidemic of vice. An important subject, for serious evils have infected our social, commercial and political life, and unless they are discovered and laid bare and extirpated, there can be little hope of soundness and vigor in the body politic.

But no man was ever made strong and well merely by studying his infirmities and taking medicine for his diseases. What the nation needs most of all is to fix the attention and the heart on the things that are true and honorable and just and clean and lovely and of good report. The soul of a man, and the soul of a people, can be invigorated only by the contagion of virtue and the inspiration of praise.

The air of our country to-day is heavily charged with electricity. The lightning of exposure has been striking into dark places and playing havoc with houses that were founded upon lies. The thunder of denunciation rolls all around the horizon; many hearts are troubled; some are dismayed. Voices of despair are heard, crying that all is rotten—society, business, politics—all must go down. Voices of anger and malice are heard, exulting in the ruin of reputations and the shaking of public confidence. Frivolous voices are heard, laughing and mocking at the disasters that have befallen the prosperous, and hysterical voices, shrieking for more excitement, more exposure, more calumny.

On the other side conservative and soothing voices are heard protesting against the tempest, urging men to be

calm and tranquil and contented; to look at the unexampled prosperity and general happiness of our country; to believe that all the serious evils have been already exposed, and that all will be well with us if we keep on doing business at the old stand in the old way.

Where is the truth? Where shall thoughtful men place their confidence? With which party shall we ally ourselves? Neither with the hysterical shriekers, nor with the soporific soothers; neither with the tar-and-feather pessimists, nor with the rosewater optimists, neither with those who seek to tear things down, nor with those who endeavor to hush things up. Rather let us take our stand with those who are both wide-awake and sane; those who desire that no good man shall go unhonored, as earnestly as they wish that no guilty man shall go unpunished; those whose life is given not to tearing things down, nor to hushing things up, but to building things up on the eternal foundations of positive manhood and the moral law.

Meantime let us understand clearly that the man who is responsible for much of our present trouble, apart from the inevitable complications which spring from our national inexperience and bewildering prosperity, is that notorious individual, "the man with the muck-rake."

The real muck-raker is not the honest critic of abuses, not even the malicious assailant of vested interests and invested politicians; but this busy, silent, indefatigable fellow, whose eyes are so fixed upon the things of this world—golden dust, and husks of pleasure, and withered straws of notoriety, and brittle sticks of official power—that he cannot even look, much less think, on the celestial crown of virtue and praise.

Yes, you are the man, you money-spinner; hasting to be rich and forgetting to be honest, generous, or kind; bending your conscience to your dealing if need be to succeed; putting all your energy, all your ambition into the service of "Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell from heaven;" counting over your golden dollars as if they were sacred beads in a new rosary of devotion, and congratulating yourself upon the pile of dust that you have raked together—you are the muck-raker.

You are the man, you pleasure-seeker; fixing your desires upon sensual ease and luxury; racing to and fro in your costly chase after new excitements; measuring every-

thing unconsciously by its power to minister to your personal gratification, and thinking yourself fortunate according to the quantity of husks, clean or dirty, that you have gathered into your trough—you are the muck-raker.

You are the man, you lover of place and power; clutching at every petty distinction and paltry office that comes in your way; sacrificing your peace of mind and your independence of thought, in order to win favor with those who can help you; making yourself the most servile kind of a follower in order to be called a leader; letting yourself be used by everybody for fear somebody may turn you out; spending infinite pains and care to build your platform of dry sticks a little higher, not that you may look up at the stars, but that you may look down on the rest of the world—you are the muck-raker.

That is the symbol and ensign of all you great ones who have fatally succeeded, and of the lesser ones who totter after you, and gape at you, and try to imitate you with their poor little tools, broken-toothed, short-handled, pitifully inadequate—that is the sign of you all who know nothing higher than wealth and pleasure and place and power: the sign of the muck-rake. In that sign you imperil the Republic.

How? By looking only downwards, never upwards. By bending high faculties to low ends. By corrupting the minds of youth with false standards of success and lying maxims of self-interest. By drawing the thoughts of men, by the glitter of riches and the glare of fashion, to rest on you, and the like of you, instead of on virtue and praise. By making your lives one long denial of the things that make life worth living—honor, kindness, self-sacrifice, integrity, faith and love. The man who suspects you, watches you, exposes you if you have stolen your muck-rake, or hurt other people with it, or used it for a rake-off, is justified. What you need in that case is to be discovered, punished and forgotten, and the sooner the better, for the Republic can learn nothing from you but shame.

## The Hunt

BY MERCY E. BAKER.

*(From The Critic, October, 1903.)*

Oughn! Oughn! The hounds are away,  
They are out and abroad, on the dunes to-day;  
And the crows are still,  
On the tree by the hill;  
And the wild cat shrinks, and cowers, and blinks,  
And peers through the woven pine bough's chinks;  
And the black snake slides, and slips, and glides  
From the hot south slope where he suns his sides;  
And the blue jay hushes his peevish note,  
And the catbird's warble dies in his throat,  
As he darts to a snug oak spray.  
But the fox—the fox is stealing away,  
Silent and swift,  
Just an ear to lift,  
For the sound of the distant bay;  
Noiseless and fast as the sea-fog drifts  
Through the winding dunes, when the shore wind shifts;  
By bog, and thicket, and path he creeps,  
And over the fallen log he leaps;  
Bold in the blow-hole his eye has scanned—  
For he knows the lay of the wind-heaved land—  
His quick feet dimple the tawny sand;  
By the Deep Bog ditch and along the ridge,  
Where a cat may cross on the grapevine bridge,  
—Over the ridge; and he dives at last,  
Safe and fast,  
In his burrow deep,  
On the northern steep,  
Under the dune,  
Where no August noon  
Can crumble the wall away;—  
Where the first frost catches  
The ivy patches,  
And the woodbine reaches its blazing lines,  
Wreathing the stems of the leaning pines,  
And hiding the lichens gray:  
While the Horseneck\* lies in a mute surprise,  
Waiting and wise, till the tumult dies;  
For the hounds are abroad to-day.

\*The Horseneck is a curving neck of sand, barely three miles long and three quarters of a mile wide, that keeps out the ocean on one hand and keeps in a little tidal river on the other, at the spot that separates Massachusetts from Rhode Island. Foxes are plenty on the Horseneck.

## Ballade of Francois Villon, as He Was About to Die

(*From The Critic, January, 1903.*)

BY JOHN D. SWAIN.

[François Villon, being about to die, a worthy friar would fain have shrived him, and did earnestly exhort him that he should confess him at this time of those acts of his life which he did regret. Villon bade him return yet again that he might have time to bethink him of his sins. Upon the good father's return, Villon was dead; but by his side were the following verses, his last, wherein he set forth those things which he did regret. Whereat the friar was sore grieved, and hid them away amid the manuscripts of his abbey, showing them to no man; yet were they found in some wise. The name of the friar, and the very place where stood the abbey, are forgot; but the verses have endured unto this day.]

### I

I, François Villon, ta'en at last  
To the rude bed where all must lie,  
Fain would forget the turbid Past  
And lay me down in peace to die.  
"Would I be shrived?" Ah—can I tell?  
My sins but trifles seem to be,  
Nor worth the dignity of Hell;  
If not, then ill avails it me  
To name them one and all,—and yet—  
There be some things which I regret!

### II

The sack of abbeys, many a brawl,  
A score of knife-thrusts in the dark,  
Forced oft, by Fate, against the wall,  
And years in donjons, cold and stark—  
These crimes and pains seem far away  
Now that I come at length to die:

## The Speaker

'Tis idle for the Past to pray,  
 ('Tis hopeless for the Past to sigh);  
 These are a troubled dream—and yet—  
 For them I have but scant regret!

### III

The toil my mother lived to know,  
 What years I lay in gyves for debt;  
 A pretty song heard long ago:  
 Where, I know not; when, I forget;  
 The crust I once kept for my own  
 (Tho' all too scant for my poor use),  
 The friend I left to die alone,  
 (Perdie! the watchman pressed us close!)  
 Trifles, against my crimes to set!  
 Yet these are all which I regret.

### IV

Captains and cut-throats, not a few,  
 And maidens fair of many a clime  
 Have named me friend in the wild past  
 When as we wallowed in the slime;  
 Gamblers and rogues and clever thieves,  
 And unfrocked priests, a sorry crew,  
 (How stubbornly the memory cleaves  
 To all who have befriended you!)  
 I drain a cup to them—and yet—  
 'Tis not for such I feel regret!

### V

My foundered horse, who died for me  
 (Nor whip nor spur was his, I ween!)  
 That day the hangman looked to see  
 Poor Villon earth and sky between!  
 A mongrel cur who shared my lot  
 Three bitter winters on the Ile:  
 He held the rabble off, God wot,  
 One time I cheated in the deal:  
 'Twas but an instant, while I fled  
 Down a vile alley known to me,—  
 Back in the tavern he lay dead;  
 The gamblers raged—but I went free!  
 Humble, poor brutes at best; and yet—  
 They are the friends whom I regret!

VI

And eke the lilies were a-blow  
 Thro' all the sunny fields of France,  
 I marked one whiter than the snow  
 And would have gathered it, perchance,  
 Had not some trifle I forget  
 (A Bishop's loot, a cask of wine  
 Filched from some cabaret—a bet—)  
 Distracted this wild head of mine.  
 A childish fancy this, and yet—  
 It is a thing that I regret!

VII

Again, I rode thro' Picardy  
 What time the vine was in the bud;  
 A little maiden smiled on me,  
 I might have kissed her, an' I would!  
 I've known a thousand maidens since,  
 And many have been kind to me,—  
 I've never seen one quite so fair  
 As she, that day in Picardy.  
 Ashes of roses these, and yet—  
 They are the things which I regret!

VIII

One perfect lily grew for me,  
 And blossomed on another's breast:  
 Others have clasped the little hands  
 Whose rosy palms I might have pressed;  
 So, as I die, my wasted youth  
 Mocks my dim eyes and fading breath:—  
 Still, I have lived! And having lived  
 That much is mine. I mock at death!  
 I should confess, you say? But yet—  
 For Life alone have I regret!

ENVOY.

O bubbles of the vanished wine  
 To which my lips were never set!  
 O lips that dimpled close to mine,  
 Whose ruddy warmth I never met!  
 Father, but trifles these, and yet—  
 They are the things which I regret!



## Lady Moon

BY LORD HOUGHTON

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?  
"Over the sea."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?  
"All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling, and never  
Resting to sleep?

Why look so pale and so sad, as forever  
Wishing to weep?

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;  
You are too bold;

I must obey my dear Father above me,  
And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?  
"Over the sea."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?  
"All that love me."

## My Rival

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

I go to concert, party, ball—what profit is in these?  
I sit alone against the wall and strive to look at ease.  
The incense that is mine by right they burn before her  
shrine;

And that's because I'm seventeen and she is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush, my color comes and goes;  
I redden to my finger-tips, and sometimes to my nose;  
But she is white where white should be, and red where  
red should shine.

The blush that flies at seventeen is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had her constant cheek; I wish that I could sing  
All sorts of funny little songs, not quite the proper thing.  
I'm very gauche and very shy, her jokes aren't in my line;  
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen, while she is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go, each pink and  
white and neat;

She's older than their mothers, but they grovel at her feet,  
They walk beside her 'rickshaw wheels—none ever walk  
by mine;

And that's because I'm seventeen and she is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men (she calls them "boys"  
and "mashes,")

I trot along the Mall alone; my prettiest frocks and sashes  
Don't help to fill my program-card, and vainly I repine  
From ten to two a. m. Ah, me! Would I were forty-nine.

She calls me "darling," "pet," and "dear," and "sweet,  
retiring maid."

I'm always at the back, I know; she puts me in the shade.  
She introduces me to men, "cast" lovers, I opine,  
For sixty takes to seventeen, nineteen to forty-nine!

But even she must older grow and end her dancing days,  
She can't go on forever so at concerts, balls and plays.  
One ray of priceless hope I see before my footsteps shine;  
Just think, that she'll be eighty-one when I am forty-nine!

## Imph-m

BY JAMES NICHOLSON

When I was a laddie langsyne at the schule,  
 The minister aye ca'd me a dunce and a fule;  
 For somehoo his words I could ne'er un'erstan',  
 Unless when he bawled, "Jamie! haud oot yer han!"  
     Then I gloom'd, and said "Imph-m,"—  
     I glunch'd, and said "Imph-m"  
 I wasna owre proud, but owre dour to say—A-y-e!

Ae day a queer word, as lang-nebbit's himsel',  
 He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell;  
 Quo I, "Maister Quill," wi' a kin' o' a swither,  
 "I'll spell ye the word if ye'll spell me anither:"  
     "Let's hear ye spell 'Imph-m,'  
     That common word 'Imph-m,'  
 That auld Scotch word 'Imph-m,' ye ken it means A-y-e!"

Had ye seen how he glowr'd, hoo he scratched his big pate,  
 An' shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!  
 Get aff to yer seat! yer the plague o' the schule!  
 The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue or fule,"  
     But I only said "Imph-m,"  
     That pawkie word "Imph-m,"  
 He cou'dna spell "Imph-m," that stands for an A-y-e!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean—  
 O' Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen—  
 When 'neath my grey plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,  
 I spiered in a whisper, if she'd be my ain,  
     She blushed, and said "Imph-m,"  
     That charming word "Imph-m,"  
 A thoosan' times better an' sweeter than—A-y-e!

And noo I'm a dad wi' a hoose o' my ain—  
 A dainty bit wifie, an' mair than ae wean;  
 But the warst o't is this—when a question I speir,  
 They pit on a look sae auld-farran' an' queer,  
     But only say "Imph-m,"  
     That daft-like word "Imph-m,"  
 That vulgar word "Imph-m"—they winna say—A-y-e!

Ye've heard hoo the de'il, as he wauchel'd through Beith  
 Wi' a wife in ilk oxter, an' ane in his teeth,  
 When some ane cried oot "Will you tak' mine the morn?"  
 He wagg'd his auld tail while he cockit his horn,  
     But only said "Imph-m,"  
     That useful' word "Imph-m,"  
 Wi' sic a big mouthfu', he couldna say—A-y-e!

Sae I've gi'en owre the "Imph-m"—it's no a nice word;  
 When printed on paper it's perfect absurd;  
 Sae if ye're owre lazy to open yer jaw,  
 Just haud ye yer tongue, an' say naething ava;  
     But never say "Imph-m,"  
     That daft-like word "Imph-m."  
 It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid—A-y-e!



## Looking Forward

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

When I am grown to man's estate  
 I shall be very proud and great,  
 And tell the other girls and boys  
 Not to meddle with my toys.

# Mrs. Atwood's Outer Raiment\*

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING.

[There are eleven stories in this excellent book, "Little Stories of Married Life," most of them good material for readings.]



How much will a new suit cost, Jo?"

Mr. Atwood held his fingers reflectively on the rubber band of his pocketbook as he asked the question, and glanced as he did so at the round, brunette face of his wife, which had suddenly become all flush and sparkle.

"Oh, Edward! You oughtn't to give me the money for it now—you really oughtn't. There are so many calls on you at this season of the year, I don't see how we can meet them as it is. The second quarter of Josephine's music lessons begins next month, and the dancing school bill comes in, too—besides the coal. Everything just piles in before Christmas. I can do very well for a while with what I have—really!"

"How about the Washington trip with me next month? I thought you said you couldn't go anywhere without a new suit."

"Well, I can't, but—"

"That settles it. How much will it take?"

"I could get the material for a dollar a yard, but I suppose it ought to be heavier weight for the winter. It would take seven yards, or I might get along with six and a half; it depends on the width. It's the linings that make it mount up to so much, and the making. You can get a suit made for ten dollars."

"Will thirty dollars be enough?" asked Mr. Atwood, with masculine directness, seeking for some tangible fact.

"Oh, yes. I'm sure it will be; I—"

"Then here's fifty. Get a good suit while you're about it, Jo."

"Oh, Edward. I don't want—"

"Make her take it," said a girl of sixteen, rising from the corner where she had been sitting with a book in her hand. "Make her take it, papa. She buys everything for me and the boys, and goes without herself, so that I'm ashamed to walk out in the street with her; it makes me look so hor—"

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rid to be all dressed up when she wears that old spring jacket. When it's cold she puts a cape over it. I wish you'd see that cape! She's had it since the year one. She doesn't dare wear it when she goes out with you; she just shivers."

"You needn't say any more, either of you. I'll take the money. If I were only as good a manager as some people! I don't know what's the matter with me. I try, and I try, but—"

"Yes, yes, I know," said the husband. "All I ask now is that you spend this money on yourself; it's not for other needs. Remember! You are to spend it all on yourself."

The extra money cast a rich glow over Mrs. Atwood's horizon. In the effulgence of it she received a bill for twelve dollars, presented to her just before breakfast the next morning by the waitress, with the word that the man waiting outside the door had already brought it once before, when they were out of town. Could Mrs. Atwood pay it now? He needed the money.

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Atwood, with affluent promptness. The bill was for work on the lawn during the summer, something her husband always paid for, but it seemed a pity to have the man go away again when the money was there at hand. She would not in the least mind asking Edward to refund it to her.

Her husband came home that night with a bad headache, and the night after she had another bill waiting for him for repairs on the furnace. It was unexpectedly and villainously large, and Mrs. Atwood was constitutionally incapable of adding another straw to his burden, while she stood by consenting sympathetically unto his righteous wrath. A day later, when she spoke of going to town to buy the material for her new costume with outward buoyancy, but inward panic at the rapid shrinkage of her funds, Sam, a boy of twelve, announced the fact that he must have a new suit of clothes at once. As it was Saturday, he could accompany her.

Mrs. Atwood looked at her son with rare exasperation. But Sam came from town that jubilant evening in warm and roomy jacket and trousers, and, oh, weakness of woman! with a new football, besides. Mrs. Atwood carried with her a box of lead soldiers for Eddy, and a sweet little fluffy thing in neckwear for Josephine, such as she saw other girls displaying. After all, what was her own

dress in comparison with the darling children's happiness? She would get some cheap stuff and make it up herself. No one would know the difference.

"How about your suit, Jo?" asked her husband, one evening, as they sat around the fire. "Is it almost finished?"

"Not—exactly," said Mrs. Atwood.

"The club goes to Washington on the fifteenth of the month—it was decided to-day. Nearly all the men are going to take their wives with them. I'm looking forward to showing off mine."

"Have you ordered the suit yet?" asked the voice of Josephine.

"No, I haven't—yet."

"I don't believe there is any money left for it. She spends it for other things, papa. She pays bills and doesn't tell, because she hates to bother you. And she buys things for us. And she paid a subscription to the Orphans' Home yesterday, and she got a new wash-boiler for Katy. And—"

"Hush, hush, Josephine," said her father, severely. "I found that receipted bill of Patrick's lying around the other day, Jo, I should have paid you back at once. How much money have you left?"

"Oh, Edward—I'm so foolish. I—"

"Have you thirty dollars?"

"I—I don't think so."

"Have you twenty?"

"I haven't—more than that." She had, as she well knew, the sum of nine dollars and sixty-seven cents in the purse in her dressing-table drawer.

"Will this help you out?"

"Oh, Edward—please don't! It makes me feel so— But nearly all of it has gone for necessary things."

"That's all right. Don't let there be any mistake about it this time, Jo."

Mrs. Atwood now set herself seriously to the work of getting appareled. She read advertisements, and went to town two days in succession, bringing home samples of cloth for family approval; she sought the advice of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Callender, and of her friend, Mrs. Nichols, with the result that she finally sat down one morning immediately after breakfast and wrote a letter to a New York firm ordering a jacket and skirt made like one

in a catalogue issued by them, and setting down her measurements according to its directions. Just before she finished, a maid brought her up word that Mrs. Martindale was below.

Mrs. Martindale was her cousin, and lived over the other side of the track, some distance away. Mrs. Atwood hurried down with a premonition of evil to find the visitor, a pretty woman, elegantly, but hastily, gowned, sitting on the edge of a chair, as if ready for instant flight. There was a wild expression in her eye.

"I suppose you think I'm crazy to come here in this way. I didn't sleep a wink last night. I didn't know what to do. We're in such a state!"

"Is it the business?"

"Oh, it's the estate and the business and everything. Mr. Bellew's death has just brought the whole thing to a standstill. All the money is tied up in some dreadful way—don't ask me. Of course it will be all right in three or four weeks, Dick says, and we have credit everywhere. It's just to tide over this time. But we haven't a penny of ready money; not a penny. Dick gave me all he could scrape together last week, and told me to try to make it last, but it's all gone—I couldn't help it. And the washer-woman comes to-day. If you could let me have ten dollars, Jo; I couldn't bear to let Dick know."

"Why, certainly."

Mrs. Atwood rushed upstairs to get one of her crisp ten-dollar bills; she could not use the house money for this. She passed Josephine in the hall, afterwards, on her way to school, and held the bill behind her, but she felt sure the girl's keen eyes had spied it.

"I'm so glad I had it! Are you sure this will be enough?" What were clothes for herself in comparison with poor Bertha's needs? She would look over the catalogue again to-morrow, when she had time, and order a cheaper suit, or buy one ready made.

After all, she did neither. Her money—but why chronicle further the diminution of her forces?

As the time approached for the Washington trip she hoped that she might have some excuse to remain at home, but there seemed to be no loophole of escape.

She tried to freshen up her heaviest skirt, and took the spring jacket she was wearing and made a thick lining to



it, planning to disguise it further with a piece of fur at the neck. She felt horribly guilty when Josephine came in and caught her at it, but she merely said:

"I suppose that's to save your new suit. You'll never be able to get into it if you put so much wadding in."

Many a time she tried to screw her courage up to confessing that she had no outer raiment; that, after all the money and all her promises, she had nothing to show in exchange. The fatal moment had to come, but she put it off.

It was three nights before the fatal Thursday, and the family were grouped in the library, as was their wont in the evenings immediately after dinner. Mr. Atwood, although his hair and moustache were grizzled and his face prematurely lined, had a curious faculty of suddenly looking like a boy, under some pleasurable emotion; anticipation of his holiday made him young for the moment. His wife thought him beautiful.

"Well, Jo, has your suit come home yet? You must be sure to have it on time. Take all your party clothes along, too."

"Oh, yes, I'm going to," said Mrs. Atwood. She was on sure ground here. The gown she had made for a wedding in the spring was crying to be worn again.

"What color did you decide on?"

"I—I decided on—brown."

"Brown—yes, I always liked you in brown. Didn't you wear brown when we went on our wedding trip? It seems to me that I remember that. I know you had red berries in your hat, for I knocked some of them out. What makes you look so unhappy, Jo? Aren't you glad to go off with me—in a new suit?"

"Edward!" said Mrs. Atwood. She rose and stood in front of him, her dark eyes unnaturally large, the color coming and going in her rounded olive cheek. Her red lips trembled. "Edward! I have something to tell you."

"There's the door bell," said her husband, with an arresting hand, as he listened for the outer sounds.

"A package, sir. By the express. Twenty-five cents."

"Have you the change, Jo? It's some clothes I ordered myself for the Washington trip; I wanted to do you credit. Oh, don't go up-stairs for it."

"I don't mind," said Mrs. Atwood. Change? She had nothing but change. Clothes! How easy it was for him

to get them! Do her credit—in his glossy newness, while she was in that old black skirt, grown skimp and askew with wear, and that tight, impossible jacket! She charged up and down stairs in the vehemence of her emotion, filled with anger at her folly, and paid the man herself before re-entering the library.

Her husband was untying the cords of the long paste-board box with slow and patient fingers. The children were standing by in what seemed unnecessary excitement, their faces all turned to her as she came toward them. Edward had lifted the cover off the box.

"What color are your clothes, Edward?"

"What color? Oh—brown," said Mr. Atwood. He swooped her into a front place in the circle with his long arm. "Here, look and tell me what you think of this."

"Lined throughout with taffeta, gores on every frill—why, Jo!"

Before the eyes of Mrs. Atwood lay the rich folds of a cloth skirt, surmounted by a jacket trimmed with fur.

She lay back in the armchair with the family clustered around her, their tongues loosened.

"We all knew about it—" "We promised not to tell—" "We wanted to see you get it—" "You left out that letter of measurements, and papa and I took it to Aunt Cynthia, and she helped us. She says you're disgracefully unselfish." "There isn't anybody in the world as good as you are. I was watching you all last week; I knew you wouldn't buy a thing. But it was papa who thought of doing it, when I told him. Feel the stuff—isn't it lovely? so thick and soft. He and Aunt Cynthia said you should have the best; she can spend money! And you're to go uptown to-morrow with me to buy a hat with red in it, and if the suit needs altering it can be done then. Don't you like it, mamma?"

"It's perfectly beautiful," said the mother, her hands clasped in those of her three darlings, but her eyes sought her husband's.

He alone said nothing, but stood regarding her with twinkling eyes, through a suspicion of moisture. What did she see in them? The love and kindness that clothed her not only with silk and wool, but with honor; that made of this new raiment a vesture wherein she entered that special and exquisite heaven of the woman whose husband and children arise up and call her blessed.

## A Good Dinner\*

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING.

*(From "Little Stories of Married Life.")*

AM going to have a good dinner to-night, Catherine, and I want you to help me."

"Yes, ma'am—for how many?"

"Only four. Mr. Callender expects to bring two men home with him this evening. I've decided on some of the things I want. You know how to make cream of celery soup? And boiled salmon, with white sauce—and cucumbers dressed with oil and vinegar—"

"You'll have to order the oil, ma'am, as we're just out of it."

"Yes, I will; of course, we'll need it for the mayonnaise also. I'll have tomato salad, and I wish you would make some cheese wafers to go with it like those we had when you came last week. They were awfully good. And I want just a few rhubarb tarts and a frozen chocolate pudding for dessert, with whipped cream. And you might make a small cake of any kind that's easy, Catherine."

"What kind of meat is it to be, ma'am?"

"Spring lamb, with mint sauce, and fresh peas and new potatoes,—if I can get them," (she added reverently as a saving clause.)

"And oh, Catherine, we'll have coffee, of course; and I wish you'd make some of those lovely little rolls of yours—that is, if you have time."

"You'll make out a list, ma'am, if you please, of the things we do be needing. I'd have to get at the cake and the rolls this morning. There's not a thing in the house to-day to start on. We've no eggs, nor cheese, nor cream, nor chocolate, and not enough butter, and no rock salt for the freezing, and there's no fruit, either, if you want that."

"Oh, yes, certainly! It's well that you reminded me. I'm going out to-day to luncheon. I'll go and see about the ordering at once as soon as I have given Nelly directions about the table. I want everything to look as pretty

as possible. Mr. Callender is going to bring me some very lovely flowers for the center of it."

When Mrs. Callender finally went upstairs to dress she found, to her consternation, that it was already half-past eleven, and not a thing ordered yet!

Every moment now was precious. She concentrated all her attention, and, sitting down by her desk, took up a sheet of blue paper and wrote down rapidly on it a list of all her wants. Then, fortune favoring her with the sight of little Jack Rand across the street on his bicycle, she called him over and confided the list to his care, saying:

"You will not have to tell them anything except that they are to send the things *at once*."

There was a load off her mind when Jack returned to affirm the faithful performance of his errand before she started out for the luncheon. "They had all the things, and they'll send them right up; they *promised*."

As a matter of fact, the six-o'clock bells were ringing before Mrs. Callender had started to walk home from the station, feeling thoroughly guilty as she thought of her defection from the affairs of the household on such a day.

She hastened into the kitchen, to be confronted by a scene of spotless order, a brilliant fire in the range shedding a red glow over the hearth, and the white-aproned cook, sitting in front of it, with her hands folded and a stony glare in her eyes.

"How is the dinner getting on?" asked Mrs. Callender, nervously.)

"There ain't no dinner."

"No dinner! What do you mean, Catherine?"

"Not a sign of a thing has come this whole blessed day, ma'am; and me a-waitin' here with my ironin' half done, in the middle of the week. Not an egg nor a potato is there in the house, even."

Mrs. Callender stopped, confounded. The shops were all closed at that hour.

"Why, I saw Jack Rand myself, after he had given the order;" she exclaimed, and then—she knew: on the other side of the paper on which she had written her list was the address of a new-comer, who lived across the track at the other end of the village. The marketing had gone there!

"Well, I never heard of such a thing!" she commented, blankly, and, as usual, laughed.

It was but a brief ten minutes later that her husband was presenting his guests to her—they had come! She had been but hoping against hope that they would not.

"Cynthia, I want to introduce Mr. Warburton and Mr. Kennard. I have persuaded them to dine with us to-night."

"It was awfully good of your husband to invite us," said Mr. Warburton. "I hope we'll not inconvenience you, Mrs. Callender."

"Not in the least," said Mrs. Callender, immediately and intrepidly rising to the occasion.

"Mr. Nichols wished us to dine at the Waldorf-Astoria. But I found, accidentally, that these gentlemen were extremely tired of living at hotels, and longed for a little home-like dinner, by way of variety."

"We have been so much in your big hotels," said Mr. Warburton, apologetically. "It makes one very dull, after a time, I think. You can't imagine, Mrs. Callender, our joy when Mr. Callender so kindly offered to take us in. It's so uncommonly jolly of you both to treat us in this way."

"I remembered that you said we were to have a particularly good dinner to-night, so I didn't telegraph you when I found that they could come," said Mr. Callender, when the party had separated to dress and he and his wife were alone in their room. "Nichols is very anxious to have them pleased. They're looking at machines, and if they take the London agency for us it will make a big difference. Why on earth do you look at me in that way? Is there anything wrong?"

"No; nothing is wrong," said his wife ironically, "except that we haven't any dinner—to speak of. Chauncey, the order went wrong in some way, this morning, and the marketing never came at all. Just stand and take that in. If you had only helped me at breakfast when I asked you to, it wouldn't have happened. I was away all afternoon, and, of course, Catherine never sent for anything—just sat and waited. There's nothing in the house but some cans of mock-turtle soup and tomatoes, and one can of corned beef, and a small one of plum pudding. Catherine is going to warm the beef in the tomatoes, and make a sauce

for the pudding. I'd die before I'd apologize beforehand to those men; they'd never forgive themselves for coming."

"Good gracious! And to think we've come from the Waldorf-Astoria for this! But couldn't you knock up an omelet, or a Welsh rarebit, or some sort of a side dish? Couldn't you borrow something?"

"Nelly went to the Appletons and the Warings to see if she couldn't get some eggs, but they had only one left at each place. It's no use, Chauncey, we've got to do the best we can. I've put on my prettiest gown, and—for goodness sake, Chauncey, rise to the occasion all you can!"

When the two irreproachably attired men made their entrance into the drawing-room, Mr. Warburton returned to the subject of their invitation.

"It's so good of you to have us without any notice—so uncommonly jolly for us. We've been so tired of hotel cooking, after the steamer."

"Yes," chimed in the other, "it grew to be almost as tiresome to us as the beastly tinned food we lived on when we were in Africa."

"Oh, have you been in Africa lately?" asked Mrs. Callender, with composure, although she and her husband felt the piercing of a mortal dart, and did not dare to look at each other.

"Yes, Kennard and I were on an exploring expedition last year, accidentally; it's quite a long tale—but we lived on tinned soups and meats, and even plum pudding—fancy it in the hot climate!—until even the smell of them sickened us. We've not been able to touch a bit of tinned food since."

"Canned things—or tinned, as you call them—are very useful in emergencies," said Mrs. Callender, with idiotic solemnity. "You know you have to eat them sometimes—when you can't—help yourself, you know. Oh, yes, in emergencies tinned things are very useful—if you like 'em."

"Ah, yes, yes, if you like them—if you like them, Warburton, yes—mind that, yes!"

"Excuse me for a moment," said Mrs. Callender, with graceful deliberation, sweeping slowly out of the room, and as soon as the door had closed behind her rushing into the kitchen wildly.

"Don't dish up a thing, Catherine. It is no use; the

gentlemen never eat anything canned. I've got to think up something else." She turned appealingly to the waitress, a young and venturesome person, as woman to woman. "You must know of something I could do, Nelly!"

"The Warings, ma'am—"

"You told me you'd been there, and that everything they had was cooked for their own dinner."

The eyes of Irish Nelly sparkled. "That's just it, ma'am. Mr. Waring's home late to-night, and they're only just now sitting down to the soup. I seen it going in through the window. If you—" she stopped tentatively.

"Well, well—say it!"

"Sure, they'd loan you the whole dinner, ma'am, if you asked it. You'd give the lend of it yourself, ma'am," said Nelly, impartially.

Mrs. Callender gasped—

"Come!" she said, and, followed by the maid, dashed out of the kitchen door, down the back piazza steps, and then up again on the piazza of the adjoining house.

The people seated at the table in the dining-room looked up at the long window, amazed to see Mrs. Callender gesticulating insanely at them from without.

"Don't help any more of that soup," she called insistently. "Don't help any more of it—wait till I get in. No, no! it's not poisoned. I don't mean that—it's all right; but I want it myself; I want your dinner. Oh, will you let me take it home with me?"

"No, I'm not crazy! I mean just what I say. My husband has brought home company, and we had only a canned dinner, and they can't eat it because they've been in Africa—and, oh, I can't explain. And it's so important to treat them well, and oh, you dear thing!"

Mrs. Waring handed the soup to Nellie and was already giving orders to her own maid.

"Don't say another word. Send us over just what you have in exchange. We have only a plain home dinner—roast beef, vegetables, macaroni, cottage pudding—you can put the things in your oven again. Henry, carry over this roast, will you? Don't make any noise, any of you."

"I'll take the potatoes," said Mrs. Callender, fervently; but, as she climbed her own piazza steps once more, and saw the ghostly procession that came and went stealthily

bearing dishes, her knees suddenly bent under her, and she leaned against one of the piazza posts, too weak from laughter to move.

"Hello, what's the matter?" Mr. Callender, with an excited whisper, came peering out into the semi-darkness. "That back door keeps letting in an infernal draught. What on earth are you and Waring doing out here, Cynthia? Don't you know that we're waiting for dinner, and it's after half-past seven o'clock?"

His ill-used expression was the last straw. Mr. Waring rocked and reeled with his platter, while the roast performed an obligato movement.

"Oh!" moaned Mrs. Callender, as her husband finally assisted her to an erect position, and offendedly took up the dish of potatoes. "Don't say a word, don't ask me a thing; you'll never in this world know all I've gone through in the last hour—you couldn't take it in. But I've got the dinner—your Englishmen are provided for—your future is assured, and all that we have to do now is to go in and eat—and eat—and eat."



## Hymn of a Child

ABRIDGED FROM C. WESLEY.

Loving Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child!

Make me gentle as Thou art,  
Come and live within my heart.

Take my childish hand in Thine,  
Guide these little feet of mine.

So shall all my happy days  
Sing their pleasant song of praise;

And the world shall always see  
Christ, the Holy Child, in me!



## The Day of Precious Penalties\*

BY MARION HILL.

[This delightful story of child life appeared in *McClure's Magazine*, February, 1906. Together with the rest of the series, it is included in "The Pettison Twins," published by McClure, Phillips & Co. The arrangement is printed by special permission of the publishers.]



THE *Privileges of Parenthood* was a monthly magazine devoted to the home management of children and to their intellectual and moral advancement; and by its helpful pages Mrs. Pettison was at present steering her offspring, pinning her entire faith to its utterances.

This month it contained, in addition to its usual budget of hints, two articles which appealed to Mrs. Pettison as magnificent. These articles were, "Make Confidants of Your Children" and "Rational Punishment," and along the lines of their advisement Mrs. Pettison intended to speak at once. Indeed, wherever possible she used the exact words of the editor.

"Come, my little son and daughter," she said, starting in at once and in a high-comedy voice, as the twins laggingly approached, "let us have a friendly chat together."

It sounded ominous from the very beginning. To be "friendly" with one's mother smacked of the terrible, so the twins' eyes bulged with fear, and they said nothing.

The magazine had made no provision whatever for anything but a joyous receptiveness, and Mrs. Pettison felt as if she had somehow run off the track, but she was too full of her subject to stop.

"We all make mistakes, grown folks as well as children," she continued, modulating her voice to tender grief—as advised—"and I myself have made mistakes—sad ones, sad ones—"

She paused and waited for the sudden look of love and sympathy which she had been told would be hers, but she did not get it, nor anything like it; her humble admission

then and there lowered her very many degrees in the twins' respect.

"But a mistake may always be corrected," went on Mrs. Pettison, confusedly. Only a strong sense of duty kept her at it.

The children in the magazine had made sweet little remarks, leading to an exchange of many beautiful thoughts; but the twins did nothing but awesomely gawk at her.

"I am going to try new methods of punishment. Scolding and whipping are irrational, and therefore useless. Yet wrong-doing must be corrected. But how? A little patient thought will suggest the penalty, which must be the logical outcome of the wrong itself. Then it is accepted as inevitable and right even by the sufferer. Shall we try this better way?"

She smiled a winsome invitation to them to open their hearts to her, but they had no reply to make.

Persisting bravely with her part, Mrs. Pettison put one arm around Rex and the other around Regina, and kissed them both.

"Go, now, dears, and think it over."

According to the printed articles, the charming conversation should have hallowed a full half hour, and here it was, over as soon as commenced, after having led absolutely nowhere.

The twins skimmed from sight as soon as they decently could.

"Sister, we aren't going to get spanked any more—"

"No."

"Nor scolded—"

"No."

"But something queer is going to happen—"

"What?"

"I'm going to find out right now."

"How?"

"*By being bad.*"

When it dawned upon her that he intended to be wilfully naughty, but nobly, for investigation's sake, she interested herself to help him out.

"What kind of bad are you going to be?"

He gazed around the room searching for inspiration to crime and not finding it, for his gentle little soul was moral to inanity. But Regina's eyes glittered hopefully.

"Up there are some things we mustn't touch."

Without so much as a comment, Rex dragged a chair to the mantel, climbed up, and pushed a vase into space.

The crash which it made as it came to pieces on the floor brought Mrs. Pettison quickly upon the scene.

"My little son forgot himself and handled something he has been forbidden to touch. Moreover, he was careless, as well as disobedient and let the pretty vase fall. How must we teach him to remember what he is told and make him feel vexed that he has destroyed a thing of beauty?"

After some serious consideration, she went out of the room, and left the twins frightened, yet diverted.

When she came back she brought with her nothing more awful than a ball of string. A piece of this she slipped through a fragment of vase which chanced to have a handle left intact, and she tied the sinful trophy to Rex's arm, explaining the while the significance of her punishment by telling him that the constant feel of the broken china would distress and shame him and bring him to wish that he had never touched it, while the constant sight of it would grow hateful to him and depress him with sorrow for his wanton destructiveness. With all this, she entwined very prettily the story of the "Ancient Mariner" and the slain albatross which was hung upon the destroyer's neck, symbolizing the weight of sin, and she wound up by telling him that she hoped so to develop his spiritual nature that the mere sense of guilt would soon drag him down more degradingly than any bit of porcelain tied to his arm.

It was really beautifully thought out, and would have been worth money to her if sent to the editor of *Privileges*, but the twins, knowing they were being "improved," tried to hear as little of it as possible—except that Rex was drawn to "albatross" as something new in fowls.

For a short while Rex stood rigid with stiff arm extended while he viewed his mark of crime from different angles—and with growing approval. Then he tried walking about, and his pride in it grew as it swung and dangled. He felt it to be not only a pleasantly unusual adornment for a little boy, but a highly entertaining one by reason of the thrilling sound of breaking crockery which it gave out every time that it knocked against some furniture.

He had not been so amused, so satisfied, so mentally fed and refreshed in a long while; and Regina, the Innocent, the Unpunished, the Undisgraced, sat in lonely dejection, with nothing to do but watch his orgy of content.

"Why don't you come and play with me?"

"I can't. I am having too much fun with the—the—the albatross." And he clinked it deliciously against the door-knob.

"I'll get an albatross, too," cried Regina, maddened by jealousy; and without a minute's hesitation she jumped to the chair and hurled the remaining vase to the floor.

Rex's stupor of amaze, her own unfeigned horror at the actual consummation of the deed made it impossible for her mother to think this disaster anything but another "accident"—for of course Mrs. Pettison heard the second crash and came in a second time.

Consistency demanded that Regina get a bangle, too, but no poetical selection from Coleridge accompanied this seance.

"You are a very, very naughty little girl," said Mrs. Pettison, sharply, and she tied some china to the culprit with quite angry jerks and with a tighter twist than was at all necessary, but the fragment was small—Regina's smash had been thorough.

"Mine's a *baby* albatross," said the smasher, complacently, as soon as her mother had left the room.

Now that the children were similarly equipped, they had a lovely time together, and put their novel toys to every conceivable and inconceivable test. They began to warm up tenderly to punishments.

"What shall we smash next?" asked Regina, leaning mentally in the direction of a magnificent Satsuma urn in the parlor.

"We'll—we'll be bad some other way," authoritatively said Rex. He had the saner mind and realized that the limitations of smash had been reached.

All sports pall in time, and the twins gradually desisted from their exuberant cracking of furniture, and drew near each other to take hold of hands—a friendly trick of theirs when weary. The contact, bringing their bits of bric-a-brac together with a clash, flecking a splinter from each, recalled to Regina the game which is played with Easter eggs.

"Let's chip albatrosses," she said, stoically, and sat down on the floor.

Nothing averse, Rex sat down, too, and the war was on. Clash followed clash, and chips flew frantically, till finally each combatant came off victorious with but a bracelet of string left.

Their mother, who had entered and silently witnessed the contest, deemed it wise to take this disposal of the albatrosses as a matter of course, so she merely made the twins clear up the chips, and then she reminded them that it was time for them to go to their desks to write the usual half-page in their copy-books and hear each other answer geography questions. Secretly, she was worried, for never until to-day in all their sternly-ordered, meekly-obedient little lives had the twins shown the least trace of naughtiness. She comforted herself with the belief that the worst was now over, for the children, now sedate as dormice, went tractably to work. Reassured, she left them to themselves again.

"What's an island?" Regina demanded, peremptorily.

"An island is land surrounded by water," Rex said. Then a pained look came on his face as if he loathed the necessity, but he leaned forward, pen in hand, put a blot on Regina's waist—for the land—and drew a scalloped circle around it—for the water. He tapped the picture with his pen and repeated his definition.

It needs to be impressed that heretofore an accidental blot no bigger than a pin point had been sufficient to set them both into sobbing convulsions of fright.

As the island grew upon her, Regina had one brief, embryonic spasm, and then she understood. Rex was again martyring himself.

"What is a lake?" he asked.

He had an apt pupil. Regina seized her pen and stirred it around in the ink bottle.

"Lake's water!" gabbled she (blot on Rex's shirt) "s'rounded b'land." (Scalloped circle.) "What's a strait?"

"A strait"—and here Rex sketched upon his sister's yoke something resembling a pair of spectacles—"is a channel of water connecting two larger bodies of water. What is a river?"

"A river"—said she, dithering with delight as she ran

a zigzag streak of black lightning down his front pleat—"is water flowing through the land. *Whee!* What's a hill?"

"A hill," said he, abandoning the pen and dipping his finger in the bottle, "is a low elevation of land." Here he dabbed a cone-like smudge upon Regina's shoulder. "What is a mountain?"

"Mountain's a *high* elevator of land!" she shrieked, drunken with joy. Inking her whole hand, she streaked him with an "elevator" that reached from his belt to his chin. Now was she frenzied indeed, and hissed meaningly, "What is an OCEAN?"

He took the dare, even though he paled under the magnitude of the sin thrust upon him.

"The largest body of water," he said, methodically pouring the entire bottle into Regina's lap.

This naturally concluded the lesson; there was no more ink.

The mother came in, and, catching sight of their really awful condition, was literally stunned and dumb-stricken. All she could do was to wave them away from her. When speech finally returned to her, it was so far beneath the occasion that it sounded tame.

"Get out of my sight as quickly as possible," she begged, "before I say or do what I should not. Oh, do go! Later, when we are all calmer, we will talk over this frightful occurrence; for rest assured I shall demand a full explanation. Not that your punishment will wait till then—no, indeed. I shall attend to that at once and severely. Listen! *I forbid you to change those disgraceful garments.* You shall take your outing in them, you shall see visitors in them—if visitors come—you shall go to the supper table in them, you shall wear them till bedtime, even if your hearts and mine break with the humiliation. Now go. Immediately."

When they left the room, Mrs. Pettison burst into tears over the problem. The twins did not know that, of course, and danced away perfectly happy; if there was one thing they hated worse than another, it was their afternoon raiment of white piqué. The stuff was always starched as stiff as tin, and it creased if it was looked at crosseyed. When creased it was done for. If the twins had the ill-

luck to sit on a peachstone or kneel on a blackberry, they were in the worst sort of a fix. And to think they could wear their nice comfortable messy suits all afternoon! To think that they could actually go out in them and tell everything to all the other little boys and girls! It was too good to be true. And why should not visitors know about it? The more the merrier. And as for supper—again, why not? Was not their father going to be absent? Of course he was, thank heaven! Yes, really and really, it was too good to be true.

The ensuing hour was positively the happiest they remembered. When they were forced to go out with Catherine, the "help," it was she who suffered, not they. They strutted to the utmost, pointing out their adornments in dumb sign to all their passing cronies.

When it came to be the neighborhood of suppertime and the street grew dull, Rex thought out another excitement.

"Sister, I begin to see how this thing works, do you? When we do something bad we have to keep on doing it."

"Well?"

"Well, we'll go now *and steal some jam.*"

Which they immediately did. It was not hard to manage, with Catherine making disappearances into the dining-room to put supper on the table. Of course, discovery was swift, but then, discovery was their aim.

"Some bad angel possesses you," cried Mrs. Pettison, despairingly, but still clinging to her ideals. "You think you want jam—I'll prove to you how mistaken you are—come to the table, and see!"

A large dish of jam was set before them, and their beef broth was removed. When they understood that they were to help themselves plentifully to jam, they wondered if they had not fallen into fairyland. Requesting bread, they were denied it.

"Nothing but jam," said Mrs. Pettison, sternly, her sympathetic stomach recoiling from the fearful fate.

The twins perceptibly cheered and tucked into the jam at a great rate. They had aimed at this happiness, but the result exceeded belief. The next course would have been sandwiches of stale bread, sparsely buttered and served with weak cocoa. This, too, they were mercifully spared.

"Help yourselves to jam," ordered their mother, in the

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tone of an executioner. The twins' being mellowed under the affliction, and they stowed away jam enough for a long winter.

They rose from the table oozing contentment from every pore, and Mrs. Pettison wearily kept her seat to ponder upon the situation.

Out in the hall—

"Regina, didn't that jam make you thirsty?"

"Aw'fly."

"Come into the pantry and we'll open a bottle of grape juice."

But they had been overheard and pursued, and while they were trying to unscrew the cap of the bottle the wrath fell—and the shameless, degrading irrationality of that wrath would have pained the whole editorial staff of *Privileges*.

When they had wept themselves almost to a pulp, and their sobs came a little further apart, Rex's broken voice crept from somewhere in the darkness of the nursery:

"Regina, I think we'd better be good."

"I thought it first," she hiccupped.

And since it was upon her that the chastening first fell, perhaps she did.



## Cradle Hymn

BY MARTIN LUTHER.

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.  
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay—  
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.



## “A Kentucky Cinderella”\*

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

[Of the few literary men who read well in public, F. Hopkinson Smith is easily among the best. With this gift he seems to write in a style that lends itself to recitation, so that many of his stories are popular as readings. In “The Other Fellow,” in which is to be found “A Kentucky Cinderella,” there are several stories which Mr. Smith has given in public with great success—“A Water-logged Town” and “One of Bob’s Tramps.”]



WAS bending over my easel, hard at work upon a full-length portrait of a young girl in costume of fifty years ago, when the door of my studio opened softly, and Aunt Chloe came in.

“Good-mawnin’, suh! I didn’t think you’d come to-day, bein’ a Sunday. I’ll jes’ sweep up a lil mite; doan’ ye move; I won’t ’sturb ye.”

“Mus’ be mighty driv, suh, a-workin’ on de Sabbath day. Golly, but dat’s a purty lady! (I see it las’ Sunday when I come in, but she didn’t had dem ruffles ’round her neck den you done gib her.) ’Clar to goodness, dat chile look like she was jes’ a-gwine to speak. Well, if dat doan’ beat de lan’. I ain’t never seen none o’ dem frocks since de ole times. An’ dem lil low shoes wid de ribbons crossed on de ankles! She’s de livin’ pussonecation—she is so, for a fac’. Uhm! Uhm!”

“Does it look like anybody you ever saw, Aunt Chloe?”

“It do an’ it don’t. De feet is like hern, but de eyes ain’t.”

“Who?”

“O, Miss Nannie.”

“Who was Miss Nannie?” I asked, carelessly.

“One o’ my chillen, honey.”

“Tell me about her. It will help me to get her eyes right, so you can remember her better. Where did she live?”

“Where dey all live—down in de big house. She warn’t Marse Henry’s real chile, but she come o’ de blood. She

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didn't hab dem kind o' shoes on her footses when I fust see her, but she wore 'em when she lef' me. Dat she did.—My! My! ain't dat de ve'y image of dat frock? I kin see it now jes' as Miss Nannie come down de stairs. Dey didn't care nuffin for her much. Let 'er go roun' barefoot half de time, an' her hair a-flyin'. Allus makes my blood bile to dis day whenever I think of de way dey treated dat chile. But it didn't make no diff'ence what she had on—shoes or no shoes—her footses was dat lil. An' purty! Wid her big eyes an' her cheeks jes' 's fresh as dem rose-water roses dat I used to snip off for ole Sam to put on de table. Oh! I tell ye, if ye could picter her like dat dey wouldn't be nobody clear from here to glory could come nigh her.

"Yes, suh, down in the blue grass country, near Lex-inton, Kentuck, whar my ole master, Marse Henry Gordon, lived. I used to go eve'y year to see him after de war was over, an' kep' it up till he died. Dere warn't nobody like him den, an' dere ain't none now. An' I love him yet, an' if he was a-livin to-day I'd work for him an' take care of him if I went hungry myse'f. De only fool thing Marse ever done was a-marryin' dat widow woman for his second wife. How Marse Henry Gordon come to marry her nobody don't know till dis day. She warn't none o' our people, an' she warn't nuffin, nohow."

"Was Miss Nannie her child?" I asked.

"No, suh, dat she warn't! She was Marse Henry's own sister's chile, she was. Her people lived up in Indiany, an' dey was jes' 's po' as watermelon rinds, and when her mother died Marse Henry sent for her to come live wid him, 'cause he said Miss Rachel—dat was dat woman's own chile by her fust husband—was lonesome.

"I remember de ve'y day Miss Nannie come. I seed her comin' down de road totin' a big ban'box, an' a carpet bag mos' big's herse'f. Den she turned in de gate. 'Fo' God,' I says to ole Sam, who was settin' de table for dinner, 'who's dis yere comin' in?' Den I see her stop an' set de bundles down an' catch her bref, an' den she comes on agin. I see right away dat woman was up to one of her tricks; she didn't 'tend to let dat chile come no other way 'cept like a servant; she was dat dirt mean. Well, suh, I dropped my dishcloth, an' I run out to meet 'er.

"'Is you Miss Nannie?' I says. 'Gimme dat bag,' I says, 'an' dat box.'

"'Yes,' she says, 'dat's me, an' ain't you Aunt Chloe, what I heard so much about?'

"When she got to de house, me a-totin' de things on behind, de mist'ess comes out on de po'ch.

"'Oh, dat's you, is it, Nannie?' she says. 'Well, Chloe'll tell ye where to go,' an' she went straight in de house agin. Never kissed her, nor touched her, nor nuffin!

"Purty soon Miss Rachel come down an' went up an' kissed her—dat is, Sam said so, though I ain't never seen her kiss her dat time nor no other time. Miss Rachel never liked Miss Nannie from de fust, she was dat cross-grained and pernicketty. No matter what Miss Nannie done to please her, it warn't good 'nough for her."

"Did they send her to school?" I asked.

"No, suh, dat dey didn't. But dey sent Miss Rachel to a real highty-tighty school, dat dey did, down to Louisville.

"Purty soon long come de time when Miss Rachel done finish her eddication, an' she come back to de big house an' sot herse'f up to 'ceive company. De fust real out-an'-out beau she had was Dr. Tom Boling. He lived 'bout fo'teen miles out o' Lexin'ton on de big plantation, an' was de richest young man in our parts. If ye could 'a' seen de mist'ess when she'd see him comin' in de gate! All in his ridin' boots an' his yaller breeches an' bottle-green coat, an' his servant a-ridin' to hold de horses.

"Ole Sam an' me was a-watchin' de mist'ess peekin' th'ough de blind at him, her eyes a-blazin' an' Sam laughed so he had to stuff a napkin in his mouf to keep 'em from hearin' him. Miss Nannie, she's watch him, too, from behind de kitchen door, an' den she'd tell Dinah an' me what he did, an' how he got off his horse an' han' de reins to de boy, an' slap his boots wid his ridin' whip, like he was a-dustin' off a fly. An' she'd act it all out for me an' Dinah, an' slap her own frock, an' den she'd laugh fit to kill herse'f an' dance all 'round de kitchen."

"'Co'se people 'gin to talk, an' ev'ybody said dat Dr. Boling was gittin' nighest de coon, an' dat fust thing dey'd know dere would be a weddin' in de Gordon fambly."

"Well, one day, suh, I was a-standin' in de door, an' I see him come in a-foot like he say to himse'f, 'Lemme in;

I'm in a hurry; I got somethin' on my mind.' Ole Sam was jes' a-gwine to open de do' for him when Miss Nannie come a-runnin' in de kitchen from de yard, her cheeks like de roses, her hair a-flyin', an' her big hat hangin' to a string down her back, an' I says to her, 'Run, honey,' I says, 'an open de do' for ole Sam; I spec', I says, 'it's one o' dem peddlers.'

"I wish you could 'a' seen dat chile's face when she come back! She was white one minute, an' red as a beet de nex'. 'Oh, Aunt Chloe, what did you let me go for?' she says. 'Oh! I wouldn't a' let him see me like dis for anything in de world. Oh, I'm dat put out.'

"What did he say to ye, honey?" I says.

"He didn't say nuffin'; he jes' look at me an' say he beg my pardon, an' was Miss Rachel in, an' den I said I'd run an' tell her, an' when I come downstairs agin he was a standin' in de hall wid his eyes up de staircase, an' he never stopped lookin' at me till I come down.'

"Well, dat won't do you no harm, chile,' I says; 'a cat kin look at a king.'

"Ole Sam was a-watchin' her, too, an' when she'd gone in her leetle room an' shet de do' Sam says, 'I'll lay if Marse Tom Boling had anything on his mind when he come here to-day it's mighty onsettled by dis time.'

"De nex' time he comes he says, 'I hear dat yo'r niece, Miss Nannie Barnes, is livin' wid you, an' dat she is ve'y 'sclusive. I hope dat you'll 'suade her to come in de parlor,' he says. Dem was his ve'y words. Sam was a-standin' close to him as I am to you, an' he heard him.

"She ain't yet in s'ciety,' de mist'ess says, 'an' she's dat wild dat we can't p'ésent her.'

"Oh! is dat so?" he says. 'Is she in now?'

"No,' she says, 'she's over to Mis' Morgan's.' An' over he goes to Mis' Morgan's hisse'f.

"Dat night, when Marse Henry come home an' heard 'bout dat visit, he made Miss Nannie sit down in de parlor, when Dr. Boling come, an' 'fo' he went home dat night de doctor he says to Marse Henry, 'I want yo' permission, Mister Gordon, to pay my addresses to Miss Nannie, yo' niece.' Sam was a-standin' close as he could git to de door, an' he heard ev'y word. But I tell ye de doctor had a hard time a-gittin' her, even when Marse Henry gin his consent. An' he never would 'a' got her

if Miss Rachel, jes' for spite, I spec', hadn't 'a' married Colonel Todhunter's son dat was a-co'trin' on her, too. Den Miss Nannie knowed she was free to follow her own heart."

"Purty soon come de weddin'. I'll never forgit dat weddin' to my dyin' day. Marse Tom Boling driv in wid a coach an' four an' two outriders, an' de horses wore white ribbons on dere ears; an' de coachman had flowers in his coat mos' big as his head, an' dey whirled up in front of de po'ch, an' out he stepped in his blue coat an' brass buttons an' a yaller wais'coat—yaller as a gourd—an' his bell-crown hat in his han'. She was a-waitin' for him wid dat white satin dress on, an' de chain 'round her neck, an' her lil footses tied up wid silk ribbons de ve'y match o' dem you got pictered, an' her face shinin' like a angel. An' all de niggers was a-standin' 'roun' de po'ch, dere eyes out'n dere heads, an' Marse Henry was dere in his new clo'es, lookin' so grand, an' Sam in his white gloves, an' me in a new head han'chief.

"Eve'ybody was happy 'cept one. Dat was de mis'tess, standin' in de door. She wouldn't come out to de coach, an' Miss Rachel was dat mean she wouldn't come downstairs.

"Miss Nannie gib Marse Tom Boling her han' an' look up in his face like a queen, an' den she kissed Marse Henry, an' whispered somethin' in his ear dat nobody didn't hear, only de tears 'gin to jump out an' roll down his cheeks, an' den she looked de mist'ess full in de face, an' 'thout a word dropped her a low curtsy.

"I come de las'. She looked at me for a minute, wid her eyes a-swimmin'; an' den she th'owed her arms roun' my neck an' hugged an' kissed me, an' den I see an arm slip 'roun' her wais' an' lif' her in de coach. Den de horses gin a plunge, an' dey was off.

"An' arter dat dey had five years—de happiest years dem two ever seen. I know, 'cause Marse Henry gin me to her, an' I lived wid 'em day in an' day out, an' den—"

Aunt Chloe stopped and reached out her hands as if to steady herself, the tears streaming down her cheeks. Then she advanced a step, fixed her eyes on the portrait, and in a voice filled with emotion, said:

"Honey, chile,—honey, chile,—is you tired a-waitin' for yo' ole mammy? Keep a-waitin', honey—keep a-watchin'—It won't be long now 'fore I come. Keep a-watchin'."

# At Lincoln's Tomb

BY ROBERTUS LOVE.

*From "Poems All the Way from Pike."*

(Being the Reminiscences of the Hon. Jason Pettigrew, of Calhoun County, Ill., in 1895.)

Abe Lincoln? Wull, I reckon! Not a mile f'om where  
we be,  
Right here in Springfiel', Illinoise, Abe used to room with  
me.

He represented Sangamon, I tried it for Calhoun,  
And me and Abe was cronies then; I'll not forgit it soon.

I'll not forgit them happy days we used to sort o' batch  
Together in a little room that didn't have no latch  
To keep the other fellers out that liked to come and stay  
And hear them dasted funny things Abe Lincoln used to  
say.

Them days Abe Lincoln and myself was pore as anything.  
Job's turkey wasn't porer, but we used to laff and sing,  
And Abe was clean chuck full o' fun; but he was sharp  
as tacks,

For that there comic face o' his'n was fortified with fac's.

Some fellers used to laff at Abe because his boots and  
pants

Appeared to be on distant terms; but when he'd get a  
chance

He'd give 'em sich a drubbin' that they'd clean forgit his  
looks,

For Abe made up in common sense the things he lacked  
in books.

Wull, nex' election I got beat, and Abe come back alone;  
I kep' a-clinkin' on the farm, pervidin' for my own.  
You see, I had a woman, and two twins that called me paw;  
And Abe, he kep' a-clinkin', too, at politics and law.

I didn't hear much more of Abe out there in old Calhoun,  
For I was out o' politics and kinder out o' chune  
With things that happened; but 'way back I'd named my  
two twin boys—

One Abraham, one Lincoln; finest team in Illinoise!

## The Speaker

Wull, here one day I read that Abe's among the candidates  
(My old friend Abe!) for President o' these United  
States;

And though I had the rheumatiz and felt run down and  
blue,

I entered politics agin and helped to pull him through.

And when nex' spring he called for men to fetch their  
grit and guns

And keep the ship o' State afloat, I sent him both my sons,  
And would a' gone myself and loved to make the bullets  
whiz

'F it hadn't b'en I couldn't walk account o' rheumatiz.

Wull, Abe—my little Abe, I mean—he started out with  
Grant;

They buried him at Shiloh. . . Excuse me, but I can't  
Help feelin' father-like, you know, for them was likely  
boys;

The' wasn't two another sich that went f'om Illinois!

And Lincoln—my son Lincoln—he went on by hisself,  
A-grievin' for his brother Abe they'd laid upon the shelf,  
And when he come to Vicksburg he was all thrashed out  
and sick;

And yet, when there was fightin', Link fit right in the thick.

One night afore them Rebel guns my pore boy went to  
sleep

On picket dooty. . . No, sir, 'tain't the shame that  
makes me weep:

It's how Abe Lincoln, President, at Washington, D. C.,  
Had time to ricolleck the days he used to room with me!

For, don't you know I wrote him they'd sentenced to be  
shot

His namesake, Lincoln Pettigrew, in shame to die and rot!  
The son of his old crony, and the last o' my twin boys  
He used to plague me so about, at Springfield, Illinois.

Did he? Did Abe? Wull, now, he sent a telegraph so  
quick

It burnt them bottles on the poles and made the lightnin'  
sick!

"I pardon Lincoln Pettigrew. A. LINCOLN, President."  
The boy has got that paper yit, the telegraph Abe sent.

I guess I knowed Abe Lincoln! And now I've come  
 down here—  
 Firs' time I b'en in Springfiel' for nigh on sixty year—  
 To see his grave and tombstone, because—because you see,  
 We legislated in cahoots, Abe Lincoln did, and me.




## Mammy's Pickanin'

BY LUCY DEAN JENKINS.

(Written for THE SPEAKER.)

Now, whah d'ye s'pose dat chile is?  
 My, he's got a head!  
 He's a hidin' frum his mammy  
 'Case it's time to go to bed.

Hyah, you, Petah Johnsing!  
 Come inside dat fence.  
 I done tole you yes'day  
 You didn't hab no sense.

What's dat? Awaitin' fo' yo' daddy?  
 (Bress his little hea't!)  
 Why, chile! Yo' daddy won't be comin'  
 Froom dat woodsy pa't

At dis time ob de ebenin'.  
 Don't you see dat moon?  
 Dat's de sign dat spooks  
 'Ll be a trabelin' soon.

I b'lieve I see 'em  
 Comin'—Massy me!  
 'As sho' as you is breavin'  
 Dar's one behind dat tree!



# The Speaker

Ha! Ha! I t'ought dat 'd bring him.

Come hyah, sweety hon',  
Come to yo' ole mammy,  
An' if dose spookies come

An' want my pickaninny,  
I'll swat 'em in de face;  
I'll take dar flowin' ga'ments,  
An' jest wipe up de place.

I'll take dat ar bu'nt hoe-cake,  
An' hit 'em on de head,  
Till dey'll be glad to go away,  
An' let my baby go to bed.

So, don't cry no mo', my honey,  
Jes' close yo' little eye,  
An' mammy'll rock ye in her a'ms,  
An' sing de—



Lullaby, Close yo' eye, Mammy's little dusky baby; Hush-a-bye,



Close yo' eye, Mammy's little ba-by boy, Den hush-a-bye.

Now, what's de mattah, honey?  
Ain't you neber gwine ter sleep?  
What's dat? Why, chile!  
Dose spookies ain't a-comin';  
Dey's gwine off down de street.

Now shet yo' eyes up tight,  
An' go right off to sleep;  
An' to-morrow for yo' breakfus'  
You'll hab possum for to eat.

So, don't cry no mo', my honey.  
Jes' close yo' little eye,  
While mammy rocks you in her a'ms  
An' sings de (music).

# The Old Doll

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

Little one, little one, open your arms.  
 Now are your wishes come true, come true!  
 Here is a love with a thousand charms,  
 And see! she is reaching her hands out to you!  
 Put the old doll by, asleep let her lie,  
 And open your arms to welcome the new.

Little one, little one, play your sweet part,  
 Mother-love lavishes treasures untold;  
 Whisper fond words, and close to your heart,  
 Your warm little heart, the new idol enfold.  
 ('Tis so with us all,—to worship we fall  
 Before the new shrine, forgetting the old!)

. . . . .  
 Little one, little one, wherefore that sigh?  
 Weary of playing the long day through?  
 But there's something that looks like a tear in your eye,  
 And your lips—why, your lips are quivering, too!  
 Do I guess aright?—it is coming night,  
 And you cry for the old—you are tired of the new?

Little one, little one, old loves are best;  
 And the heart still clings though the hands loose their  
 hold!  
 Take the old doll back, in your arms she shall rest,  
 When you wander away to the dreamland fold.  
 (With all, even so,—ere to sleep we go,  
 The wavering heart wavers back to the old!)

## Santa Claus

(UNKNOWN.)

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!  
He softly, silently comes;  
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white  
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.  
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,  
While the white flakes around him whirl;  
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home  
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;  
It will carry a host of things,  
While dozens of drums hang over the side,  
With the sticks sticking under the strings.  
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,  
Not a bugle blast is blown,  
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,  
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,  
Till the stockings will hold no more;  
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills  
Are quickly set down on the floor.  
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,  
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;  
Not a sound of a bugle or drum is heard  
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West;  
Of his goodies he touches not one;  
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast  
When the dear little folks are done.  
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;  
This beautiful mission is his;  
Then, children, be good to the little old man,  
When you find who the little man is.

# Little Christel

BY WILLIAM B. RANDS.

Slowly forth from the village church,—  
The voice of the choristers hushed overhead,—  
Came little Christel. She paused in the porch,  
Pondering what the preacher had said.

*Even the youngest, humblest child  
Something may do to please the Lord;*  
“Now, what,” thought she, and half-sadly smiled,  
“Can I, so little and poor, afford?—

*“Never, never a day should pass  
Without some kindness, kindly shown,*  
The preacher said”—then down to the grass  
A skylark dropped, like a brown-winged stone.

“Well, a day is before me now;  
Yet, what,” thought she, “can I do, if I try?  
If an angel of God would show me how!  
But silly I am, and the hours they fly.”

Then the lark sprang singing up from the sod,  
And the maiden thought, as he rose to the blue,  
“He says he will carry my prayer to God;  
But who would have thought the little lark knew?”

Now she entered the village street,  
With book in hand and face demure,  
And soon she came, with sober feet,  
To a crying babe at a cottage door.

It wept at a windmill that would not move;  
It puffed with round red cheeks in vain,  
One sail stuck fast in a puzzling groove,  
And baby's breath could not stir it again.

So baby beat the sail and cried,  
While no one came from the cottage door ;  
But little Christel knelt down by its side,  
And set the windmill going once more.

Then babe was pleased, and the little girl  
Was glad when she heard it laugh and crow ;  
Thinking, "Happy windmill, that has but to whirl,  
To please the pretty young creature so."

No thought of herself was in her head,  
As she passed out at the end of the street,  
And came to a rose-tree tall and red,  
Drooping and faint with the summer heat.

She ran to a brook that was flowing by,  
She made of her two hands a nice, round cup,  
And washed the roots of the rose-tree high,  
Till it lifted its languid blossoms up.

"O happy brook!" thought little Christel,  
"You have done some good this summer's day,  
You have made the flowers look fresh and well!"  
Then she rose and went on her way.

## Seven Times One

BY JEAN INGELow.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover;  
There's no rain left in heaven;  
I've said my "seven times" over and over,—  
Seven times one are seven.

I am old—so old I can write a letter;  
My birthday lessons are done;  
The lambs play always; they know no better;  
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you,  
And shining so round and low;  
You were bright! ah, bright, but your light is failing;  
You are nothing now but a bow!

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,  
That God has hidden your face?  
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,  
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee! you're a dusty fellow,  
You've powdered your legs with gold;  
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow!  
Give me your money to hold.

O columbine! open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell;  
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper  
That hangs in your clear green bell.

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it;  
I will not steal them away;  
I am old!—you may trust me, linnet, linnet;  
I am seven times one to-day.

**Daffy-Down-Dilly**

BY ANNA B. WARNER.

Daffy-down-dilly  
Came up in the cold,  
Through the brown mould,  
Although the March breezes  
Blew keen on her face,  
Although the white snow  
Lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly  
Had heard under ground,  
The sweet rushing sound  
Of the streams, as they broke  
From their white winter chains,  
Of the whistling spring winds,  
And the pattering rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy,  
Deep down in her heart  
"It's time I should start."  
So she pushed her soft leaves  
Through the hard, frozen ground,  
Quite up to the surface,  
And then looked around.

There was snow all about her,  
Gray clouds overhead;  
The trees all looked dead:  
Then how do you think  
Poor Daffy-down felt,  
When the sun would not shine,  
And the ice would not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy,  
Still working away;  
"The earth's hard to-day.  
There's but a half inch  
Of my leaves to be seen,  
And two-thirds of that  
Is more yellow than green.

"I can't do much yet;  
But I'll do what I can:  
It's well I began.  
For, unless I can manage  
To lift up my head,  
The people will think  
That Spring herself's dead."

So, little by little,  
She brought her leaves out,  
All clustered about;  
And then her bright flowers  
Began to unfold,  
Till Daffy stood robed  
In her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly,  
So brave and so true!  
I wish all were like you,—  
So ready for duty  
In all sorts of weather,  
And loyal to courage  
And duty together.



## The Ant and the Cricket

(UNKNOWN.)

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing  
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and  
spring,

Began to complain, when he found that at home  
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found  
On the snow-covered ground;  
Not a flower could he see,  
Not a leaf on a tree:

"Oh, what will become," said the cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,  
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,  
Away he set off to a miserly ant,

To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant

Him shelter from rain:  
A mouthful of grain  
He wished only to borrow,  
He'd repay it to-morrow:

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Said the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,  
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;  
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by  
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket, "Not I.

My heart was so light  
That I sang day and night,  
For all nature looked gay."

"You sang, sir, you say?"

Go, then," said the ant, "and dance winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket

And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.

Though this is a fable the moral is good:

If you live without work, you must live without food.

## Cradle Hymn

BY ISAAC WATTS.

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;  
 Holy angels guard thy bed;  
 Heavenly blessings without number  
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,  
 House and home, thy friends provide;  
 All without thy care, or payment,  
 All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended  
 Than the Son of God could be,  
 When from heaven He descended,  
 And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;  
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
 When His birthplace was a stable,  
 And His softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round him,  
 Telling wonders from the sky!  
 When they sought Him, there they found Him,  
 With His Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;  
 Lovely infant, how He smiled!  
 When He wept, the mother's blessing  
 Soothed and hushed the holy child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,  
 Where the honest oxen fed;  
 Peace, my darling! here's no danger!  
 Here's no ox a-near thy bed!

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,  
 Trust and love Him all thy days;  
 Then go dwell forever near Him,  
 See His face, and sing His praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,  
 Hoping what I most desire;  
 Not a mother's fondest wishes  
 Can to greater joys aspire.



## The Usual Way

ANONYMOUS.

There was once a little man, and his rod and line he took,  
 For he said, "I'll go a-fishing in the neighboring brook."  
 And it chanced a little maiden was walking out that day,  
 And they met—in the usual way.

Then he sat him down beside her, and an hour or two  
 went by,  
 But still upon the grassy brink his rod and line did lie;  
 "I thought," she shyly whispered, "you'd be fishing all  
 the day?"

And he was—in the usual way.

So he gravely took his rod in hand and threw the line  
 about,

But the fish perceived distinctly he was not looking out;  
 And he said, "Sweetheart, I love you;" but she said she  
 could not stay,

But she did—in the usual way.

Then the stars came out above them, and she gave a little  
 sigh,

As they watched the silver ripples like the moments run-  
 ning by;

"We must say good-by," she whispered, by the alders old  
 and gray.

And they did—in the usual way.

And day by day beside the stream, they wandered to and  
 fro,

And day by day the fishes swam securely down below,  
 Till this little story ended, as such little stories may,

Very much—in the usual way.

And now that they are married, do they always bill and  
 coo?

Do they never fret and quarrel like other couples do?

Does he cherish her and love her? Does she honor and  
 obey?

Well, they do—in the usual way.

# The Lark and the Rook

(UNKNOWN.)

"Good-night, Sir Rook," said a little lark.  
 "The daylight fades; it will soon be dark;  
 I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray;  
 I've sung my hymn to the parting day;  
 So now I haste to my quiet nook  
 In yon dewy meadow—good-night, Sir Rook!"

"Good-night, poor Lark," said his titled friend,  
 With a haughty toss and a distant bend;  
 "I also go to my rest profound,  
 But not to sleep on the cold, damp ground.  
 The fittest place for a bird like me  
 Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine-tree.

"I opened my eyes at peep of day  
 And saw you taking your upward way,  
 Dreaming your fond romantic dreams,  
 An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams;  
 Soaring too high to be seen or heard;  
 And said to myself: 'What a foolish bird!'

"I trod the park with a princely air,  
 I filled my crop with the richest fare;  
 I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,  
 And made more noise in the world than you.  
 The sun shone forth on my ebon wing;  
 I looked and wondered—good-night, poor thing!"

"Good-night, once more," said the lark's sweet voice.  
 "I see no cause to repent my choice;  
 You build your nest in the lofty pine,  
 But is your slumber more sweet than mine?  
 You make more noise in the world than I,  
 But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy?"

## "Späcially Jim"

BY BESSIE MORGAN.

I was mighty good lookin' when I wus young,  
Peart, an' black-eyed, an' slim,  
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,  
    'Späcially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all wus he;  
Chipper an' han'some an' trim;  
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,  
    'Späcially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,  
An' I wouldn't take stock in him!  
But they kep' on a-comin' in spite o' my talk,  
    'Späcially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'—  
    ('Späcially Jim!)  
I made up my mind I'd settle down  
    And take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church,  
'Twas crowded full to the brim;  
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,  
    'Späcially Jim.

## A Gondola Race\*

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

[Adopted from "Gondola Days." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Reprinted by permission of the author and publishers.]



THE day was made for a regatta; a cool, crisp, bracing October day; a day of white clouds and turquoise skies, of flurries of soft winds that came romping down the lagoon, turned for a moment in play, and then went scampering out to sea; a day of dazzling sun, of brilliant distances, of clear-cut outlines, black shadows, and flashing lights.

As we neared the Public Garden the crowd grew denser; the cries of the gondoliers were incessant. The professor entered the garden from the side door of the corridor, and took the vacant seat beside me. He was bubbling over with excitement. "To-day," he said, "you shall see, not the annual regatta, but an old-time contest between the two factions of the gondoliers, the Nicoletti and Castellani; a contest really of and for the Venetians themselves."

"The course is to begin at Lido, running thence to the great flourmill up the Guidecca, and down again to the stakeboat off the Public Garden. Guiseppe is to row, and Pasquale, both famous oarsmen; Carlo, the brother of Gaspari, who won the great regatta; better than all, young Pietro, of the Traghetto of Santa Salute. He rows with his brother Marco. Look out for him when he comes swinging down the canal. If you have any money to wager, put it on him. Gustavo, my waiter at Florian's, says he is bound to win. His colors are yellow and white."

The only clear water space was the ribbon of silver beginning away up near the Redentore, between the tails of the two sea monsters, and ending at the stakeboat. Elsewhere, on both sides, from the Riva to San Giorgio, and as far as the wall of the garden, was a dense floating mass of human beings, cheering, singing and laughing, waving colors, and calling out the names of their favorites in rapid "crescendo."

The spectacle on land was equally unique. The balustrade of the boardwalk of the Public Garden was a huge

\* Copyright, 1897, by F. Hopkinson Smith.

flowerbed of blossoming hats and fans, spotted with myriads of parasols in full bloom. Bunches of over-ripe boys hung in the trees, or dropped one by one into the arms of gendarmes below. The palaces along the Riva were a broad ribbon of color with a binding of black coats and hats. The wall of San Giorgio fronting the barracks was fringed with yellow legs and edged with the white fatigue caps of two regiments. Even over the roofs and tower of the church itself specks of sightseers were spattered here and there, as if the joyous wind in some mad frolic had caught them up in very glee, and as suddenly showered them on cornice, sill, and dome.

Beyond all this, away out on the lagoon, towards the islands, the red sailed fishing-boats hurried in for finish, their canvas aflame against the deepening blue. Over all the sunlight danced and blazed and shimmered, making glad and gay and happy every soul who breathed the breath of this joyous Venetian day.

None of all this was lost upon the professor. He stood in the bow of the boat drinking in the scene, sweeping his glass around like a weather-vane, straining his eyes up the Giudecca to catch the first glimpse of the coming boats, picking out faces under flaunting parasols, and waving aloft his yellow rag when some gondola swept by flying Pietro's colors, or some boatload of friends saluted in passing.

Suddenly there came down on the shifting wind, from far up the Giudecca, a sound like the distant baying of a pack of hounds, and as suddenly died away. Then the roar of a thousand throats, caught up by a thousand more about us, broke on the air, as a boatman, perched on a masthead, waved his hat.

"Here they come! Viva Pietro! Viva Pasquale! Castellani! Nicoletti! Pietro!"

The dense mass rose and fell in undulation, like a great carpet being shaken, its colors tossing in the sunlight. Between the thicket of "ferros" away down the silver ribbon, my eye caught two little specks of yellow capping two white figures. Behind these, almost in line, were two similar dots of blue; farther away other dots, hardly distinguishable, on the horizon line.

The gale became a tempest—the roar was deafening; women waved their shawls in the air; men, swinging their hats, shouted themselves hoarse. The yellow specks devel-

oped into handkerchiefs bound to the heads of Pietro and his brother Marco; the blues were those of Pasquale and his mate.

Then as we turn our eyes, the two tails of the sea monsters twist and clash together, closing in upon the string of rowers as they disappear in the dip behind San Giorgio, only to reappear in full sight, Pietro half a length ahead, straining every sinew, his superb arms swinging like a flail, his body swaying in splendid, springing curves, the water rushing from his oar blade, his brother bending aft in perfect rhythm.

"Pietro! Pietro!" came the cry, shrill and clear, drowning all other sounds, and a great field of yellow burst into flower all over the lagoon, from San Giorgio to the Garden. The people went wild. If before there had been only a tempest, now there was a storm. The waves of blue and yellow surged alternately above the heads of the throng as Pasquale and Pietro gained or lost a foot. The professor grew red and pale by turns, his voice broken to a whisper with continued cheering, the yellow rag streaming above his head, all the blood of his ancestors blazing in his face.

The contesting boats surged closer. You could see the rise and fall of Pietro's superb chest, the steel-like grip of his hands, and could outline the curves of his thighs and back, the ends of the yellow handkerchief, bound about his head, were flying in the wind. His stroke was long and sweeping, his full weight on the oar; Pasquale's stroke was short and quick, like the thrust of a spur.

Now they are abreast. Pietro's eyes are blazing—Pasquale's teeth are set. Both crews are doing their utmost. The yells are demoniac. Even the women are beside themselves with excitement.

Suddenly, when within five hundred yards of the goal, Pasquale turns his head to his mate; there is an answering cry, and then, as if some unseen power had lent its strength, Pasquale's boat shoots half a length ahead, slackens, falls back, gains again, now an inch, now a foot, now clear of Pietro's bow, and on, on, lashing the waters, surging forward, springing with every gain, cheered by a thousand throats, past the red tower of San Giorgio, past the channel of spiles off the Garden, past the red buoy near the great warship—one quick, sustained, blistering stroke, until the judge's flag drops from his hand, and the great race is won.



## Lincoln

BY JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER

[Extract from an address delivered before the Republican Club of Buffalo, 1905.]



WITHIN less than half a century this man, once despised, once derided, once distrusted and maligned, has been transfigured, in the light of universal history, so that all men, and all generations of men, may see him and make out, if possible, the manner of man he was. His life in this world was not long, less than three score years, only ten of them visible above the dead level of affairs. Yet into that brief space events were crowded, so stupendous in their ultimate significance, that we find ourselves laying down the narrative which records them with a strange feeling coming over us, that maybe, after all, we are not reading about a man at all, but about some mysterious personality, in the hands of the higher Powers, with a supernatural commission to help and to bless the human race.

Some have told us that he was a great lawyer. He was nothing of the sort. It is true that he grasped without apparent effort the principles of the common law, and his faculties were so normal and complete that he did not need a commentary, nor a copy of the Madison papers, thumb-marked by the doubts and fears of three generations, to make him sure that the men who made the Constitution were building for eternity. But he practiced law without a library, and all who were acquainted with him testify that in a law suit he was of no account, unless he knew the right was on his side. It was against his intellectual and his moral grain to accept Lord Bacon's cynical suggestion that there is no way of knowing whether a cause be good or bad till the jury has brought in its verdict.

The familiar judicial circuit around Springfield, where he cracked his jokes about the office stove in country taverns, where he spoke to everybody by his first name and everybody liked to hear him talk, did much for him in every way; but the noble profession, so ably represented

about this board, will bear me witness that an attorney who gives his advice away for nothing, who does not have the foresight to ask for a retainer, and usually lacks the business talent to collect his fee, whatever other merits he may have, is not cut out by nature for a lawyer. I have talked with many of the old-time members of the bar at which he used to practice law, thinking all the while of other things, and from what they say I cannot help believing that the notion even then was slowly forming in his mind, that he held a brief, with power of attorney from on high, for the unnumbered millions of his fellow men, and was only loitering around the county-seats of Illinois until the case came on for trial.

Some tell us that he was a great orator. If that is so, the standards of the schools, ancient and modern, must be thrown away. Perhaps they ought to be; and when they are this curious circuit-rider of the law, who refreshed his companions with wit and argument from the well of English undefiled; this champion of civil liberty, confuting Douglas with a remorseless logic, cast in phrases rich with the homely wisdom of proverbial literature; this advocate of the people, head and shoulders above his brethren, stating their case before the bar of history, in sentences so simple that a child can follow them; surely such a one cannot be left out of the company of the masters who have added something to the conquests of the mother tongue. He was dissatisfied with his modest address at Gettysburg, read awkwardly from poorly-written manuscript, and thought Edward Everett's oration was the best he had ever heard; but Mr. Everett himself discerned without a minute for reflection, that the little scrap of crumpled paper which the President held in his unsteady hand that day would be treasured from generation to generation after his own laborious deliverance had been forgotten. The old school of oratory and the new met on that rude platform among the graves under the trees, and congratulated each other. They have not met very often since, for both of them have been pushed aside to make room for the essayists, the declaimers, the statisticians, and other enterprising pedlars of intellectual wares, who have descended like a swarm on all human deliberations.

He has been described as a great statesman. If by that you mean that he was trained in the administrative mech-

anism of the government, or that he was wiser than his day in the creed of the party in whose fellowship he passed his earlier years, there is little evidence of that at all; the most that can be said is that he clung to the fortunes of the old Whig leadership through evil, as well as good, report, and that he stumped the county and afterwards the State; but the speeches which he made, neither he nor anybody else regarded it important to preserve. His platform from the first was brief and to the point. "I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system, and a high protective tariff." But while for half his life he followed Henry Clay, like a lover more than a disciple, yet when that popular hero died and Lincoln was selected to make a memorial address in the old State House, he dismissed the principles of his party creed without a word, and reserved his tribute for the love of liberty and the devotion to the Union which shone even to the end, in that superb career.

To speak of Lincoln as a statesman, whatever adjectives you use, opens no secret of his biography and rather seems to me to belittle the epic grandeur of the drama in which he moved. Of course he was a statesman; exactly so, Saul of Tarsus, setting out from Damascus, became a famous traveler, and Christopher Columbus, inheriting a taste for the sea, became a mariner of high repute.

There are some who have given a study, more or less profound to the official records of the rebellion who make of Lincoln an exceptional military genius, skillful in the management of armies and prepared better even than his generals to give direction to their movements. I doubt this very much. He was driven into the war department by the exigency of the times, and if he towered above the ill-fitting uniforms which made their way, through one influence and another, to positions of brief command during the first campaigns of the Civil War, it is not very high praise after all. One thing, however, he must be given credit for; he perceived the size of the undertaking which he had in hand, and he kept looking until his eyes were weary for the man who could grasp the whole field and get out of the army what he knew was in it. It broke his heart to see its efforts scattered and thrown away by quarrels among its officers, endless in number, and unintelligible for the most part to the outside world. When he passed

the command of the Army of the Potomac over to General Hooker, he did it in terms of reprimand and admonition, which read like a father's last warning to a wayward son. He told him that he had wronged his country and done a gross injustice to a brother officer. Recalling Hooker's insubordinate suggestion that the army and the government both needed a dictator, he reminded him that "only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators," and added, with a humor as grim as death, "What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship." If the general did not tear up his commission when he read that letter it was because he was brave enough to bear the severity of the naked truth.

All this time he had his eye upon a man in the West, who had been doing an extensive business down in Tennessee, "a copious worker and fighter, but a very meagre writer," as he afterwards described him in a telegram to Burnside. He had watched him with attentive interest, noticing particularly that his plans always squared with the event; that he never regretted to report; and, after Vicksburg fell and the tide of invasion had been rolled back from the borders of Maryland and Pennsylvania, he wrote two letters, one to General Meade, calling him to a stern account for not following up his victory, and one to General Grant, directing him to report to Washington for duty. The letter to General Meade, now resting peacefully in Nicolay's collection of the writings of Lincoln, all the fires of its wrath long since gone out, was never sent. But General Grant got his. And from that day there were no more military orders from the White House, no exhortations to advance, no despatches to move upon the enemy's works. He still had his own ideas how the job ought to be done, but he did not even ask the general to tell him his. He left it all to him. And, as the plan of the great captain unfolded, he sent to his headquarters this exultant message:

"I begin to see it. You will succeed. God bless you all.

"A. LINCOLN."

And so these two, each adding something to the other's fame, go down to history together; God's blessing falling like a benediction upon the memory of both.

## An Opera

BY GEORGE ADE.

[From "Stories of the Street and Town," in the "Chicago Record."]



**M**R. TYLER paid seven dollars for two opera tickets. Although he slept through one duet he felt fully repaid for going, because Mrs. Tyler raved over the opera and wasted all of her superlatives on it.

The music was "heavenly," the prima donna "superb," and the tenor "magnificent." There is nothing so irritates a real enthusiast as the presence of calm scorn.

"Don't you like it?" asked Mrs. Tyler, as she settled back after the eighth recall of the motherly woman who had been singing the part of a sixteen-year-old maiden.

"Oh, yes; it's all right," replied Mr. Tyler, as if he were conceding something.

"All right! Oh, you iceberg! I don't believe you would become enthusiastic over anything in the world."

"I like the music, my dear, but Grand Opera drags so. Then the situations are so preposterous they always appeal to my sense of humor. I can't help it. When I see Romeo and Juliet die, both singing away as if they enjoyed it, I have to laugh."

"The idea!"

"You take it in this last act. Those two fellows came out with the soldiers and announced that they were conspiring and didn't want to be heard by the people in the house, and then they shouted in chorus until they could be heard two miles away."

"Oh, you are prejudiced."

"Not at all. I'll tell you, a grand opera is the funniest kind of a show if you only take the right view of it."

Thus they argued, and even after they arrived home she taunted him and told him he could not appreciate the dignity of the situation.

It was this nagging which induced Mr. Tyler to write an act of grand opera. He chose for his subject an alarm of fire in an apartment house. He wanted something

modern and up-to-date, but in his treatment he resolved to reverently follow all the traditions of grand opera. The one act is here given.

## AN OPERA.

SCENE.—The apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Tyler. Mr. Tyler is discovered reading a newspaper. Enters Mrs. T., who advances to the center of the room.

*Mrs. T.*—I think I smell smoke.

*Mr. T.*—She thinks she smells smoke.

*Mrs. T.*—I think I smell smoke.

*Mr. T.*—Oh, what is this? She thinks she smells smoke.

*Mrs. T.*—

What does it mean?

What does it mean?

This smell of smoke may indicate

That we'll be burned. Oh, awful fate

That we'll be burned.

Oh-h-h-h, awful fate.

*Mr. T.*—

Behold the smell grows stronger yet,

The house is burning. I'd regret

To perish in the curling flames.

Oh, horror! Oh, horror! Oh, horror!

*Mr. and Mrs. T.* (Duet)—

Oh, sad is our lot, sad is our lot.

Sad is our lot, sad is our lot.

To perish in the flames so hot.

To curl and writhe and fry and sizz,

Oh, what an awful thing it is

To think of such a thing.

*Mrs. T.*—We must escape.

*Mr. T.*—Yes, yes; we must escape.

*Mrs. T.*—We have no time to lose.

*Mr. T.*—Ah, bitter truth! Ah, bitter truth!

We have no time to lose.

*Mr. and Mrs. T.* (Duet, as above)—

*Mr. T.*—Hark! What is that?

*Mrs. T.*—Hark, hark! What is that?

*Mr. T.*—It is the alarm of fire.

*Mrs. T.*—Ah, yes! Ah, yes! It is the dreadful alarm.

*Mr. T.*—

## The Speaker

The dread alarm strikes on the ear  
 And chills me with an awful fear.  
 The house must burn; oh, can it be  
 That I must die in misery?  
 That I must die in misery,  
 That I must die in misery.  
 The house will burn; oh, can it be  
 That I must die in misery?

*Mrs. T.*—Come, let us fly.

*Mr. T.*—'Tis well, 'tis well; we'll fly at once.

(Enter all the other residents of the fifth floor. They range themselves in a semi-circle behind Mr. and Mrs. T.)

*Mr. T.*—

Kind friends, I have some news to tell;  
 This house is burning, it is well  
 That we should haste ourselves away,  
 And save our lives without delay.  
 Oh, let us not remain too long, too long, too  
 long.  
 Oh, let us not remain too long.

*Women of the Chorus*—

What is this he tells us?  
 It must be so.  
 The building is on fire  
 And we must go.

*Men of the Chorus*—

(Same as women.)

*Grand Chorus*—

Oh, hasten; oh, hasten; oh, hasten away,  
 Our terror we could not conceal,  
 And language fails to express the alarm  
 That in our hearts we feel.

*Mr. and Mrs. T.* (Duet)—

Ah-h-h, language cannot express the fear  
 That in our hearts we feel.

(Enter janitor.)

*Janitor*—Hold! I am here!

*Mr. T.*—Ah, it is the janitor.

*Mrs. T.*—

Can I believe my senses,  
 Or am I going mad?  
 It is the janitor,  
 It is indeed the janitor.

*Janitor*—Such news I have to tell.

*Mr. T.*—Ah, I might have known  
He has some news to tell.

*Mrs. T.*—Speak and break the awful suspense.

*Mr. T.*—Yes, speak.

*Janitor*—

I come to inform you  
That you must quickly fly;  
The fearful blaze is spreading;  
To tarry is to die.  
The floors underneath you are completely burned away;  
They cannot save the building—so now escape, I pray.  
The flames are roaring loudly—  
Oh, what a dreadful sound;  
You can hear the people shrieking  
As they leap and strike the ground.  
Oh, horror overtakes me.  
And I merely pause to say  
That the building's doomed for certain—  
So haste, oh haste away.

*Mrs. T.*—  
Oh, awful message! How it chills my heart,  
Yet we will sing a few more arias  
Before we depart.

*Mr. T.*—  
Yes, yes! A few more arias  
And then away.

*Grand Chorus*—  
Oh hasten, oh hasten, oh hasten away,  
Our terror we could not conceal,  
And language fails to express the alarm  
That in our hearts we feel.

*Mrs. T.*—  
Now, ere I retreat  
Lest death overtake me,  
I'll speak of the fear  
Which convulses and shakes me.  
I sicken to think of what may befall,  
Oh, horror, horror, horror.

*Mr. T.*— The woman speaks the truth  
And there can be no doubt  
That we will perish soon  
Unless we all clear out.



*Grand Chorus—*

Oh, hasten, etc.

This is as far as Mr. T. could go. He didn't want to make his principals actually "hasten away," as that would be a violation of grand opera tradition. His theory is that they remained and were burned.



## A Little Knight-Errant

(Written for THE SPEAKER.)

BY MARGARET A. RICHARD.

What! Me afraid? Well, I guess not—  
I am a boy! Had you forgot?  
If you'll just hold my hand real tight,  
We'll pass that little dog all right.

You see, you're just a girl, Lucile,  
'And girls are scary; they just squeal  
At nearly everything they see;  
But boys are brave. Now you watch me!

Shoo, dog, I say! If you don't run,  
I'll shoot you with this big pop-gun  
That Uncle Joel gave to me  
On my birthday. 'Tis loaded, see!

Look there, Lucile, he's trotting off;  
I scared him awful, sure enough;  
He doesn't know (talk easy, please!)  
I've shot off all my bag of pease.

He's coming back. But don't he look  
Just like that lion in my book?  
I b'lieve he's mad—he's such a sight—  
'And dogs that's mad—run!—run!—he'll bite!

Now, what's the use, Lucile, to cry?  
That dog was only passing by.  
He didn't look at us at all . . .  
I don't see why you had to fall,

'And muss your dress all up, like that;  
And look there in the ditch; your hat  
Is ruined for good! Mamma will scold—  
For you're a big girl, four years old.

My blouse? Well, I don't care, so now!  
I've got another, anyhow.  
Here is my gun, all broken! Come.  
Next time I'm going to leave you home.



## Jane Jones\*

BY BEN KING.

"Jane Jones keeps talkin' to me all the time  
An' says you must make it a rule  
To study your lessons 'nd work hard 'nd learn,  
An' never be absent from school.  
Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,  
An' how he clum up to the top,  
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had  
Down in a blacksmithin' shop?  
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!  
Mebbe he did—

I dunno!

O' course what's a-keepin' me 'way from the top  
Is not never havin' no blacksmithin' shop.

"She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor,  
But full of ambition an' brains,  
'An' studied philosophy all his hull life,  
An' see what he got for his pains!  
He brought electricity out of the sky,  
With a kite an' a bottle an' key,  
'An' we're owing him mor'n any one else  
For all the bright lights 'at we see.  
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!  
Mebbe he did—

I dunno!

O' course what's allers been hinderin' me  
Is not havin' any kite, lightning, er key.

"Jane Jones said 'Abe Lincoln had no books at all,  
An' used to split rails when a boy;  
'An' General Grant was a tanner by trade  
An' lived 'way out in Ill'nois.  
So when the great war in the South first broke out  
He stood on the side o' the right,

\* From Ben King's Verse, published by Forbes & Co.

## [The Speaker

An' when Lincoln called him to take charge o'  
things,

He won nearly every blamed fight.  
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!  
Mebbe he did—

I dunno!

Still I ain't to blame, not by a big sight,  
For I ain't never had any battles to fight.

"She said 'at Columbus was out at the knees  
When he first thought up his big scheme,  
An' told all the Spaniards and Italians, too,  
An' all of 'em said 'twas a dream.  
But Queen Isabella jest listened to him,  
'Nd pawned all her jewels o' worth,  
'Nd bought him the Santa Maria, 'nd said,  
'Go hunt up the rest o' the earth!'  
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!  
Mebbe he did—

I dunno!

O' course that may be, but then you must allow  
They ain't no land to discover jest now."



## San Francisco Desolate

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

[Read by Mrs. Fiske at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, at a benefit for the sufferers.]

A groan of earth in labor-pain,  
Her ancient agony and strain;  
A trembling on the granite floors,  
A heave of seas, a wrench of shores,  
A crash of walls, a moan of lips,  
A terror on the towers and ships;  
Torn streets where men and ghosts go by;  
Whirled smoke mushrooming on the sky,  
Roofs, turrets, domes with one acclaim  
Turned softly to a bloom of flame,  
A mock of kingly scarlet blown  
Round shrieking timber, tottering stone;  
A thousand dreams of joy, or power,  
Gone in the splendor of an hour.

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BY  
HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE

HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE  
PUBLISHERS

31-33-35 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET

NEW YORK CITY



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(The numeral after name of author indicates Number of "The Speaker" in which selection may be found.)

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GOD LOVED THE LILIES.....	Preston	30
CHARLES DICKENS .....	Hodge	30
THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY .....	Hale	31
THE PICKET GUARD .....	Beers	31
ROLL CALL .....	Shepherd	31
GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.....	Anon	31
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.....	Finch	31

### LYRICS

THE ROSE AND THE GARDENER .....	Dobson	1
THE CAP THAT FITS .....	Dobson	1
THE CURE'S PROGRESS .....	Dobson	1
THE RECESSIONAL .....	Kipling	3
THE HUNT .....	Baker	4
BALLADE OF FRANCOIS VILLON.....	Swain	4
AT LINCOLN'S TOMB .....	Love	4
THE KNIGHT IN THE WOOD.....	Warren	5
THE STIRRUP CUP .....	Lanier	5
DAS KRIST KINDEL .....	Riley	5
OPPORTUNITY .....	Sill	7
LULLABY .....	Foley	7
THE BRAVEST BATTLE .....	Miller	7
MY SHIPS .....	Wilcox	7
IO VICTIS .....	Story	7
DOORS OF DARING .....	Van Dyke	8
BEDOUIIN LOVE SONG .....	Taylor	8

THE SONG OF THE MAN.....	Abbott	8
YOUTH AND LOVE .....	Stevenson	9
TO HELEN .....	Poe	9
MY WISH .....	Rogers	9
UP-HILL .....	Rossetti	9
THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS .....	Chester	9
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT .....	Moore	9
THE LOST LEADER .....	Browning	11
DA SWEETA SOIL .....	Daly	11
THE THROSTLE .....	Tennyson	12
THE LADY OF SHALOTT .....	Tennyson	12
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.....	Tennyson	12
CROSSING THE BAR .....	Tennyson	12
EVOLUTION .....	Tabb	12
EVOLUTION .....	Smith	12
DARWINISM .....	Robinson	12
TUBAL CAIN .....	Mackay	13
STANZAS FOR MUSIC .....	Byron	13
ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.....	Mrs. Browning	13
SLEEP .....	Mrs. Browning	13
WATCHWORDS .....	Coxe	13
SPRING .....	Thaxter	17
OUT IN THE FIELDS.....	Mrs. Browning	17
THE DIVINE FIRE .....	Gilder	17
ONLY A MAN .....	Hopper	22
THE BROOK IN THE HEART .....	Dickinson	24
A VAGABOND SONG .....	Carman	24
BEFORE THE GATES .....	Stanton	24
THE VAGABOND .....	Stevenson	25
INISHAIL .....	Anon	25
SING HEIGH-HO! .....	Kingsley	25
THE ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN .....	Blake	25
THE MOUNTAINS .....	Tynan	26

### CHILD LIFE AND FOR CHILDREN

Of the 120 selections in The Speaker No. 14, over 100 are suitable for children to recite.

ONE, TWO, THREE .....	Bunner	1
THE SHAVE STORE .....	Cooke	3
THE MOO COW MOO .....	Cooke	3
BROTHER WOLF & THE HORNED CATTLE...	Harris	3
A SUMMER LULLABY .....	Bumstead	3
THE FIRST NOWELL .....	Old Carol	3
TINY TIM ("CHRISTMAS CAROL").....	Dickens	3
THE FAIRIES .....	Allingham	3
QUEEN MAB .....	Hood	3
THE STAR SONG .....	Herrick	3
O, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM .....	Brooks	3
SANTA CLAUS .....	Anon	3
THE FLAG GOES BY.....	Bennett	3
POCAHONTAS .....	Thackeray	3
A FAREWELL .....	Kingsley	3
TODAY .....	Carlyle	3
BE TRUE .....	Bonar	3



GOOD BOY LAND .....	Blake	3
THE FIR TREE .....	Anderson	3
FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.....	Stevenson	3
THE LAND OF NOD .....	Stevenson	3
AULD DADDY DARKNESS .....	Ferguson	3
THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT .....	Lear	3
THE ANGEL'S WHISPER .....	Lover	3
THE LOST DOLL .....	Kingsley	3
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST? .....	Child	3
PO' LITTLE LAMB .....	Dunbar	3
LITTLE BROWN BABY .....	Dunbar	3
AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP....	Browning	3
LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.....	Scott	3
CONCORD HYMN .....	Emerson	3
A HOWDY SONG .....	Harris	3
BUD'S FAIRY TALE .....	Riley	3
THE BOY SCARET O' DYIN'.....	Slosson	3
WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY .....	Tennyson	3
HAPPY IN MY LOT .....	Ewing	3
THE VICTOR OF MARENGO .....	Anon	3
MIRANDA AND HER FRIEND KROOF.....	Roberts	3
LITTLE NELL .....	Dickens	3
PARSIFAL THE PURE .....	Wagner	3
HOW THE ELEPHANT GOT HIS TRUNK....	Kipling	4
THE OWL .....	Tennyson	4
LADY MOON .....	Houghton	4
HYMN OF A CHILD .....	Wesley	4
THE OLD DOLL .....	Thomas	4
LITTLE CHRISTEL .....	Rands	4
DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY .....	Warner	4
THE LARK AND THE ROOK.....	Anon	4
A LITTLE KNIGHT ERRANT .....	Richards	4
A LITTLE FEMININE CASABIANCA .....	Martin	5
THE PLAY'S THE THING.....	Martin	5
THE DANCING SCHOOL AND DICKY .....	Daskam	5
MODEL STORY IN THE KINDERGARTEN..	Daskam	5
ARDELIA IN ARCADY .....	Daskam	5
CHARLES STUART AND THE BURGLAR..	Champion	7
LULLABY .....	Foley	7
UNEXPECTED GUESTS .....	Cameron	7
AT DANCING SCHOOL .....	Anon	8
ROCK-A-BY LAND .....	Brininstool	9
FOREIGN LANDS .....	Stevenson	13
DICKS PLEASANT DREAM .....	Dudley	13
WHEN PAPA HOLDS MY HANDS.....	Gillilan	13
THE SLEEPY SONG .....	Daskam	13
OLD MR. RABBIT .....	Harris	18
A BOY'S PLEDGE .....	Hutchinson	19
A TEMPERANCE SONG .....	Baldwin	19
WHEN I'M A MAN .....	Douglas	19
THE BOTTLE IMP.....	Thayer	19
LITTLE SISTER .....	Gilson	20
THE PRODIGIES .....	Mason	22
A WORTHY FOE .....	Anon	23
A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE .....	Richards	24

BILLY BRAD AND THE BIG LIE.....	Butler	24
DEPOSED .....	Sabin	24
THE HEATHEN .....	Nesbit	24
TONIO .....	Garrison	25
THE CROWNING INDIGNITY .....	Nesbit	25
THE ONE HUNDRED AND ONETH .....	Donnell	25
STOLEN FRUIT .....	Hunt	25
A LAUGHING CHORUS .....	Anon	25
THE BLUEBELL .....	Deland	25
THE FISHING PARTY .....	Anon	26
A PLACE FOR BOYS .....	Foley	26
THE NEW BROTHER .....	Lincoln	27
THE SULKS .....	Bates	29
GOOD NIGHT, DEAR WORLD.....	Walker	29
THE OWL AND THE BELL .....	MacDonald	29
DAVID COPPERFIELD AND THE WAITER...	Dickens	29
HIS DAD .....	Brinstead	29
THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER .....	Allingham	29
DE MOON PILOT .....	Fruitt	29
LITTLE DANCING LEAVES .....	Larcom	29
THE LIE .....	Donnell	30
CUDDLIN'TOWN .....	Hauff	30
DOROTHY'S OPINION .....	Wells	30
ANNE OF GREEN GABLES .....	Montgomery	30
THE ASHES OF OLD WISHES.....	Templeton	30
GENERAL GAGE AND THE BOSTON BOYS.....	Higginson	31
A CHILDHOOD GARLAND .....	Hayes	31

## PATRIOTIC

(See also Oratorical, and Special Occasions.)

THE CONQUERED BANNER .....	Ryan	8
BANNOCKBURN .....	Burns	9
THE LITTLE GIRL OF GETTYSBURG.....	Tyrell	9
KEENAN'S CHARGE .....	Lathrop	11
UNION AND LIBERTY .....	Holmes	12
ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782.....	Tennyson	12
THE CENOTAPH .....	McKay	12
O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!.....	Whitman	12
COMMEMORATION ODE .....	Lowell	12
LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE...	Markham	12
TO THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN.....	Gilder	12
W. E. GLADSTONE .....	Phillips	12
GLADSTONE ON ORATORY .....	Hoar	12
BILLINGS OF '49 .....	Balmer	13
LINCOLN'S HEART .....	Butterworth	13
ABRAHAM LINCOLN .....	Stoddard	13
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.....	Burns	13
DIOGENES PAUSES .....	Futrelle	13
THE FLEET .....	Cook	16
MUSIC OF RAPPAHANNOCK'S WATERS...	Thompson	16
NATHAN HALE .....	Finch	17
GROUND OF THE TERRIBLE .....	Begbie	17
DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER .....	Boker	17
A HOLY NATION .....	Realf	17

AMERICA .....	Hovey	18
THE MORAL WARFARE .....	Whittier	19
WRITE IT EVERYWHERE .....	Willard	19
WARREN'S ADDRESS .....	Pierpont	20
OUR UNITED COUNTRY .....	Howell	21
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY .....	Lodge	21
CAVALRY SONG .....	Cutler	23
THE VERMIN IN THE DARK.....	Markham	23
THE FOURTH OF JULY .....	Pierpont	23
OUR COUNTRY .....	Howe	23
DE LEON .....	Butterworth	23
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY .....	Butterworth	23
THE PILGRIM FATHERS .....	Pierpont	23
COLUMBUS .....	Hale	23
COLUMBUS IN CHAINS .....	Freneau	23
SONG OF THE SOLDIER .....	Halpin	23
THE SOLDIER BOY FOR ME .....	Kiser	24
WHEN THE REGIMENT CAME BACK.....	Wilcox	24
HIS NEW SUIT .....	Kiser	25
THE SONG OF PEACE .....	Miller	25
FULTON .....	Howe	25
THE MAN WHO FOUGHT WITH THE TENTH.....	Thomas	25
WASHINGTON'S GRAVE .....	Pike	25
THE LIVING FLAG .....	Harl	25
TO THE EAGLE .....	Percival	31
COLUMBUS .....	Montgomery	31
INDEPENDENCE BELL .....	Anon	31
THE LIBERTY BELL .....	Brooks	31
TICONDEROGA .....	Wilson	31
SONG OF MARION'S MEN .....	Bryant	31
PHEIDIPPEDES .....	Browning	31
THE TRUE POWER OF A NATION.....	Chapin	31
WHAT THE FLAG MEANS .....	Lodge	31
ARNOLD WINKELREID .....	Montgomery	31
ABRAHAM DAVENPORT .....	Whittier	31
THE PRESENT CRISIS .....	Lowell	31
THE MAN WHO WEARS THE BUTTON....	Thurston	31
GENERAL GRANT .....	Lowell	31
THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY....	Whittier	31

### SPECIAL OCCASIONS

(See also Patriotic.)

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM (CHRISTMAS)...	Brooks	3
A PLEA FOR THE OLD YEAR.....	Moulton	5
APOLLO BELVEDERE (CHRISTMAS).....	Stuart	5
DAS KRIST KINDEL (CHRISTMAS) .....	Riley	5
THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY .....	Kiser	5
THE WAITING FIGURE (NEW YEAR'S) .....		7
THE MISSION OF KITTY MALONE (THANKS- GIVING) .....	Cleary	7
A VISION OF WAR (DECORATION DAY)....	Ingersoll	8
AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD (CHRISTMAS)....	Glaspell	8

THE ST. JOHN'S FUND (EASTER).....	Greene	8
MEMORIAL DAY .....	Long	10
DECORATION .....	Cooke	11
ALLA FOR ROSA (CHRISTMAS).....	Daly	13
THE CHRISTMAS FIRE .....	Spofford	25
A DREAM OF PAST CHRISTMASSES.....	Secordin	25
THANKSGIVING DAY .....	Bangs	25
TO THE NEW YEAR .....	Riley	25
THE MANGER SONG OF MARY.....	Markham	25
BETHL'EM STAR .....	Stuart	25
MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE .....	Arnold	26
IN CHRISTMAS LAND .....	Stanton	27
COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON .....	Henry	30

### DRAMATIC

The Speaker No. 14 contains 120 selections for all kinds of religious occasions—Sunday School, Young People's Societies, Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, and so on.

THE HISTORY LESSON ("L'AIGLON").....	Rostand	1
ARENA SCENE ("QUO VADIS").....	Sienkiewicz	1
JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP.....	Hugo	1
GLORY .....	Long	1
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER.....	Poe	1
RHYME OF DUCHESS MAY .....	Mrs. Browning	1
THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.....	Barrett	2
GENTLEMEN, THE KING .....	Barr	2
THE ONLY WAY ("TALE OF TWO CITIES").....		2
A NIGHT IN STE. PILAGIE (from "Lazarre").....		
.....Catherwood		2
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA .....	Hope	2
THE CALL OF THE WILD .....	London	2
THE TELL-TALE HEART .....	Poe	2
RICHELIEU .....	Lytton	2
BURGOMASTER'S DEATH (from "The Bells").....		2
FOR DEAR OLD YALE.....	Langston	2
THE LANCE OF KANANA .....	French	2
JOHN STORM'S RESOLUTION .....	Caine	4
THE FLOOD OF THE FLOSS.....	Eliot	4
A GONDOLA RACE .....	Smith	4
THE DEATH OF HYPATIA .....	Kingsley	5
THE TOURNAMENT .....	Scott	5
FAGIN'S LAST DAY .....	Dickens	5
THE WINNING OF LORNA DOONE.....	Blackmore	5
30 min., or 3 separate readings.		
A SOLDIER OF FRANCE .....	Ouida	7
A STORY OF THE SEA.....	Webb	7
THE REVEL .....	Dowling	8
A FIGHT WITH A CANNON .....	Hugo	8
FOURTEEN TO ONE .....	Phelps	9
THE RAJPUT NURSE .....	Arnold	9
THE TEAM (A WEST POINT FOOTBALL STORY)		
.....Buchanan		9
CUT OFF FROM THE PEOPLE .....	Caine	9
THE WOMEN OF MUMBLE'S HEAD.....	Scott	11

THE STEEPLECHASE .....	Ouida	11
THE PILOT .....	Howells	11
THE REVENGE .....	Tennyson	12
THE RAVEN .....	Poe	12
ZETTO, THE STORY OF A LIFE .....	Long	13
BILLINGS OF '49 .....	Balmer	13
GOING OF THE WHITE SWAN.....	Parker	13
RAMON .....	Harte	13
THE MARTYR .....	Oliver	13
THE MAN WHO WAS .....	Kipling	13
ON THE BOTTOM OF THE DORY .....	Connolly	16
A FALLEN STAR .....	Chevalier	16
THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE .....	Shaw	16
MARY TUDOR .....	Vere	16
NATHAN HALE .....	Finch	16
REPENTANCE .....	Hackett	16
THE BRAVE MAN .....	Burger	17
THE LIFE BOAT .....	Anon	17
BEN BUTLER'S LAST RACE .....	Moore	17
MARY TUDOR .....	Vere	17
THE VAMPIRE .....	Kipling	17
BIMI .....	Kipling	18
A FAMILY FEUD .....	Dunbar	18
THE PORTRAIT .....	Meredith	18
GONE HOME ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.....	Weatherby	18
STORY OF A STOWAWAY .....	Scott	18
CHIQUITA .....	Harte	18
MY LAST DUCHESS .....	Browning	18
JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELL.....	Hay	18
LITTLE BREECHES .....	Hay	18
"SHANG" .....	Child	19
THE DOWNFALL OF CONWAY .....	Moore	19
THE BOTTLE OF HELL-FIRE .....	Day	19
THE LUCK OF THE BOGANS.....	Jewett	19
KID McDUFF'S GIRL .....	Riis	19
MARY ELIZABETH .....	Ward	19
THE TWO GLASSES .....	Wilcox	19
A MAN FOR A' THAT .....	Gough	19
HOW JAMIE CAME HOME .....	Carleton	19
THE SHOEMAKER'S LITTLE WHITE SHOES..	Willard	19
DRINKING ANNIE'S TEARS .....	Thorpe	19
JOE'S BABY .....	Sheldon	19
THE HAZING OF VALLIANT .....	Williams	20
COLLEGE OIL CANS .....	McGuire	20
THE POTION SCENE .....	Shakespeare	20
ON A BARRICADE .....	Hugo	20
THE CARES OF KINGSHIP.....	Shakespeare	20
THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.....	Browning	20
RIZPAH .....	Tennyson	20
HENRY HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE .....	Van Dyke	20
THE INMATE OF THE DUNGEON .....	Morrow	20
THE EGYPTIAN AND THE CAPTAIN.....	Barrie	20
THE LAST LOVE-FEAST .....	King	22
MOLLIE AND THE OPERA GAME .....	Gates	22
THE UTILITY OF BOOING .....	Macklin	22

DEAD MAN'S RUN.....	Cawein	22
DEACON AND PARSON ON NEW YEAR'S....	Murray	22
MARRIAGEMONY OF MINERVA WHITE.....	Rion	22
NOBODY'S TIM .....	Phelps	22
THE CHIEF OPERATOR .....	Phelps	23
DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT.....	Kipling	23
THE FLOATING BALANCE .....	Osbourne	23
THE PIPER .....	Peabody	24
AUTHOR'S READING AT BIXBY CENTRE....	Wiggin	24
NANCY'S CINDERELLA .....	Brainard	24
THE CHORUS LADY .....	Forbes	24
THE OUTLAW .....	Clark	24
A BORDER AFFAIR .....	Clark	24
A ROYAL PRINCESS .....	Rossetti	24
AN ELEVATOR LOVE STORY .....	Bell	24
LEWIS RAND .....	Johnston	24
THE BETTER TREASURE .....	Andrews	25
JIM'S WOMAN .....	Abbott	25
TIM CALLIGAN'S GRAVE-MONEY.....	Bates	25
A LOVE STORY OF OLD MADRID.....	Crawford	25
THE GREEN GNOME .....	Buchanan	25
MOB SCENE FROM LITTLE MINISTER.....	Barrie	26
VIRGINIA OF VIRGINIA .....	Rives	26
JACK THE FISHERMAN .....	Phelps	26
SERGIUS TO THE LIONS .....	Wallace	26
THE HAYSTACK IN THE FLOODS .....	Morris	26
THE MAN WITH ONE TALENT .....	Davis	26
JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN .....	Brown	27
MY DISREPUTABLE FRIEND .....	Davis	27
CAMPASPE .....	Lyly	27
AS YOU LIKE IT .....	Shakespeare	27
THE HORN OF PLENTY .....	Wilkins	27
THE BREAKING OF THE ICE BRIDGE.....		27
IF I WERE KING .....	McCarthy	27
A FIGHT WITH PIRATES .....	Reade	27
DEATH OF MADAME DEFARGE .....	Dickens	28
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW .....	Shakespeare	28
THE BOAT RACE .....	Hughes	28
SELLING THE FAMILY PICTURES .....	Sheridan	28
THE OLD HOUSE A NEW INN .....	Goldsmith	28
THE SECRET OF DEATH .....	Arnold	28
ARBACES TO THE LION.....	Lytton	28
THE BENEDICTION .....	Coppee	28
THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO .....	Hugo	28
GINEVRA .....	Coolidge	28
COMO .....	Miller	28
BATTLE OF NASEBY .....	Macaulay	28
THE WILDERNESS .....	Anon	28
A LIFE BOAT YARN .....	Lyster	28
RUPERT'S MARCH .....	Thornbury	28
THE CONFESSION .....	Eldridge	29
THE TRIAL OF TOM GRAYSON.....	Eggleston	29
HEARTS AND HANDS .....	Porter	29
THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.....	Longfellow	29
THE REPORTER WHO MADE A STORY.....	Buchanan	29

MISTHER DENIS' RETURN .....	Barlow	29
HOW ADVENTURE CAME TO PETEE .....	Hunting	29
NELL .....	Buchanan	29
WALLACE OF UHLEN .....	Blake	29
ANDREW'S LEADING LADY.....	Forbes	30
THE STORMING OF MISSION RIDGE.....	Taylor	30
BALLAD OF ELIZABETH ZANE.....	Anon	31
THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON .....	Lanier	31
BUNKER HILL .....	Calvert	31
MONTEREY .....	Hoffman	31
THE RIDER OF THE BLACK HORSE.....	Lippard	31
IVRY .....	Macaulay	31
HERVE RIEL .....	Browning	31
RAY'S RIDE .....	King	31
THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE...Tennyson		31
THE CUMBERLAND .....	Longfellow	31
BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG .....	Hayne	31
THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING .....	Read	31
THE BLACK REGIMENT .....	Boker	31
THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW .....	Lowell	31
THE LION AND THE MOUSE .....	Klein	32
MERCEDES .....	Aldrich	32
HUGO GROTIUS .....	Kotzebue	32
THE WINDOW-BLIND .....	Jones	32
JULIET AND HER NURSE .....	Shakespeare	32
THE NAP INTERRUPTED .....	Pinero	32
JULIUS CAESAR .....	Shakespeare	32
PYGMALION AND GALATEA .....	Gilbert	32
TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT..Halm		32
KING LEAR .....	Shakespeare	32
KING JOHN .....	Shakespeare	32
POOR DEAR MAMMA .....	Kipling	32

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Briefs of Debates, affirmative and negative, on the following questions, as used in the colleges indicated:

FEDERAL AND STATE GOVERNMENT.....	Princeton	8
INHERITANCE TAX .....	Michigan	8
ARMED INTERVENTION FOR THE COLLECTION OF DEBTS .....	Brown	8
THE SANTO DOMINGO TREATY .....	Amherst	8
THE OPEN SHOP .....	Universities Iowa and S. Dakota	8
MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP .....	Iowa State	8
RAILROAD POOLING .....	Chicago and Univ. of Minn.	9
RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA..	Dartmouth and Brown	9
INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM .....		
.....	Dickinson and Penn State	11
INCOME TAX...Swarthmore and Franklin and Marshall		11
EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY FOR ACCIDENTS.....		
.....	Yale and Princeton	11
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COMMISSION SYSTEM OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT .....	Dartmouth	12
GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION .....		13
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FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT .....		13
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PROGRAMS OF DECLAMATION AND ORATORICAL CONTESTS .....		8
THE INCOME TAX .....	Harvard	19
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GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF MONOPOLIES.....	Princeton University	27
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### FOR RELIGIOUS OCCASIONS

Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, Sunday School, Young People's Societies, etc.

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ARENA SCENE FROM "QUO VADIS".....	Sienkiewicz	1
AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD .....	Glaspel	8
A BOY'S PRAYER .....	Beeching	3
THE BOY THAT WAS SCARET O' DYIN.....	Slosson	3
THE BRAVEST BATTLE .....	Miller	7
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.....	Tennyson	12
THE BUGLE SONG .....	Tennyson	12
THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS .....	Holmes	12
A CHILD'S GRACE .....	Burns	3
THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.....	Parker	2
THE CHILDREN WE KEEP .....	Wilson	11
CRADLE HYMN .....	Luther	4
CRADLE HYMN .....	Watts	4
CROSSING THE BAR.....	Tennyson	12
CUT OFF FROM THE PEOPLE .....	Caine	9
DAS KRIST KINDEL .....	Riley	5
DEATH STANDS ABOVE ME .....	Landon	5
DOORS OF DARING .....	Van Dyke	8
EULOGY OF GARFIELD .....	Blaine	10
EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY.....	Tilton	2
A FAREWELL .....	Kingsley	3
THE FIRST NOWELL (Old Carol).....		3
FOURTEEN TO ONE .....	Phelps	9
HAPPY IN MY LOT.....	Ewing	3
HIS MOTHER'S SERMON .....	Maclaren	7



HYMN OF A CHILD .....	Wesley	4
INFLUENCE OF UNIVERSITIES .....	Cleveland	10
IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL .....	Tennyson	12
IO VICTIS .....	Story	7
JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP .....	Hugo	1
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO .....	Burns	9
THE KING'S GREAT VICTORY .....	Anderson	11
LINCOLN, A MAN CALLED OF GOD .....	Thurston	12
LITTLE CRISTEL .....	Rands	4
THE LOST LEADER .....	Browning	11
THE MOTHERLESS BAIRN .....	Thom	11
MY HEART LEAPS UP .....	Wordsworth	2
MY STAR .....	Browning	7
OH LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM .....	Brooks	3
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